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IN CAMP WITH THE KATCHINS.

By Colonel H. E. Colvile, C. B., Grenadier Guards.

THE average Englishman has an idea that the charms of his manner and form of government are such that the nations of the earth view with rapture the deposition of their proper kings and the annexation of their fatherlands by our generals or statesmen. Did the population of other countries contain as large a proportion of right-minded persons as that of the British isles, this supposition might possibly be borne out by facts; but as things are —such is the perverseness of human nature — many of the inhabitants of this globe still prefer the ignoble rule of their compatriots to the glories of membership in the British Empire. Among others, certain cattle-raiding mountaineers, known to themselves as Chin-paw, and to us as Katchins, and living near the Chinese frontier of Upper Burma, look upon us as unmitigated nuisances, spoilers of sport, and interferers with the rights of the subject, which in their case means liberty to burn and pillage the villages of their more peaceful neighbors whenever the spirit moves them to do so.

Considering ourselves responsible for the well-being of the said peaceful neighbors, we sent, early in the present year, a small force of military police to restore order in the neighborhood of Selan, with the unfortunate result that the English officer in command was killed, and the rather remarkable one that each side retired under the impression that it had suffered a severe defeat, and sent for reinforcements; the Katchins getting promise of help from some filibustering Chinese over the border, and we at once despatching a column of regular troops from Bhamo.

Having obtained a temporary appointment on the Intelligence Branch of this column, I hurried off to Upper Burma full of warlike intentions; but the Chinese allies of the Katchins showed a disinclination to become better acquainted with British troops, and the tribesmen, realizing that an argument carried on, on the one side with prehistoric flint-locks and on the other with Martini-Henrys and a seven-pounder battery, was, at best, a one-sided affair, showed the better part of valor. So abandoning, for the time, their stockades and their ambuscades, and withdrawing from the ground the assortment of sharp-pointed bamboos and porcupine quills which had been artfully arranged for the penetration of policemen's calves and thighs, they received the British column with open arms, laden with eggs, fowls, and other gifts dear to the heart of the "bully beef"-fed warrior.

War is not conducted on the principles of those entrancing games with colored glass balls, globules of mercury, etc., which one buys at the underground railway bookstalls, but requires at least two players, and realizing this the column was forced reluctantly to

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The Ferry Over the Shweli River at Sopkam.—Page 534.

retire, its virgin bayonets still untarnished in their scabbards.

After wandering about the hills for some days, seeking war and finding none, the column settled down at Namkham, where, in the space of a few hours, a Shan master-builder and his myrmidons, armed with bill-hooks and provided with bamboos, ran up some exceedingly comfortable quarters.

Perhaps some day I shall write an exhaustive treatise on "The Bamboo and its uses," but will content myself, for the present, with saying that, given a Shan, a *dah*, and a clump of bamboos (the three are never far apart), the result is anything that you like to name from a tent-pole to a telephone.* I contented myself with a house, a bedstead, a table, a stable-bucket, an egg-basket, and a map-case, and as soon as these were finished abandoned the first two, and, bidding adieu to the column, proceeded on reconnaissance duty into the hills.

My party consisted of: 1. Sutherland, my Mounted Infantry orderly, a sturdy red-haired Yorkshireman, mounted on a 12 hands 2 inches Burmese pony, and who addressed Burmans, Shans, and Katchins alike in his native tongue, and, oddly enough, generally seemed to get what he wanted. 2. Aleixo Miguel de Souza, a Goanese "boy," aged sixty, and looking it, dressed in a black cut-away coat, hard black felt hat, and shepherd's-plaid trousers, and, for some inscrutable reason, always carrying in his hand a large stable-lantern, as he

* Mechanical telephones, with bamboo mouth-pieces and bamboo string have been in use in Burma from time immemorial.

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trudged barefooted along the jungle paths. 3. My Panthay mule-driver and owner, in cotton blouse and trousers, pig-tailed and straw-hatted, who smiled to the name of John. He was an excellent fellow and took the liveliest interest in me and all my doings, but unfortunately could neither speak nor understand any language which I, my other companions, or the inhabitants of the country were acquainted with. Even Chinese, the language of the power which rules his fatherland, was as unintelligible to him as Shan, Katchin, Burmese, or English. 4. Ma Meing, my Shan-Katchin interpreter, a tall, good-looking young Shan, in an umbrella hat, short white jacket, and loose blue trousers, armed with a silver-handled *dah*, and a respect for the Katchins which in case of hostilities would, I am sure, have availed him more than a whole arsenal full of guns. Just as a married man should always travel with a wife—his own, if possible—so should an officer of the Intelligence Branch be accompanied by an interpreter—if procurable, one speaking some language with which he is conversant. In this instance such perfection was not obtainable, and from the mere vulgar point of view of practical use, Ma Meing was incomplete, his linguistic attainments being limited to Shan and Katchin, two languages in which the persons responsible for my education had failed to instruct me. The authorities had, however, done their duty in providing me with an interpreter, and, after all, my chief business was map-making and road-finding, and a Katchin road with other names is just as steep, while a Katchin hill, called boldly Mount Smith or Robinson, is as likely to be recognized by the inhabitants as it would be were its proper title pronounced by English lips.

We left the bamboo stockaded camp of the column early one rainy morning, and, passing through a hole in the fence, entered the market-town of Namkham, still slumbering off the excitement of yesterday's fair. At this hour, on the day before, from every approach was pouring in a stream of Shan and Katchin country girls, the

A Fair Day Scene, Namkham.—Page 534.

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former fair-complexioned, with large flexible straw hats tied under their chins, brightly colored skirts reaching to their ankles, and resembling more Watteau shepherdesses than any preconceived picture of Chinese frontier maidens; the latter, heavily laden with conical baskets, carried knapsack-fashion on their backs, short, kilt-like skirts, embroidered gaiters, and weather-beaten faces, leaving one in some doubt as to whether they belonged to the gentler sex at all. Then the streets were so crowded with buyers, sellers, gossipers, and loungers, stalls full of the lighter and heaps of the more bulky commodities, that serious locomotion had been impossible, and drifting backward and forward with the slowly swaying crowd the only chance of getting about. Now my pony never even found so much as a dog to shy at until we came to the forge, where, during the winter months, some Chinese blacksmiths work eighteen hours a day with remarkable skill. A vigorous stroke on the anvil and an extra puff of the bellows here gave him the excuse he had been yearning for all the morning, and off he went to the right, until he was within fair shying distance of the Police Guard, which, presenting arms in the nick of time, allowed him to shy back and rejoin his friend and companion "Bobby," mounted by Private Sutherland. Then passing the curved-roofed pagoda, evidently of Chinese origin, and crossing the covered wooden bridge—another capital excuse for a shy—we found ourselves in the wide stretch of paddy fields through which the road runs for three miles, before it reaches the ferry over the Shweli River at Sopkam.

Here we off-saddled and stepped into a long, narrow, dug-out canoe, rendered more buoyant and stable by bamboos lashed to its sides. Across these the baggage was piled, bringing the gunwale to within an inch of the water's edge; the ponies were led into the river, one on each side of the boat, and the mules driven in independently, a little farther up stream: not quite far enough, however, for they were carried down far below us and had to reach the shore through a quicksand, in which a horse or Government mule would in-

Katchin Man and Boys.

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A Shan Girl.

evitably have come to grief. But so much independence is allowed to these animals by their Panthay masters that they have lost none of their native intelligence, and after many turnings, halts, consultations, and careful testings of the ground ahead, but without the slightest sign of flurry or excitement, the leader of the party brought his companions safely ashore.

The ordinary ferry across the Shweli is about a mile farther up stream, and thence a good road runs direct to Pankaw, a village on the water-parting of the Shweli and Irrawaddy systems, but it is unfortunately all within a tongue of Chinese territory which here projects westward into British possessions, and round which British troops and officials have had to find a way as best they could. This best, as I knew from experience, was very bad even in fine weather, when once the cluster of villages near the river was passed, and after the rain of the last twenty-four hours would be well-nigh impassable, so, although I had only made a march of a little over six miles, and the day was still young, I settled to stop at Henlon, a village near the end of the good road, and one possessing a Poonjy Kyoung, or Buddhist monastery and rest-house, rare luxuries in this district, as, owing either to its proximity to China or

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On the Way to the Fair.—Page 533.

to the fact that the Myoza of Namkham has been to Rangoon and learnt the properties of Scotch whiskey, the monks have been expelled from it, to the great inconvenience of travellers, and loss, at all events from an educational point of view, to the inhabitants; for the Buddhist monk, even if his ultimate purpose be as selfish as that of his Christian brother, arrives at his end by means more generally useful to the community, and leaving his soul to take care of itself, spends his life in ministering to the bodily and mental comforts of his fellows, and in addition acts as curator of the collection of offerings left by the pious at the shrine of Gaudama, which is always a conspicuous object in his dwelling. As pay he receives his food (a few handfuls of rice) contributed daily by the inhabitants. I have heard him called lazy and a beggar, and other terms which convey the idea of reproach to our Western minds, but my experience of him is that he does a good deal more work for his pay than many a "horny-handed son of toil" who clamors for shorter hours in Hyde Park.

All the afternoon my hosts were teaching the young idea how to read, and when cessation of the monotonous

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DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

ENGRAVED BY G. H. DEL'ORME.

Ma Te, the Sawbwa.—Page 546.

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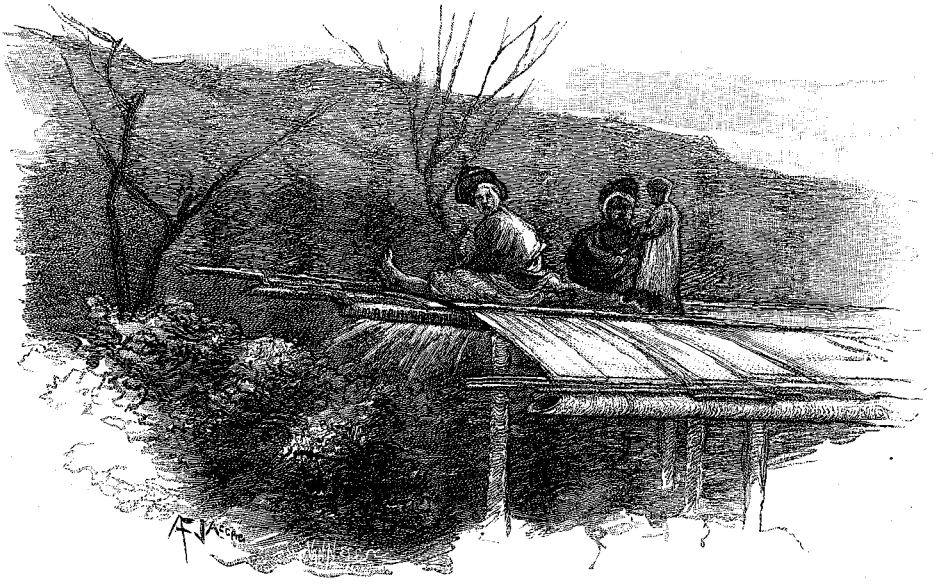
humming told me that lessons were over for the day I paid them a visit. Passing up a bamboo ladder, I found myself in a large hall, open on three sides and walled with split bamboos on the fourth, the roof supported by a double row of rough-hewn wooden columns, four of which, connected with the wall by mats, formed a recess some twenty feet square, at the back of which stood the high altar, covered with votive images of Gaudama, bright in polished brass or gold leaf, and surrounded by offerings of every conceivable kind from sprigs of jessamine to a four-post bed. Immediately in front of the altar a dog complacently scratched for fleas, and behind him a villager, in humble attitude, sang the "Light of Asia's" praise, pausing anon to take a whiff from his cheroot. From the hillside into which the southern end of the hall ran, some half-dozen urchins, intent on making up for an afternoon at lessons, came bounding in to see the stranger, and the foremost, catching his foot in a projecting board of the floor, went headlong through the mat partition of what I may call the chancel. Running to pick him up, I found myself opposite a doorway in a similar partition which shut off the Poonjys sanctum. From this a benevolent-looking old gentleman, yellow robed, with clean shaven head and horn-rimmed spectacles, was just emerging to see what was the matter; but by this time the boys had set up a yell of delight, the dog was barking, and the pious villager laughing until he could hardly keep his cheroot alight; so having no need to make inquiries or mend broken heads, he put his hands to his sides and laughing loud as the youngest urchin, shouted an account of the joke to his companions whom he then invited me to join in the inner room. Here, with many smiles, nods, and signs the three old men gave me to understand that boys will be boys, and a good job too. The scene, although not a very important one, is, I think, worth preserving as a fair example of a Buddhist's way of taking things. Had it happened in a Burman village, probably more fun would have been got out of it, and some little pink-skirted ladies would in some way have managed to get mixed up in it; but Shan girls are rather shy, at all events with strangers,



Women Weaving Native Cloth.—Page 541.

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An Altar to Yan.—Page 544.

and the fact of having the Katchin as a near neighbor has somewhat damped the spirits of the whole community. But, Shan or Burman, their religion is the same, the gentle Gaudama's gospel of peace on earth and good-will, not toward men only but toward all living things, a gospel of tolerance and cheerfulness, of kindness to the scoffer, the flesh-eater, or even the defiler of their shrines; for if his gross appetites and brutal instincts should doom him to degradation in his next earthly birth, should not the pious all the more do their best to make his present incarnation a happy one. To Englishmen who have received their Christianity filtered through the stern cult of the Jews and Norsemen, and almost lost it in the process, the attitude of the Burman may seem lacking in reverence. The peasant of southern Italy would perhaps understand it better, for he too has grafted the gospel of good-will direct on to the parent stock, nature-worship, although with less permanent result, and as he chants before the shrine of the renamed Venus, happy in the belief that her good nature will make her overlook his little faults, while judicious flattery will blind her to his graver ones, he would be hardly equal to grasping the Buddhist's friendly tenderness for his Teacher, or his conviction that to laugh, chat, smoke, flirt, to be happy and to give happiness to all things, is to carry on the work for which his Master lived and died.

It rained hard all night, but the sun appeared next morning, and after giving him a couple of hours in which to dry the roads, I started; but as it turned

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A Shan Beauty.

out I had overrated his power. Rivulets were still crossing the path at every fold in the mountain-side, and the hunter's track, worn bare, but not flat, by many convoys, was soon scored by transverse furrows as one baggage mule after another, vainly trying to get a foothold in the slime, slid sideways into the jungle below.

I had been told that a few miles farther on I should find a detachment of the Third Burma Regiment engaged in improving the road (a work of piety of which even a Poonjy might be proud), and that with it would be a person or persons capable of interpreting my interpreter, and, should I require it, an escort for myself. So cursing the astuteness of Chinese statesmen who had taken to themselves the smiling valley below, and given us the Sisyphus-fitting hill-side, I gave Miguel and John the rather unnecessary injunction not to hurry, and dismounting hitched my pony's bridle on my arm, and, accompanied by Sutherland and Ma Meing,

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started off with the intention of lunching in the detachment mess. At the head of the valley, however, were no signs of the troops, nor, for the matter of that, of their work on the road; but the weather had been so bad that I thought that, fearing fever, the officer commanding had probably taken them up the hill; so started off for Mawsi, a Katchin village an hour and a half's tramp farther on. But here again were no signs of troops, and the Sawbwa being rather anti-English in his sympathies, the people refused to give us any information as to their whereabouts. Two bullets had also whizzed past my head as we climbed the hill, whether intended for me or other *ferœ naturœ* I cannot say, but remembering that I might not find the troops that night, and that all my provisions were with the mules, I thought it better not to run any risk of my baggage being annexed. So sitting in the shade of an overhanging porch I awaited the mules' arrival and examined my surroundings. The house in whose entrance I stood, was, with half a dozen others, situated on a knoll rising some fifty feet above the general level of an almost knife-like spur. Right and left of us the ground, covered with nearly impenetrable jungle, fell abruptly for a thousand feet into deep ravines, rising again in another wooded, village-crowned slope, again to fall and rise until the undulations were lost in the blue haze of a distant range. Immediately in front of me a circle of Katchin men and boys had formed round Sutherland, sturdy little savages of a low Tartar type, dressed in short, dark blue jackets and loose drawers, which may once have been white, with small untidy turbans of dark blue cloth wound round their heads, and all armed with *dahs* slung by strips of rattan from their right shoulders. A few yards beyond them, and crowning the edge of a steep step in the spur, was a row of rude bamboo altars, indicating by their respective shapes their dedication to the spirits of sun, moon, earth, and household; at the foot of this step was a saddle barely wide enough to hold a single row of huts, at the near end of which was a square raised platform of bamboo work, on which some women sat weaving native cloth; beyond the saddle another knoll, lower than that on which I

River Scenery.

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sat, and only partly interrupting the panorama of the Namkham and Shweli valleys.

The house at the front door of which I sat, was of the ordinary Katchin type, some eighty feet long by twenty broad,* singled-storied, with thatched pointed roof reaching the ground on the upper side of the hill on which it was built, and coming a little below the floor-level on the other; below the floor-level on the down-hill side was an open space used for the accommodation of pigs, fowls, cattle, etc. The ridge of the roof projected at both ends, forming two porches, but of these only the front one is generally used, the back entrance being reserved for privileged members of the family and the household *nât*, or spirit, who, I cannot help thinking, rather unjustly, severely punishes the family should any unauthorized person avail himself of this private *entrée*—a fact, the knowledge of which, causes the family to take unpleasantly strong measures with such an intruder, and the careful traveller to enter with some diffidence any dwelling into which he has not been invited and preceded by its owner.

A Katchin Woman.

Having safely passed through the proper doorway, generally guarded by traverses of stout posts, the visitor finds himself in a large, barnlike room, the rafters blackened with smoke from a chimneyless hearth, and the matted floor literally dancing with insect life. Sitting down, if he is a brave man, or wears tight knee-breeches and high boots, he tries to take stock of his surroundings, and is just beginning to imagine that he can see something in the London-in-November-like gloom, when one of the young ladies of the house presents to him what at first sight appears to be a piece of field artillery, but which turns out to be a bamboo nearly as tall as herself and about half as thick. Placing one end of this to his lips she tilts the other; but he, feeling that to be fed thus like a baby, out of a bottle, scarcely fits the dignity of his position, seizes it himself, pours half a gallon of water inside his shirt-collar, drops the bamboo, and puts out the fire. Katchin young ladies are rather demure in manner, and if she smiles to herself in the darkness the Hebe does not give any audible vent to her feelings. Not so the males of her family, who with loud guffaws rush forth to return presently whirling glowing embers round their heads, like demons in a Christmas pantomime. On the whole the little accident

*Some Katchin houses are as much as one hundred yards long, but always about the same width.

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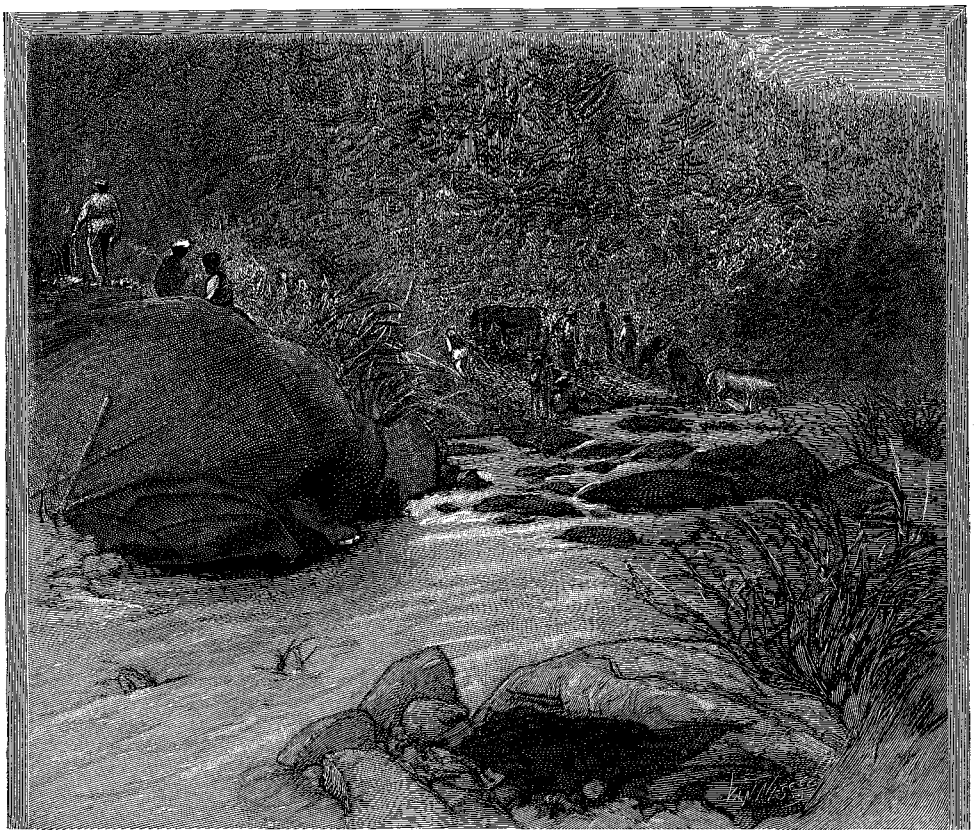
has done good, for instead of the smouldering log there is now a cheerful blaze, by the light of which the visitor can get some idea of the topography of the fact, the bashful young traveller casts a somewhat timid glance toward the maiden of the bamboo, but she is now curled up in a corner, dreaming happily



Fording the River.

mansion. Out of the hall or general room in which he is sitting, and which is chiefly used by married couples, open two others; at the far end a large one, occupying half the remainder of the house, and reserved for the men of the establishment, and nearer the entrance door a smaller one, set apart for the young ladies; into this neither meddlesome elders nor married persons may enter, but should some young bachelor be fortunate enough to make a favorable impression on the daughter of the house, there is nothing in the *convenances* of Katchindom to prevent her inviting him to spend the evening there.

Having ascertained this interesting of the buffalo's entrails which she was allowed to eat after the last great sacrifice to Chitôn, and with open mouth giving vent to sounds which that unhappy animal might vainly have attempted to equal; so his baggage having arrived and the family showing a disposition to follow the example of their daughter, the wayfarer bids them good-night, carrying away in his mind and on his person many reminiscences of his visit.

It was four o'clock before Miguel, John & Co. arrived, and we were able to start again; then sliding into a valley by a path so closely shaded that it was not yet dry, we crossed the Sun-

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na Chaung, climbed another toboggan slide, and descended again into the valley of the Namkham, which we had left at noon, forded the river, climbed over another hill, forded the Namkham a second time, and at seven o'clock found ourselves at Pankaw, a village in plan and position almost exactly the counterpart of Mawsi, but possessing the advantage of more communicative inhabitants. From these Ma Meing learnt that the English troops were at Mansok, about an hour's march ahead. Had John, Miguel, and the mules been consulted we should probably have stayed where we were for the night; but I was anxious to get to a better interpreter, and Sutherland to the companionship of his fellows, while Ma Meing, thinking of his wife and family, was strongly impressed with the idea that one hundred and fifty officers and men of the Burma Regiment would afford better security for his head and feet being found in the morning in their usual relative positions than two Englishmen who might go to sleep at the same time.

After crossing the Namkham for the second time we got into the regular trade route, and the road (of its class) was a good one, which was lucky, as the night was inky dark in the jungle. Once we came to a clearing on a narrow saddle where a *lup*, or conical thatched tomb of a Sawbwa stood out black against the sky, surmounted by a fantastic cross, looking in the gloom like the writhing body of some crucified malefactor. Near it was a scaffold, built of four tall bamboos, towering above the forest trees, but the details of its top lost in the darkness. I could see, however, that it was approached by a rough bamboo ladder, and its whole appearance was somewhat similar to that of early models of the guillotine. I learnt afterward that it was an altar to Yan, the spirit of the sun, and is used by some Katchin tribes for gently reminding their aged relatives of the impropriety of clinging too long to their fleshly tenements. Having been politely and tenderly conducted to the top of the ladder, the old people are prodded with long bamboos, from below, until overstepping the limits of their narrow resting-place, as they had previously done those of life, their souls and bodies take different routes.

I believe all this happens across the Salween River, some sixty miles away, and my friends in this district never do anything so unkind to their relations, as long as they are alive, although their treatment of them when dead must be very trying to a sensitive spirit.

I was never present at a complete funeral ceremony, but once took a modest part in the Saturnalia held while the corpse is still above ground. There is nothing very remarkable about

A Group of Katchins.

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it, the main idea being to make as much noise as possible, to frighten away ghouls and evilly disposed *nâts*, and at the same time hint to the newly liberated spirit that his late residence is no place for a serious-minded ghost. With this end in view the whole population proceeds to get uproariously drunk, on rice spirit, and, assembling in the dead man's house, shouts, beats drums and cymbals, dances, and slashes the air with *dahs*, until, unable to drink, dance, beat, and slash any more, it falls into a drunken torpor, the silence of which is only broken throughout the night by the mournful wails of a widow or daughter.

When, an hour later, I arrived at Mansok, many of the inhabitants seemed to think that either from an insufficient supply of food, drink, and good advice, or from natural cussedness, some late lamented had returned to the scenes of his earthly life. They, for fear of the thousand and one spooks and bogies of the woods, would never have dreamt of travelling after dark; while influenced by more earthly fears, the Shans would not venture among the hills even in the broadest daylight, while English troops always finish their day's march in time to settle down comfortably before sunset. Who, then, but a ghost could be the darksome wanderer, who, in excellent Chin Paw authoritatively demanded admission to each house in turn? After all the food and trouble they had spent in trying to persuade him to "never come back no more" it was obviously useless to argue the point now, so putting their heads under their blankets, and their fingers in their ears, they huddled together and tremblingly awaited the next move.

To carry on an argument with a dead man on the further side of a locked door is always a difficult matter, and I do not know by what stratagem Ma Meing at last persuaded one of the inhabitants to listen to him, but at length a door was opened, in the manner familiar to anyone who has had occasion to call on a timid care-taker in an empty London house, and we were invited to enter, and told that the English troops were at Keile, two hours' march farther on.

Coming out of the fresh air, the mingled odors of wood smoke, and what someone has called *esprit de corps*, were suffocating, but we were nearly six thousand feet above the sea, and the last hours of our ride had been bitterly cold, so Sutherland and I gratefully seated ourselves by the smouldering log and awaited the return of Ma Meing, who had gone off in search of the Sawbwa. After a quarter of an hour he returned, and led us to a small pigeon-loft-like house, raised some six feet off the ground on four stout uprights, and whose entrance was approached by means of a notched pole, on which, when later on he had arrived and cooked my dinner, Miguel showed me that in addition to recommending him as a good plain cook, I could honestly give him a character as a first-class equilibrist.

In the meanwhile there was not the slightest indication of the presence of either Miguel or the dinner within the limits of sight or hearing, so entering our new abode Sutherland and I warmed ourselves by a good fire which someone had made, and examined our surroundings. These consisted of four walls of split bamboo, at the bases of which, and resting on a floor of the same material, was a row of woven baskets standing some two feet high and all full of grain, while in the far end stood what an Arab would have called a "father of baskets," a gigantic fellow, capable of accommodating the whole of his progeny and two or three grown up men, but now quite empty; the roof was of bamboo thatch, supported on whole bamboo rafters, black immediately over the fire, pale straw-colored at the points farthest from it, and running through the most delicate gradations of amber and chestnut between the two. A meerschaum pipe-smoker would have been driven to despair at the impossibility of ever equalling these shades in his favorite medium, and I gave way to covetous longings to carry off the whole structure for decorative purposes at home.

These thoughts were interrupted by Sutherland, who had been examining the darkness outside, exclaiming, "There's someone a ordering them about like

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anything, sir. I expect it's the Sawbwa," and immediately afterward Ma Meing appeared, followed by an insignificant-looking, wizened old man, dressed in a once white cotton shirt and drawers, who, without any word or sign of salutation or welcome, sat down by the fire and stared hard at me. Having satisfied himself that he would know me again, he, still in silence, took his departure, and presently returned with five eggs, which he presented to me in both hands, held ladle-fashion.

This man was Ma Te, the Sawbwa, or, I believe, more correctly, the chief Pawmaing of Mansok. There is no king of the Katchins, the nation being broken into a number of independent tribes, each under an hereditary chief, known as Da-wa in the north, and in the south as Sawbwa (the Shan word for Prince). Dependent on the temper of his tribe and his own ability, this Sawbwa may be either an absolute monarch, ruling his council of Pawmaings, or an extremely limited one, and mere puppet in their hands. At Mansok, the latter course seems to have been followed to such an extent that Ma Te is always spoken of as the Sawbwa, and I have only the authority of an official publication for the assertion that he is really a head Pawmaing.

Whatever his true status may have been I found him a most pleasant old man to deal with, when we got to know each other better. I think he was rather shy at first, and did not quite know how to treat me, but we became fast friends after spending a day together in the jungle, cutting a new road, which was to cut out a neighboring Sawbwa (he, to wit, of Mawsi), and deprive him of his tolls from passing caravans.

It is this same toll system which accounts for the extraordinary undulations of the roads: Katchin villages being all perched on hill-tops, for defensive purposes, and Katchin chiefs being allowed to collect tolls from passing traders, it is obviously more convenient to them that the trader should have to come to the Sawbwa than the Sawbwa to the trader. I should be sorry to see my Katchin friends mulcted of this means of earning a livelihood, and also to see the roads deprived of the Katchin's care, but the British soldier, the Chinese trader and his mule, all prefer walking round the base of a hill to climbing over the top of it, and I think some arrangement might be made which would suit all parties.

I am sure John, Miguel & Co. were quite of this opinion, as, cold and footsore they trudged into Mansok at half-past ten, and John did not even agree with me as to the rights of Katchins, when, early next morning he rushed up, explaining in the most expressive pantomime that he had been attacked by an armed party and his mules carried off while they were grazing. Having made us understand his story he sat down and howled like a child. Old Ma Te, however, was a man more of action than sentiment, and hastily snatching up a *dah*, and shouting some orders to his men, he seized the Panthay by the shoulders, and, followed by fifty of the villagers, was running down the spur long before John had time to dry his tears. After about an hour they returned, having recovered the mules, but without coming across their abductors, who probably finding themselves pursued by superior force had thought it best to relinquish their booty and make good their escape.

They are early risers in a Katchin village, and although I was up with the sun the village maidens were before me, and when I looked out of my doorway a party of them were already busily engaged in weaving the dark blue cloth of which their dresses are made. Sitting on the slope of a knoll, with their faces toward the summit, they fastened one end of the woof to stout stakes driven into the ground, and the other round their waists, and thus the force of gravitation giving them a tendency to topple over backward, it is always kept tight. Then holding the shuttle in both hands, they rather laboriously pass it backward and forward, producing an infinitesimal amount of cloth after a long day of hard work. The result, when finished, however, is highly satisfactory, and, taking into consideration the labor involved in its

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manufacture, fully justifies the high value they set on it, which is so great that it is almost impossible to induce them to sell it.

Katchin women are not prepossessing either in manner or appearance; with pale, large-boned faces, bad, squat figures, generally suffering from goitre, sturdy, uncompromising manners, and none of the "little ways" which girls of even the most savage tribes sometimes possess, there is nothing about them to promote a wish for better acquaintance; while the sight of a woman on the wrong side of forty is enough to frighten away all the *nâts* of the hill-side and forest. Viewed from a respectful distance, however, they are decidedly picturesque, and as I sat in my doorway watching their bright dresses contrasted against the green foliage of the jungle or the inky darkness of the hut interior, my eyes received distinctly pleasurable sensations. The dress consists of a short jacket of dark blue homespun, with short scarlet cuffed sleeves, and ornamented between the shoulders with a large, diamond-shaped patch of red and white design. Under the jacket is worn a dark blue bodice, cut low and square at the neck, the opening often being partly covered by three large silver hoops, which are passed over the head. The skirt is very short, hardly so long as a Highlander's kilt, and is made of the same dark blue homespun, with a deep border on its lower edge, of red and white design. Round the waist is a coil, generally from eight to twelve inches deep, of split black cane, surmounted by one or two strings of cowrie shells. The legs from the knee to the ankle are encased in bandages of red and white cloth, woven in an intricate pattern and surmounted by garters of split black cane. The married women wear rather untidy blue cloth turbans, unmarried girls go bareheaded and wear their hair short, and cut on the forehead in a straight fringe.

As my work was all in the Mawsi direction I did not go on to join the troops at Keile, but sending a note over to let the officer commanding there know my whereabouts and wants, stayed three days at Mansok, riding about the country, and on the fourth day, accompanied by two interpreters (Burmese-Katchin and Hindustani-Burmese), and a Mounted Infantry escort, rode back to Pankaw. Late in the evening Ma Te and a party of his men arrived, armed with *dahs*, and decked with many-colored haversacks. A stranger meeting them would have thought they were on the war-path, so smart and business-like did they look, but their mission was only the peaceful one mentioned above, of cutting a road through the jungle. In this they were joined in the morning by a contingent provided by the Sawbwa of Pankaw, and I set out at the head of quite a smart little Katchin army.

It is said that the Katchins are lazy, and I have no doubt that they have the usual savage objection to digging, and much prefer the excitement of cattle-raiding to such a monotonous means of earning a livelihood. No one who had been with us that day, however, could have accused them of want of energy. We covered a good twenty miles of ground, over ten of which we had to cut our way through thick tree jungle, bridge streams, fill up bogs, cut out paths in the hill-side, and remove fallen trees, and with the exception of half an hour's halt for a handful of rice and a pipe of opium, the men never stopped slashing, digging, and hauling the whole time.

The Katchins have no form of salutation or respect, and up to this Ma Te had always received me without any attempt to copy either European or Asiatic methods; but I had noticed him, once or twice, intently watching the men of the escort when I spoke to them, and was much amused, when he came to wish me good-bye in the evening, to see him attempting a military salute. The result would hardly have satisfied a fastidious drill sergeant, but the old man himself was highly delighted with it. He then announced that the morrow was his birthday, and asked leave to fire guns all that and the following nights. Knowing that his place was a good five miles down wind of me, I readily assented, and off he went in high glee with another grotesque attempt at a salute. He had not been

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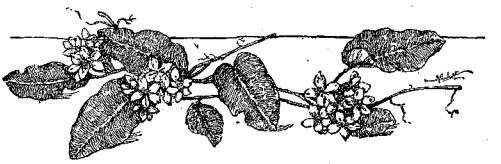
gone a quarter of an hour before I received a visit from the Sawbwa of Pankaw and suite, who informed me, without any show of regret, that his father was just dead, and begged for leave to fire guns for two nights on that account. With less readiness, owing to his greater proximity, than in the case of the Mansok Sawbwa, I also granted this permission, looking forward to rather a disturbed night, but I had got so accustomed to the popping of bamboos on the camp-fires that I hardly noticed it and was soon fast asleep.

I had had some doubts as to the genuineness of his father's demise, looking upon it as a mere excuse for an orgie, but when, two days later, I returned to Mansok, I passed upon the road a brand new "lup," with newly dug trench and still bloody buffalo skulls, so suppose he had been really so afflicted.

On the 22d of March Captain Elliot, of the Military Police, turned up at Mansok, homeward bound. I had not quite done all I wanted on the watershed, but he was going to try a new route to Bhamo, and as he is a good Burmese scholar and had a Katchin interpreter with him, I could not afford to let the opportunity slip. Starting on the morning of the 23d, we made an easy march to Hopōn, the last Katchin village on our route, and on the following morning, dropping some three thousand feet into the Namya valley, through gorgeous jungle scenery, made a forced march into Bhamo, whence I proceeded by train to Mandalay.

I have rarely lived among savages without regret at having to return to civilization, but when I found myself gliding, all too rapidly, down the Irrawaddy in the steamship Mogaung, through lovely river scenery, halting anon at the little fairy-peopled villages on its banks, I realized that no matter what advantages savagedom may have over the frock-coated civilization of Europe, no one possessing eyes or heart would willingly accept it in exchange for the rosebud culture of a Burman village.



INDIAN SUMMER.

By Archibald Lampman.

THE old gray year is near his term in sooth,
And now with backward eye and soft-laid palm
Awakens to a golden dream of youth,
A second childhood, lovely and most calm;
And the smooth hour about his misty head
An awning of enchanted splendor weaves
Of maples amber, purple, and rose-red,
And droop-limbed elms down-dropping golden leaves.
With still half-fallen lids he sits and dreams
Far in a hollow of the sunlit wood,
Lulled with the murmur of thin-threading streams,
Nor sees the polar armies overflood
The darkening barriers of the hills, nor hears
The north wind ringing with a thousand spears

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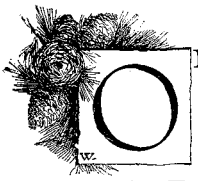
THE PROUD PYNSENTS.

By Octave Thanet.



NE morning in June, when the citizens of a university town begin to be intent on the pomps and glories of "*Commencement*," Mrs. Harriet Fennimore took her way down street to market.

Mrs. Fennimore is highly esteemed in Wiatioc. She is the widow of Professor Richard Appleton Fennimore, of Harvard. Her widowhood is of five years' standing, but she has only been in Wiatioc a year, that is, since her youth, for the town was her early home, and old inhabitants still like to repeat her father's jokes. He was a professor at Wiatioc, and might have been president had not the luxuriant gift of humor in him swelled beyond the conventional fences. There was a difficulty which ended in Professor Bissell accepting an offer from an Eastern college. His salary—as his wife could not deny herself the pleasure of telling—was nearly twice what he received at Wiatioc. Mrs. Bissell had always felt herself an exile and had not too scrupulously concealed her feelings; she returned with frank joy to "civilization." The black drop in the cup rose to the surface when she discovered that her Western-bred children had the same stifling homesickness for the prairies that she used to feel for the sea. Her son returned to the West on the first opportunity. He made a fortune, but neither the fortune nor his generosity quite reconciled her to his "Western ways." And Harriet, who had married so well and so suitably, not only planned to have her only son go into her brother's business; she went so far as to take him to Wiatioc for his education.

"He is to live in the West," said she; "it is better he should learn something of the people. After he is graduated at Wiatioc he may go to Harvard or to Europe, as he prefers."

So Mrs. Fennimore bought a house and fell as naturally into the life of the pretty little town as if she had never left it. Whether because she was a wise woman, or because she really loved the place, she did not feel it her duty to educate the inhabitants in the more cultured and elegant habits of Cambridge. By consequence she earned a wealth of gratitude from people too abundantly supplied with Eastern missionaries to appreciate their blessings.

Every pleasant day it was Harriet's custom to go down-town to market. "I never could choose meat through a telephone," she told Martin the butcher, at which Martin not only smiled his tradesman's smile of sympathy with a good customer's humor, but often added, "How much you remind me of your father, Mrs. Fennimore!"

She always went down-town by way of Pynsent Street, which might excite comment had anyone noticed the circumstance, since Pynsent is not an attractive street. It is a back street, named after a family whose state waned long ago, and the old Pynsent mansion, to which it was the thoroughfare, has sunk into a second-rate boarding-house. In winter the unpaved roadway is muddy, in summer the dust flies. The houses are the humbler class of cottages; and the few shops that have crept into the street, are of the kind that do not esteem trade flourishing enough to leave at night, so are both shops and dwellings. Over one tiny bakery, where a fly-specked window held never freshened heaps of misshapen bread and pallid ginger-cakes, a vulture rumor flapped its wings, a rumor to the effect that the bakery was a saloon in hiding, with a secret door and passwords and swaggering boy drinkers. Next this reputed den of iniquity was a neatly fenced yard of several acres. It belonged to an estate that awaited a baby's majority for division; and the caretakers had lived in the cottage twenty years.

A stranger would notice that they were parsimonious of pains with their house but lavished them on their

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grounds. The house was a stunted-looking cottage in need of painting, and having no relief to its bare outlines beyond an inefficient porch that had sagged on one side and been propped by domestic carpenters. The windows were without blinds; but the shades, inside, were always tightly drawn. Between the house and the street a rough lattice had been built which was covered with a dense growth of honeysuckle. One would say, viewing the house, that the only care bestowed upon it by the inmates was to screen it as much as possible. Not so with the yard. The high fence was freshly painted, and so were the wire wall about the garden and the partitions of lath or wire in the poultry-yard. It was a poultry-yard to catch any eye. Neatly laid out and richly green with creeping plants and sunflowers so long as the Northern sun lets the earth keep her pigments bright, and brilliant even in winter with its vermilion coops and red roofs and whitewashed walls, it was divided into little settlements for the different species of fowls; and turkeys and fowls of splendid plumage and imposing size, strutted and cackled and scratched on the commons of the miniature villages.

Mrs. Fennimore stopped to gaze on the queer, busy little scene. At the same instant an old woman came around the corner of a building. Age declared itself as distinctly in the angles of the figure as in the silver hair under a rusty lace cap or the dim eyes and wrinkles. Yet it was in the woman's face that she had been handsome one day. Were she richly clad and softly tended she would be handsome still; but her shape was muffled in a soiled and splashed blue apron, and she was crooked by the weight of a bucket of whitewash.

Seeing Mrs. Fennimore, she dropped the bucket so abruptly that it toppled, a white puddle, over the grass, straightened herself and walked with a strange air of pride and dignity into the house.

Harriet remained staring at the whitewash on the grass. The healthy color on her full cheeks was disturbed; she bent her handsome brows; the breath came sharply between her lips. Then, with a sigh, she pursued her way.

"Good-morning, Harriet," hailed a cheerful, familiar voice behind her. She did not need to turn her head, for the speaker, with a little pant of exertion, stepped briskly to her side. She was Harriet's old friend and next-door neighbor, Mrs. Allison, a pretty, little, plump woman, so much shorter than her husband that she had acquired the habit of craning her chin in the air, as well as taking longer strides in walking than befitted her short legs, which gave her a fictitious semblance of being in a desperate hurry.

"That was Madam Pynsent," said Harriet in a hushed tone. "I have not seen her for twenty years!"

"Haven't you? But I daresay; she keeps herself so close."

"She is awfully changed!" said Harriet.

"But you have seen Clara. I think she is changed as much; she is our age and she looks ten years older—well, she has gone through enough to make her look old, poor thing! It is a pretty awful thing to have your father condemned to be hanged, even if he dies before the execution."

"I always understood the lawyers expected to have the Governor commute the sentence."

"Well"—Mrs. Allison shrugged her pretty shoulders which were clad in some cotton fabric that had shimmering lines of silk—"lawyers always expect until they are disappointed; but anyhow the poor man died of the wound he gave himself—when he shot himself after he shot that man, you know. And I guess it was just as well."

"I never could blame him so very much," said Harriet, musingly, "Hallerton really led him into those speculations that ruined the bank, and Hallerton made money out of it himself; I think when it all came out, Mr. Pynsent had not the courage to go back to his wife, and the sense of his ruin and disgrace, which was harder, for *him*, was too much for his head; so he killed Hallerton and tried to kill himself."

"I pitied him, too," said Mrs. Allison. "I don't wonder he was afraid to face Madam Pynsent, she was such a proud woman. But I always liked Mr. Pyn-

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sent, he was so pleasant and genial; and do you remember how he always was the one to buy the left-overs at the church fairs?"

"I remember how he never refused to give to anything," said Harriet.

"He was so generous in the war too; and poor Phillips volunteered. If he had not been killed, perhaps his mother and sister would have come out differently; he was killed the last year of the war, wasn't it? and Mr. Pynsent's trouble came about eight years later. I remember Madam Pynsent put on mourning and never took it off again; she wore mourning when the trial came off. They had him right here in jail. That must have been the bitterest part of it all to the family, haughty as they were. I can see, now, just how Clara Pynsent used to look, driving by and getting out of the carriage in front of the jail."

"We were gone then; we left just before it happened, you know. I wrote Clara at once. I wrote a good many letters. She never answered any of them."

Mrs. Allison nodded. "That was the way. They treated every one the same. They sort of took the position that they were from that time forth dead to the world; and that the kindest thing they could do for their friends would be to keep absolutely out of their reach. I guess it was Madam Pynsent's notion in the beginning, but Clara adopted it. You know Madam Pynsent gave up all her own property to pay off the depositors. They must have been terribly poor at one time, and yet they were just as proud. I have a mind to tell you something, now we are on the subject. I got so worried about them at one time, for you know while I wasn't intimate with Clara as you were, we were good friends, that one night I lay awake thinking of them, which isn't usual with me, for I am a dear lover of my rest; but I kept seeing Madame Pynsent as she used to be when she wore her black velvet and diamonds to parties and then as I had seen her the day before, in a thin, miserable calico, with a little worsted shawl over her shoulders and her poor face all pinched and blue with the cold, out in the yard chopping kindling wood. It was like those ridiculous newspaper pictures, before taking and after taking, only reversed, a sort of before-misfortune, after-misfortune thing. And what do you suppose I did? Doctor has laughed at me often about it. I got up out of my warm bed, and went down to the pantry and packed up a basket and put in wine and jelly and oranges and such little delicacies as Mrs. Pynsent always used to have, and I made Doctor go in the dead of night as it was and leave the basket at their door. He knocked and ran."

"How nice of you!" cried Harriet.

"Oh, but just wait until you hear the rest of the tale! My dear, how they found it out I never could surmise; but there was nothing happened all next day; and I ate my own dinner with a better appetite for the thinking that Madam Pynsent would have a glass of port with hers; and the next morning when I came down, the cook brought me the identical basket I had sent. Not a thing in it was touched."

"Yes," Mrs. Fennimore agreed, "they are proud."

But she did not offer any dealings of her own with the Pynsent pride, although they were not wanting; and presently she let herself be diverted from the subject by the shapely loaves in a baker's window—not the baker of Pynsent Street. None the less, her thoughts were busy with those estranged friends of the past. She recalled childish pleasures and school-day feasts of which Madam Pynsent had been the good fairy. She remembered her girlish admiration for the great lady, for such Madam Pynsent, with her jewels and her family and her pride, had shone on Harriet's youth; and her heart had the half-ache of tenderness that springs when the ghosts of youthful illusions have flitted through it, like the phosphorescent wake of a vessel. When she walked home she was thinking about the Pynsents still. She glanced through the fence pickets; there was no sign of human life in the yard, though there should have been, since two cockerels were seeking each other's gore with violence.

Inside the shabby little kitchen both Madam Pynsent and Clara sat behind the drawn shades. Or rather Madam

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Pynsent sat in the only rocking-chair of the house, and Clara was working at a remarkable-looking piece of furniture, in appearance a cross between a showcase and a donkey engine, in reality an incubator. On the kitchen stove bubbled that healthful preparation of maize known to commerce as "shorts." The kitchen table was spread with newspapers, and at present occupied by nine healthy and active little turkeys, not yet advanced from down to feathers, that rambled over it and talked to each other about getting down. A tenth little turkey was asleep in Mrs. Pynsent's hand.

Presently Clara crossed the room and peered out of the window, herself hidden by the curtain. She was a narrow-chested, deep-waisted woman, who did not hold herself so erect as her mother. Her high forehead, softened by no stray curls, displayed all its severe height. The features below, delicate, aquiline, and haughty, would have been pretty with a becoming arrangement of the glossy dark hair; but the hair, growing thin now, was drawn back in the compactest and most rigid of knots. About the whole person of the woman was a desolate neatness as intolerant of ornament as of untidiness. A dead woman could hardly show less vanity. There was no helping of charms, no hiding of defects. She was clean, she was decently covered with whole clothes, and she seemed to desire no more.

In a woman such stoical disdain of vanity is always pitiful; for it declares the extinguishment of hope. If a woman ceases to try to look her best it is because she has lost her desire to please; and only in a metaphorical or a real coffin does a woman lose her desire to please!

But Clara Pynsent, for many a year, had esteemed her life ended. She scanned the street listlessly, but when she saw Harriet pause and look through the pickets, a kind of sparkle kindled in her eyes. In her pretty young days Clara's eyes were beautiful. They were a dark violet in color, with long black lashes. They had in them that softness and liquid brightness which make the gazer forget whether eyes are large or small, or round or almond. A boy in the university, who put pomade on his hair and made himself ill, occasionally, eating too freely of the plum-cake and mince-pie sent him by a fond mother, but had nevertheless, a poetic soul, used to write sonnets to Clara's eyes.

"When we were girls, together," said Clara, absently, "Harrie had a leghorn hat. She is wearing a leghorn hat, now."

Madam Pynsent did not notice, she went on with her own train of thought. "The Brahmas are out; I heard the hen clucking and the chickens were cheeping; I finished whitewashing the coop for them and the dirt bath is already; seeing Harrie so, put it out of my mind. Mrs. President somehow got over the garden fence and gorged herself with lettuce, and she had another fight with Myra Allison; I think you will have to kill Myra, she is always fighting."

Clara turned from the window. "But she is such a good mother, and don't you remember how she fought off the rat?"

"Yes, but she is four years old, and when a fowl is four years old the books say its usefulness is over and it should be killed."

"I don't care what the books say; there is Harriet Bissell *seven* years old ——"

"Well, you know the editor of the poultry paper said that she was a wonder; but I don't suppose you would have killed her if she were as sick and useless as the first Harriet; and *she* was twelve years old before she died, always fed on the best, and never an egg; you *never* kill Harriet Bissell!"

Clara's faint smile was all her answer; but then it is quite true; she never did kill the hen called Harriet Bissell.

Little did Harriet, whose kindness had been repulsed with such ferocious haughtiness, dream what a vivid interest she was to that solitary soul. Upstairs in the black walnut writing-desk, a relic of ante-bellum opulence, were all those unanswered letters, creased and worn with reading. And pasted on the leaves of an old ledger, mingled with recipes for chicken diseases and notices from poultry journals, of "Miss C. Pynsent's superb exhibits of Asiatics," were half a dozen or so newspaper

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items, announcing the appointment of Professor Richard A. Fennimore, "whose charming wife would be remembered by many friends in Wiatioc as Miss Harriet Bissell," to this and that honorable position, announcing Professor Fennimore's death at length, announcing more at length the return of his widow to "her childhood's home," with incidental remarks on the progress of the university. Near the ledger lay a pile of "Scribes." The Scribe is the university paper of which Dick Fennimore is junior editor. Clara had subscribed to it ever since Martin informed her of the latter fact.

She subscribed, also, to the local journal and two poultry papers. During the last five years a few thin blades of human interest had sprouted in the desert.

When the blow fell and two helpless, lonely women who had quarrelled promptly with their kinsmen, faced the problem of earning their bread, it did not enter their heads that they could make poultry-keeping their staff. No, they thought of Clara's beautiful embroidery and needlework. But Clara had amused herself with fowls, and it was not easy to dispose of costly hens at short notice, and eggs are so nourishing, and there was provender to spare in the great empty stables. When they moved the fowls went with them.

They were given the rent of house and land by the cousin who was administrator of the estate. Clara was one of the heirs, but no money was obtainable before the division. Meanwhile, however, the Pynsents lived in peace on the place. A narrow, hard, poverty-smitten peace it was, with often little to eat and the same clothes to be made over each year; but at least there was a roof over their heads, though a leaky one, and a lock on the door. To be alone, out of the reach of pity, was their one hope, then.

After a while the fowls throve and multiplied, as is the kindly custom of poultry with a careful keeper. They began to sell winter eggs and spring chickens; from common eggs and ordinary chickens they grew into the providers of high-bred fowls too valuable to eat and eggs of price. Clara discovered the well known "Wiatioc Cure for Roup," and the "Anti-gapes Mixture," which, as all poultry fanciers of the region can assure you, faithfully applied has never been known to fail. Her flock became celebrated, and the postman began to stop at the gate. Rufe, the black man across the street, who eked out his wife's earnings with politics and odd jobs, was employed more and more, building fences and coops. Compared to their first estate of want they were opulent; they had meat for themselves as well as the chickens; they bought new clothes.

At first Madam Pynsent paid little attention to the poultry. She was a proud woman, who could never forget how often her father's family name was written on the pages of Massachusetts history. Had she remained in the East and mingled with richer and more important personages than herself her family pride would not have passed the bounds of ordinary arrogance; but she went with her husband to a little Western town where they were the richest people; and away from the grandeur of the Phillipses, it steadily grew in her fancy. Year by year she secretly admired the Phillips family and despised the West more intensely, until the crash came. Then, her pride of birth and station denied its customary expression became a torrent to devastate her own haughty soul. She hated the pity that her warm-hearted, unconscious neighbors would have proffered. And since, because of Clara and the Bible, she could not die and escape under the ground, safe from prying eyes, she made herself dead to every interest and enjoyment of life. She kept in the house, never venturing out save after dusk. She worked at the tasks that earned them bread; but, when they were over, she would sit for hours, sunk into a kind of lethargy similar to that which wraps the senses of lunatics. It was well for Clara that she had never visited an insane asylum, or she might have recognized the pose, as her mother sat in the corner away from the window, her beautiful hands, from which all the rings were gone, lying limp on her knees, her head bowed and her face a motionless mask of dead pain.

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The turkeys first roused her. It began with her tending some small orphans to help Clara. Then, when the wee, downy, friendly things came hopping at her call or cheeped for loneliness if she left them, insensibly she grew to notice them, and when she nursed the puniest turkey through an attack of roup — that she doubtless brought on him herself, stuffing every chance of air out of his box lest he should catch cold — she surrendered openly.

She had scorned the comfort her chickens were to Clara's affectionate nature, and sometimes when her daughter would come in, a smoking revolver in her hand, a white streak about her lips (because at this time they were so poor that they must kill their own chickens), she would sneer: "Why do you mind it so much? It doesn't hurt; and if it did, haven't you been hurt yourself enough to know it doesn't matter?"

But, after the turkeys began to follow her everywhere, she would not have a turkey killed. It was Madam Pynsent named the hens and turkeys. With a sardonic flight of humor, she named them in caricature of the worthy people whom she had been used to regard complacently, as from a height, and whom she now hated because she judged that they had the right to pity her. But it was Clara who named the very stateliest turkey-cock "Mr. Martin," in honor of the worthy butcher who did all their business. He was a shrewd, kind man, and he did not refuse the commission that they offered him. "Never you mind, Ellie," he said to his wife, who would reproach him, "they'd jest go somewhere else if I wouldn't, and I can make it up to them, some way!"

There is no doubt that he did. In spite of his precautions, the Pynsents were conscious of a kind of homely good angel watching over them; and they were grateful in their own manner. "Martin certainly has been extremely kind and serviceable," Madam Pynsent declared majestically; and Clara made him a present of a thirteen (which for some mystic reason is the poultry dozen) of Indian game eggs and a sitting hen, on the first decent opportunity. Whether the gift can be classed as a kindness may be doubted by the cynical, since Mrs. Martin, who had permitted half a dozen hens and a cock of no particular descent to forage a living in her backyard, on the *laisser faire* principle, the fittest surviving and the unfittest dying in winter, and eggs always a pleasant surprise, was thereby allured into a scientific treatment of poultry, and Mr. Martin was obliged to see the carpenter about a new chicken-house in less than a month. Through Martin, the two recluses heard all their news. It was from him that Clara first learned that Mrs. Fennimore had returned. She came back from her marketing, looking so pale that her mother frowned. "Are you sick, child?" she asked, sharply—Madam Pynsent's generation did not say ill.

"No, mother," Clara answered, listlessly, "just tired. The sun was warm. Mother, whom do you suppose I saw down-town—but she didn't see me?"

"What difference does it make whom you saw? Nobody can be of any consequence to us now." Mrs. Pynsent spoke more wearily than Clara.

"I feel as if I had seen a ghost—the ghost of my youth. Mother," she looked up a little wistfully, "it was Harriet Bissell; she has come back to Wiatioc!"

Madam Pynsent dropped the gown on which she was sewing; there was genuine emotion now in her face, but it was of fear. "Do you think she will come here, daughter? Surely she will not force herself on us after your never answering her letters."

"Oh, there is no danger of her coming, mother! She will most likely have forgotten us entirely by this time."

But there was an accent in the curt words that belied them.

Madam Pynsent drew up her slim shape and bent her once flashing eyes on Clara's pale face. "If she does come, if she has the presumption to force her presence on us because we are poor and defenceless, Clara, it may as well be understood that she must not be allowed to enter the house—not while I am alive! And you will not have any unnecessary words with her. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mother, I understand. But

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there is no danger," repeated Clara. Then she went upstairs and took out the book where were laid the letters that never had been answered, and read them again. She walked over to the cracked mirror and gazed, smiling drearily, at her faded face. "Of course she will not come," she said, "and she would not know me if she did. She always used to be telling me how pretty I was. She wasn't pretty exactly, then; but she is handsome now. Perhaps if I had answered those letters, she would have written some more; we should have kept a little track of each other; maybe I should be glad, now, that she is here."

A slow flush crept over her face and neck; she frowned at the half-scared eyes in the glass. "Now, I am sorry! Very sorry!" said she, firmly.

Because she was sorry, perhaps, she started at every passing shadow that halted before their gate during the next week. But when Harriet really came, she was in the kitchen over the incubator-lamp, and did not see her. She heard the click of the gate and ran to the window. Harriet, looking less cheerful and determined than usual, was walking carefully along the single plank that served for a walk to the house. Clara caught her breath; outside in the shed, she could hear the irregular thuds of the hatchet; her mother was chopping wood.

She walked to the door and opened it, for Harriet had rapped. Harriet thought that she looked like the wooden statue of a woman.

"What can I do for you, Madam?" said Clara. The words, Harriet told her son, sounded as if they had been carved out of her wooden throat.

"Clara," said Harriet, "have I changed so much that you don't know me?"

There is something more affecting about a voice that has been dear than even the sight of a face that we have loved; and for the space of an eyebeam Clara's features relaxed; but she heard the hatchet strokes again, and she answered steadily: "You haven't changed much, Mrs. Fennimore, but nobody can have anything to do with me except about the chickens."

"Very well, Clara," said Mrs. Fennimore, who, to be sure, grew red, "then will you sell me some fowls? I want to set my boy up in chicken-keeping."

Clara asked no questions about Mrs. Fennimore's boy, or whether she had any other children; she asked: "Do you want to buy fowls or a hatching of eggs?"

"Why, I might as well have both, I suppose," said the obliging customer.

"And what kind? I have all the Asiatics, and Dorkings, and Houdans, and Plymouth Rocks, and Leghorns. For a good all-round fowl I don't know anything better than the Brahmas; but it depends something on your run——"

"Are the Brahmas pretty—but Dick will not care for that; I suppose they are good layers?" Harriet confessed to Dick that she had heard the expression somewhere, and determined to be impressive, being, in fact, densely ignorant; and immediately she fell into the pit, for on Clara's response that Brahmas were especially good layers, she added, out of the promptings of folly, "How many eggs will one hen lay in a day?"

Clara's emotionless eyes brightened, though her voice kept its stolid monotony. "I never knew hens to lay but one egg a day; I don't think they can," said she.

But Harriet, who should have been disconcerted, laughed outright. "You see I might better have confessed I don't know a thing about poultry except how to cook it; then I should not have been found out." In this barefaced way did she meet exposure, and she went on quite easily, describing the poultry-yard that she wanted to have for Dick, while they picked out the fowls. So weak was Clara (as she accused herself later), that she could not resist the lure, and before they parted she had shown her entire yard.

Madam Pynsent looked stern, and Clara felt indescribably guilty when she hurried into the kitchen to prepare supper. "I really could not help it," she explained, deprecatingly, "she did not know anything, and she asked questions, and she bought thirty dollars' worth, mother."

"You could have gotten rid of her had you tried, or I should say had you known *how*," amended Madam Pyn-

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sent in her stateliest manner; "it is a *gaucherie*, my dear, to have people intrude conversation on you which you do not desire. And you might have considered how nervous I was every minute, not knowing but she might break in here—she seems to hesitate at nothing. I don't know where this is to end!"

She was so wounded and so indignant that she wouldn't eat a morsel of her pet cornbread which Clara had prepared with an aim of propitiation. Though her kingdom had so shrunken, Madam Pynsent was a despot in it still.

But Harriet Fennimore never overstepped the bounds tacitly laid down in the first interview. She came seldom. Whenever she came, she asked gravely concerning Madam Pynsent's health, to which Clara always answered, in the counterpart of her own tone: "Thank you, mother is as well as usual," leaving it open, as Harriet said to Dick, whether Mrs. Pynsent's usual health was robust or she was a chronic invalid who was simply no worse.

Young Dick came oftener than his mother. He was a tall fellow who stooped a trifle out of sheer laziness, the more inexcusable since he was an athlete. He had a very fair skin like his mother's, and his smile and his voice were like hers. He never recognized any embarrassment in the situation, but came and went as he would have gone to Martin's.

One night, at what to the Pynsents, who rose too early to burn their lamp late, was a most unholy hour—it was ten o'clock, in fact—he knocked them up out of their beds, to beg Miss Pynsent to look at his best Brahma's swelled crop.

"It is a shame to wake you up!" he called at the top of his cheerful voice, "but I saw the light and didn't know, and Lord Eric is in such pain, I thought maybe you wouldn't mind advising me what to do— If you would just put your head out of the window——"

"No, I will come—— Do you think I could go down, mother, or shall I—he could come to-morrow"—— Clara tangled herself up in her distressed phrases; but Madam Pynsent called out of the window: "This is a most surprising hour to come; but as you *have* come, Miss Pynsent will go down."

And go down Clara did, and relieved the suffering fowl with a lancet and a needle, to Dick's huge admiration.

He was profuse in apologies and thanks, and he did show a trace of confusion when he ended his speech. "I don't know what is the proper—fee—but"——

"I don't know either," replied Clara, waiving back his bank-note, "it will have to be thrown in with the chickens. And remember, don't give him any hard food for a few days."

"She dismissed me with quite a regal air," laughed Dick, recounting the episode to his mother, "but really she was very nice; I think we should get very chummy if it weren't for the old dame. And I can tell you something else, mamma, she has been taking advantage of our youth and inexperience, and naturally confiding natures, to sell us eggs and chickens under price, right straight along!"

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Fennimore, "and I do so want to help them, and I thought this was such a clever way!"

"I don't know," said Dick, shrewdly, "maybe you helped them more than if it had been the other way."

And his mother thought fondly that the lad grew more like his father every day. "Oh, Richard," she cried in her heart, "if you could only see our boy; if I could only have you here with me for a little while to tell you about him!" And then, as that old, old ache of the soul came over her, she thought of Clara, and pitied her because she could never have such a pain. This had been the day before she saw Madam Pynsent.

Clara thought of the Fennimores all day. The accidental encounter between her mother and Harriet, she herself could not have told why, raised her spirits. Perhaps her mother would be more reconciled, now, to Dick's coming; perhaps she would see, since Harriet did not attempt to speak to her, that it was friendship and kindness, not presumptuous curiosity, had brought her old friend to their gate.

She went out in the yard with her mother to attend to the coming Brah-

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mas. Then her mother went into the house, leaving her weeding the garden; and it was while she was hoeing the potatoes, which grew nearest the fence, that she saw a paralyzing spectacle. Yet it was a commonplace sight to see a young man crossing the street somewhat rapidly and diving into the low door of the bakery. But Clara grasped the pickets of the fence in both hands and her skin paled and her eyes glazed, because the young man was Dick Fennimore. Not until that moment, when she felt her heart in her throat, did she realize that she had grown fond of the bright young creature.

"Maybe he just went for fun, because someone dared him," she muttered, feebly; "he'll come right out. I know he wouldn't go there to drink."

She waited, hoping to see the door swing open and to hear the jangle of the bell as it would slam behind the tall, light figure. But the door did not move. The sun blazed on the curtainless window making of it a dazzling white smudge. There was no seeing into the shop.

"Well, it isn't any business of mine," she cried; and she began to hoe vehemently. Very soon she halted; she looked over at the bakery. He had not come out.

She leaned on her hoe, but only to fling it aside with a start. This time it was not Dick that disturbed her, but a handsome and dignified gentleman who walked up the street on the opposite side, pausing for a second and looking over at the bakery, before he leaned over Rufe Collins's fence and entered into deep converse with that worthy.

"It is President Carroll," breathed Clara, clasping her worn hands and wringing them unconsciously in her panic, "if he sees Dick——"

What she did next would have seemed to her no longer ago than morning a frantic proceeding, impossible for a decent gentlewoman; but she did it almost with ease. After a single wild searching of the house-front with her eyes, she walked firmly up to that strange man, to whom she had never spoken a word, and said: "This is President Carroll? Mr. Martin tells me you are looking for some Houdans; as you are so near my yard, won't you step in and look at them?"

And she kept the president for at least half an hour until she saw the bakery door open and Dick go out, casting a swift glance to right and left as he went. He had something under his arm.

The president had courteously thanked her, paid her and departed, before Madam Pynsent hazarded an appearance in the yard. She walked very erect. Clara was mending the fence. She did not look up; the very sound of her mother's step on the planks forewarned her.

"You are not hitting your nails on the head, Clara," was the beginning; then, "Clara, why was that man here?"

"That was the president."

"Of course I know it was the president, and I know you deliberately went out to speak to him," said Madam Pynsent, icily. "I am asking you why you did such—such an extraordinary thing?"

Neither of them noticed that Clara, who was kneeling at her work, as she turned knelt before her mother while she told about Dick.

Sternly Madam Pynsent listened, sternly she turned away, saying, "I hoped that you had *some* reason, though a poor one. You are too impulsive. I think you had better look at Dick Fennimore, he sounds roupy to me."

Dick Fennimore was Madam Pynsent's pet young turkey; Clara had built some modest hopes of her mother's softening because of that name, even if the name-bestowal had been accompanied by the sneer, "He has precisely the same hobbledehoy gait of that boy!"

They looked at Turkey Dick together, and Madam Pynsent dosed him, and Clara rubbed him with vaseline; but there was no further allusion to the Fennimores.

At dinner, however, Madam Pynsent deliberately addressed her daughter. "Why don't you eat your stew? Do you suppose Harriet Bissell would lose her appetite if we both were dying?"

"No, ma'am," says Clara, meekly.

"Then what concern, pray, is it of ours if her son does choose to degrade himself by frequenting low saloons?"

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"I never saw him go but this once, mother," Clara struck in eagerly, "and I am so much in the yard I surely must have seen him if he did go!"

"Once is once too often," remarked Madam Pynsent. Clara assented, but her appetite did not return. In the afternoon Madam Pynsent came out to watch her sick turkey. It was not customary for her to talk of the past, but she talked of Phillips. His remembrance was the one human, uncorroded part of all her woful memories. He had never given her anything but pride and happiness until he died, and his death was an apotheosis. She described the funeral to Clara, the crowd filing through the church to look at the flag-draped coffin, the soldiers and the "Dead March;" the volley at the grave, and the last weird farewell of the bugle.

"He was only twenty-two when he was killed," she said, "only nineteen when he volunteered."

"That is just Dick Fennimore's age," said Clara. Madam Pynsent frowned.

The afternoon waned. While Clara worked, her lips would now and then quiver. Finally they stiffened; and Madam Pynsent, who never missed a change, looked puzzled.

"Mother," Clara ventured, desperately, "don't you think his mother ought to know?"

A grim smile flickered over the delicate old mouth, as Madam Pynsent answered: "I don't think she will thank anyone for telling her! If you had lived as long in the world as I, child, you would know that."

"But she ought to know; it may be just beginning, and he doesn't know the danger"—but Clara had not the courage to proceed with her entreaty; she wanted to ask to go to Harriet's; when Madam Pynsent shrugged her shoulders the words died on her lips.

"You better shut up the coops, now, Clara," said Madam Pynsent. Clara shut up all the coops. She coaxed the little orphans of the incubator into their resting-place, she visited the hospital where the single occupant, Dick Fennimore the turkey, greeted her with a croaking chirp. Occasionally, when she thought that her mother would not observe her, she brushed her hand hurriedly across her eyes. She could not do this, however, the last part of her rounds, because Madam Pynsent was at her elbow, watching her with a sombre attention, doing nothing herself.

"There is one thing to be said for Harriet Bissell," says Madam Pynsent, "her mother was a lady."

"Yes, ma'am," says Clara, meekly.

"And Harrie meant kindly by those letters."

"Oh, yes, ma'am!"

"But it was presuming for her to come here after we had shown her so plainly, in such a marked way, I may say, that we did not wish to see her. I should almost call it vulgar—yet in most respects Harrie is ladylike."

"Yes, ma'am."

"It was inconsiderate, too, that young fellow's coming so late."

"He didn't mean to be——"

"He *was*," replied Madam Pynsent, firmly; "young people never are *meaning* to do things. Thoughtlessness is no excuse for inconsiderateness."

Clara had not the heart to answer; she never did answer her mother's platitudes.

"If you are going to see Harriet Bissell, this afternoon, you better go now," said Madam Pynsent in the same tone, "so you can get home before dark."

Clara gasped; but after such death in life as their existence, expression does not come readily. "I guess I better," murmured Clara.

She hardly knew her own self as she walked to Harriet's. She was in torment at the vision of her reception; she ached with pity for the mother and the boy; her hands were cold and trembled; she felt her heart thumping her ribs as if it were a hammer in a fierce, uncertain hand, but abating fright and pain, was a warm sensation of action, of freedom.

How it chilled and dwindled, however, the instant the daintily curtained windows of the Fennimore house twinkled on her sight! She steadied herself by the gate, for her legs shook under her, and all the blood in her body was thundering on her heart. "Oh, I just *can't* do it," she gasped, "I don't need to!" And she had actually turned;

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she might have run back home had not a womanish thought griped her will, and whispered that such a tremendous effort, such violence to every nerve in her, could not be useless; and Harriet would be allowed to save her boy. It may be that it was a survival in poor Clara, who was very nearly a pagan through her misery and solitude, of the puritan notions of the value of suffering, that she should be persuaded that because her effort was so painful to her, the Lord would surely allow it to help her friend. She flung her head back and walked up to the house as she would have walked upon a rattlesnake.

Before she was half-way down the walk Harriet Fennimore opened the door and ran to her. She held out both her hands, saying, "Clara, do you remember when I used to see you coming I always ran to the gate?"

Clara did not know how it happened; something tense in her heart seemed to snap; she let Harriet put an arm about her waist and kiss her cheek and draw her to the porch; but there she made a stand.

"No, Harrie," she cried, "no, let me sit down here; perhaps you won't want to ask me in after you've heard why I came. Harrie, no doubt he can explain it all, and it's all right, but this morning I saw Dick go into Jemmy Waller's."

"This morning?" repeated Mrs. Fennimore. She looked up at Clara's burning cheeks, and little mottles of color came and went in her own face; but she did not loosen Clara's hand which she was still holding.

Clara told her story.

During the recital Mrs. Fennimore remained quite composed; once or twice she smiled; but she was grave enough when she answered Clara. "Thank you for coming, Clara. I shall never forget it. But I don't think you need to be afraid that Dick will go wrong that way. He has his faults, but his temptations do not lie in that direction. But I will talk with him. And now that you are once more really in my home, Clara—I have wanted to see you there so long—won't you stay and have tea with me? And see Dick's chickens"—she smiled again and beckoned to a figure in the yard—"he is so anxious to show them to you!"

It lifted a weight off Clara's heart to see Dick coming toward them with every token of sobriety; but she would not stay. "I will come another time," she said, hastily, hardly realizing her own rashness. And she added: "Come to see me, Harrie, please."

"I guess mother will not be angry," she thought to herself, on her way home. "I couldn't help saying it, somehow! Oh, how kind she was!"

Harriet watched her. Dick had gone back to his chickens, his proffer of escort declined, but Mrs. Allison stepped through the library window out on the porch, with a flutter of draperies and arms.

"Harriet Fennimore," she cried, "I heard every word!"

"Why, so you must," said Harriet, calmly, "unless you put cotton in your ears or moved away from the window you couldn't very well help it!"

"And I did neither," said Mrs. Allison, "you heroic humbug! I got as close as I could get and I listened as hard as I could. Why didn't you tell her that he only went there after the president's dog, because he knew they wouldn't give it to the president out of spite, but they might to him, and the president waited outside, and they were both to dinner and the president told us himself? You let her think Dick went there on his own account. I think that is carrying politeness over the fence, as Dick says. I don't understand it!"

"Don't you?" questioned Harriet, smiling, "well, it wasn't that I enjoy Dick being considered started on the road to ruin, I assure you. But I have been thinking of the Pynsents all day, and my heart was very soft to them; and when I opened my lips to tell the truth, it came over me what a sacrifice of their pride they had made to warn me; and now should I show them that what they deemed the greatest of services was only a joke? Myra, I hadn't the heart! It was as if they had put their heads a little, little way out of the suffocating shell their pride has built over them, and I should hit them with a stick and push them back! While let

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her really suppose she has done me a kindness, she will be willing, and Madam Pynsent will be willing, to see me and let me see them; and time will help me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, but I am not at all sure you are right!" said Mrs. Allison. "I am only sure you are a dear!"

But Clara was going home happier than she had been for twenty years. She did not know it; but she had begun again to live.

LOVE'S GUERDON.

By Elizabeth C. Cardozo.

Love saith: If thou wilt bring
The gracious tribute of a perfect faith,
Each secret thought, each consecrated thing,
If thou wilt bring (Love saith);

If thou wilt freely give
Thy life-work, life itself if need may be;
Or what is more, for my sake dare to live,
My servant utterly;

If thou wilt bring (saith Love)
A single purpose and a broken heart,
And set thy fealty to me above
Thy hopes, thy aims, thy art;

If thou wilt offer me
All thy life's hours and deem the tribute small,
Owning my absolute supremacy,
If thou wilt offer all;

Love saith: If thou wilt dwell
In the low places of the earth, content
To hearken to my voice half audible,
Nor give thy longing vent;

If this, and more than this,
Thou wilt endure for love of me (Love saith),
Hear thou thy lot, how very sweet it is,
The guerdon of thy faith:—

I do adjudge thee fit
To bow in worship at my shrine, but I
Will turn my face with gracious promise lit
On them that pass me by.

Thou all thy weary days
Mayst gaze on me afar by night and morn,
But only they shall look upon my face
That laugh my name to scorn.

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Portrait of Mme Roland in the Musée Carnavalet.

MADAME ROLAND.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

"In Paris, in order to meet the people you want to see," said the gossiping Mercier a hundred years ago, "all that is necessary is to promenade an hour a day on the Pont Neuf." In those times loungers, gossips, recruiting agents, vendors of all sorts, *saltimbanques*, quacks, men of fashion, women of pleasure, the high, the low, *Tout Paris*, in short, surged back and forth across the bridge.

To-day *Tout Paris* is gone to the boulevards. It is there one stations himself to discover if the person he seeks is in the city; it is there he hears the wittiest *pont-neufs*, those bon-mots and songs which by their very title recall the ancient centre of Parisian wit and gayety. Gone from the bridge, too, is the familiar pump, *La Samaritaine*, with its clock whose hands were always lagging, and its chimes which played at the passing of the king; gone the *Petite Académie*, refuge of pictures refused at the Salon; gone, in short, all the distinctive life of the old bridge. But if the Pont Neuf is no longer the centre of Parisian life, something of its old-time appearance still remains. The masks of Germain Pilon still mock and grin under the cornice, Henri Quatre still sits his steed, and in front of him still stand two old houses, relics of the famous façades in brick and stone with which the good king decorated the Place Dauphine, at the same time that he built the great bridge and constructed the arcades of the Place Royale.

It is for one of these old houses—that

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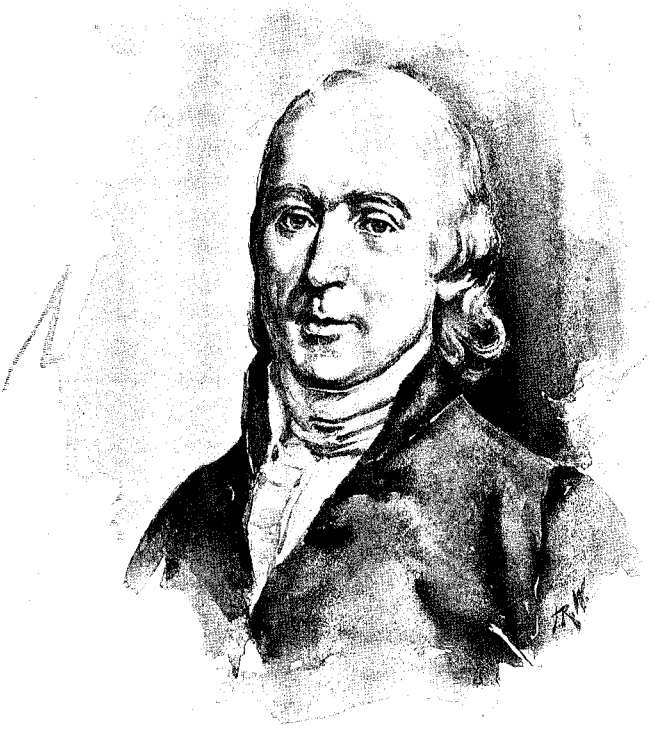
facing the north—that we have come to the Pont Neuf. For, in the apartment of the second story, lived in the eighteenth century a little bourgeois girl whose life here, as recorded in her "Letters and Memoirs," supplies us with the most attractive material we have on her class at that time, the material which, illustrated by the pictures of Chardin, furnishes the de Goncourts of to-day their most striking descriptions. The life of the little girl in the old house has, however, another claim on us. It was here that she developed sentiments, nourished a character, worked out ideals and theories which made her a few years later one of the active forces in the *personnel* which overthrew Louis XVI., secured the adoption of the republican form of government by France, and let loose in her country a revolutionary spirit which a hundred years have not entirely calmed. For the little girl, Marie-Jeanne Philipon — Manon Philipon, as she is familiarly called—is to become the Madame Roland of the French Revolution.



Roland de la Platière, after the painting by Hesse.*

The life of the small bourgeoisie of France in the eighteenth century was a tranquil, honest affair, a round of the simplest pleasures, the quietest duties. The household of M. Philipon represented most of its virtues, few of its vices. M. Philipon himself was a well-to-do gold and silver engraver whose ambition to be rich had led him to sacrifice somewhat his art to commerce. He was a little selfish, slightly common in his tastes, not always agreeable to live with when crossed in his wishes, but, on the whole, a respectable man, devoted to his family, with too great regard for what his neighbors would say of him to do anything flagrantly vulgar, and too good a heart to be continually disagreeable. What he lacked in dignity of character and elevation of sentiments, Mme Philipon supplied—a serene, high-minded woman, knowing no other life than that of her

* Hesse's portrait is by far the best modern representation of Roland.

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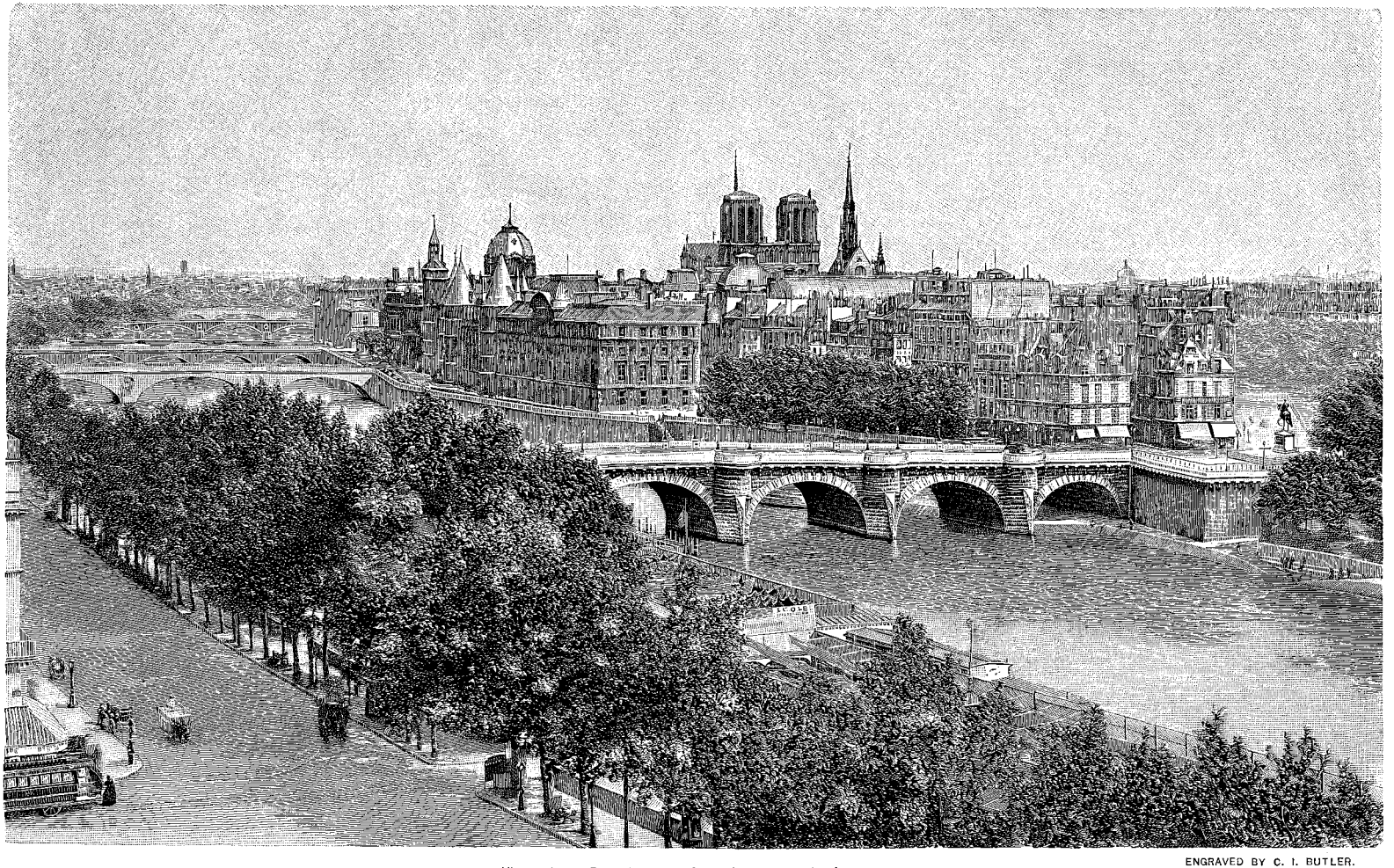

ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

View of the Pont Neuf, as Seen from Near the Louvre.

(The house in which Mme Roland passed her girlhood is that directly over the last arch of the bridge, to the right. The Conciergerie and Pont au Change to the left.)

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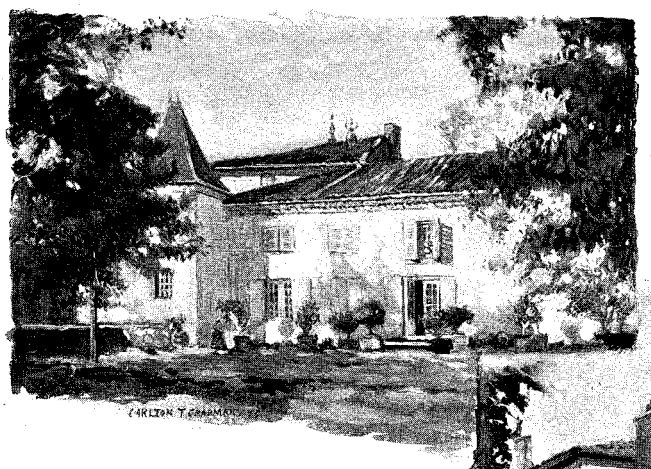
family, ambitious for nothing but duty. She is a perfect model for the gracious housewife in *La mère laborieuse* and *Le bénédicité* of Chardin, and her face might well have served as the original for the exquisite pastel of the Louvre, Chardin's wife.

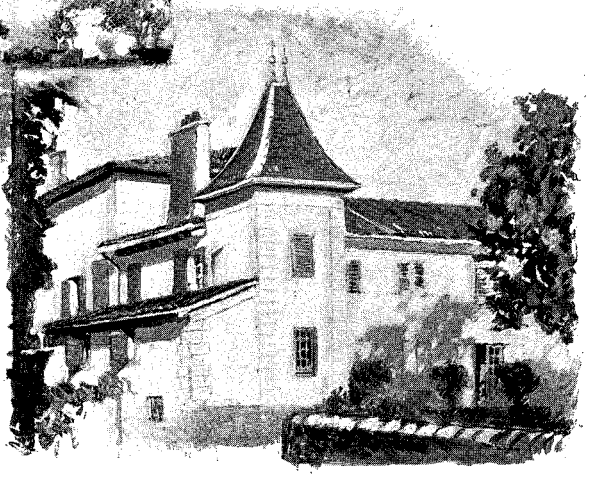


Clos de la Platière near Villefranche-sur-Saône.—Side facing the court.

(The apartment occupied by the Rolands at Clos was that at the left in the second story.)

Manon was the only child of seven, left to the Philipon household. She was born in Paris, March 18, 1754, not in the house on the Quai de l'Horloge, but in the rue de la Lanterne, now rue de la Cité, near Notre-Dame. The date of the removal of the family to the Quai de l'Horloge is so problematic that the Paris Committee of Inscriptions has never ventured to put up a commemorative plaque on the house. The probable date, however, is 1755. Uncertain as it may be, it is sure that the first two years of the little girl's life were spent in the country with a nurse—a French custom which still prevails, in spite of Rousseau—and that when she came back to the Île de la Cité she was large enough to be vividly impressed by its brilliant panoramas. It was the Pont Neuf and the quais which gave her her first education—an education soon supplanted by the catechism and masters, the one to prepare her for her first communion, the other to teach her to read and to write, to give her some ideas of history and geography and even of Latin, and to train her to sing, to dance, and to play the guitar and the violin.

The real education of Manon was not what she was receiving in these orthodox ways, she had begun to read—to read with absorption, energy, ardor. The books which passed through her hands were of the most haphazard sorts. Before she was eleven years old she had read the lives of all the saints, the Civil Wars of Appias, a work on the Turkish theatre, Scarron, many volumes of travels and memoirs, a treaty on Contracts, another on Heraldry—and the latter to such good purpose that she amazed her father by criticising some of his work composed against the rules of the art—Tasso, Télémaque, Candide, Plutarch. The passion for reading consumed her. If books failed she reread the old ones. Her conceptions were intense. She became Eucharis for Télémaque, Erminia for Tancred, and she carried Plutarch to church in guise of a prayer-book, weeping that she had not been born two thousand years ago in Sparta or in Athens.



The Same.—Pavilion on the left side of the house opening on the court.

(The apartment occupied by the Rolands included the room in the second story of the pavilion and those at each side.)

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Her greed for learning, her sensitiveness were accompanied by equal reflective powers. In an unpublished letter * written to Roland years later, Manon says of this period of her life and of her development:

"Nature made me sensitive, my solitary education, in concentrating my affections, rendered them more vivid and more profound. I experienced happiness and sorrow before I was able to call them by their names; they became the subjects of my earliest meditations. I was active and isolated, and I reflected at the age when one is usually busy with toys."

Religion became her first great enthusiasm, and she begged to go to a convent to prepare for her first communion. Her parents consented and chose for her one of those quiet, peaceable retreats for girls and women of the bourgeoisie class, so frequent in the Paris of the eighteenth century—that of the Dames de la Congrégation, rue Neuve-Saint-Étienne, near the Jardin des Plantes.

The convent did very little for her intellect, but much for her development. It calmed her religious frenzy by giving her plenty of devout exercises, and it furnished her a new outlet for her emotions—a friend, a young girl from Amiens, Sophie Cannet by name. This friendship took at once the form of a passionate devotion, and when the girls parted, they began a correspondence which is undoubtedly the most remarkable correspondence between two girls ever published.† Never were there more ardent love letters written than those of Manon to Sophie. She commiserates all the world who does not know the joys of friendship. She suffers tortures when Sophie's letters are delayed, and, like every lover since the beginning of the postal service, evolves plans for improving its promptness and its exactness. She reads and rereads the letters which always fill her pockets, and she rises from her bed at midnight to fill pages with declarations of her fondness.

This intensity did not prevent Manon including much in her letters which is valuable in a study of her personality. For her to feel, to think, to aspire, was to write. All her life, up to the very evening of the last day, she had the passion for the pen. Her letters to Sophie contain not alone her love, but a detailed and exact, if diffuse, account of her development. Never was person more interested in himself, more given to reflection on human conduct and relations, more determined to develop a sufficient philosophy. She shows remarkable independence in her judgments, comparisons, and criticisms, having flung authority overboard very early. It began with religion. The eternal condemnation of those who have refused, or have never known, the faith was the first stumbling-block. In the unpublished letter quoted from above, she says: "I rejected the authority which forced me to believe a cruel absurdity. The first step taken, the rest of the route was not long, and I examined all with suspicion." She certainly examined all conscientiously, reading dutifully all the apologists of the Catholic Church suggested by her good curé, and also reading immediately after—not by the suggestion of the curé, we may be sure—all the philosophers and sceptics whom they pretended to refute.

The philosophers overwhelmed the apologists. Manon did not, however, abandon the church. She explains that she feared to afflict her mother and to give a bad example to the domestic, if she neglected religious forms. Nor did she succeed in adopting any particular system of philosophy. "The same thing happens to me," she says in one of her letters, "that happened to the prince

* A valuable series of unpublished letters and papers by both M. and Mme Roland were given to the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, in 1888, by Mme Faugère, the oldest of the great-granddaughters of the Rolands. These MSS. fill seven volumes in what is known as the New French Acquisitions of the Department of MSS., Nos. 6238-6244. Among the letters of Mme Roland, those written to Roland before their marriage are of extreme interest. As Roland's letters are in the deposit, we have their correspondence complete at that period. The MSS. are particularly rich in letters and papers of Roland himself from the time when he was an employé at Rouen to the end of his second ministry.

I have also had access to a quantity of unedited MSS. dating from the girlhood of Mme Roland and belonging to M. Léon Marillier of the École des Hautes Études of Paris. It is a pleasure to express here my gratitude to both Mme Marillier and her son for their kindness in aiding me in my search for materials on the life of Mme Roland.

† The best edition of the letters of Mlle Philipon to the Demoiselle Cannet is by C. A. Dauban, Paris, 1867. Henri Plon. It fills two large volumes and extends from 1777 to 1781, the year after the marriage of Mlle Philipon with M. Roland.

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who went to the courts to hear the pleas. The last lawyer who spoke always seemed to him to be the one who was right." Her last philosopher was always right. A strange phase in the transformation from Christianity to free-thinking which Manon Philipon underwent, is that she seems never to have experienced any of the suffering, the bewilderment, the grief which loss of faith causes to so many. It was a characteristic of hers to abandon almost without complaint anything which her reason condemned—a characteristic of only unusually self-sufficient and self-complacent natures.

It would be a wrong to Mlle Philipon to give the idea that the religious sense died within her. On the contrary, it remained to the end. She arrived in her solitary studies at that religious idealism which consoles itself with the meaning of things and dispenses with the forms. Without knowing it she became a philosopher. Unaided, she reached to nearly all of the advanced conclusions of the eighteenth century. With Bernardin St. Pierre she became naturalist, and never did he and Rousseau, in their tramps in the environs of Paris, rejoice more profoundly over the beauties of the world, enter more deeply into the mysteries of nature, than did Manon Philipon when in her girlhood she wandered in the allées of the forest of Meudon or of the Bois de Vincennes. With Rousseau she became subjective, cultivator of the *Moi*, confessor of herself. She read Plutarch, studied the English constitution, watched the growth of the struggling new country across the Atlantic, and as a result became, like thousands of young people all over France at that period, a republican enamoured of ideals of republican simplicity, of justice and of virtue, and above all of equality and of liberty for all men. "If before I had been born, I had been given the choice of a government," she writes at twenty, "I should have decided on a republic. It is true that I should have wished it to be different from anything at present in Europe." Though pronouncedly republican in sympathies Manon Philipon was not in her young womanhood a hater of the existing régime, as many have represented her to be from reading her "Memoirs" only. On the contrary, she was a loyal subject of Louis XVI. When that prince came to the throne she wrote to her friend: "The ministers are enlightened and well disposed, the young prince docile and eager for good, the queen amiable and beneficent, the court kind and respectable, the legislative body honorable, the people obedient, wishing only to love their master, the kingdom full of resources. Ah, but we are going to be happy!" And again she declares, "If I were in the position to do it, I should serve my prince with as much ardor as the most zealous Frenchman, though never with that blind devotion for his master with which he is born. A good king seems to me to be a creature almost adorable;" and this she wrote at the time of that visit to Versailles which, as described in her "Memoirs," nineteen years later, has been so often used to prove her to have been, as a girl, envious of all ranking above her and already harboring a hatred of kings and courts. Nor did her ideas of equality at this period make her see in the mass of the common people the equals of those who by training, education, and birth had been fitted to govern. "Truly human nature is not very respectable when one considers it in a mass," she reflects one day, as she sees the people of Paris swarming even to the roofs to watch a poor wretch tortured on the wheel. In describing a bread riot in 1775, she condemns the people as impatient, calls the measures of the ministers wise, and excuses the government by recalling Sully's reflection—"With all our enlightenment and good-will it is still difficult to do well." And again, *à propos* of similar disturbances, she says, "The king talks like a father, but the people do not understand him—the people are hungry—it is the only thing which touches them." Nothing in all this of contempt of the monarchy, of the sovereignty of the people, of the divine right of insurrection.

There is much more to be drawn from the letters of Manon Philipon to Sophie Cannet; charming pictures of bourgeoisie life; glimpses into famous resorts, the Academy, the Salon, the Opera, the court of one hundred years

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ago; excursions in the environs of Paris, as delightful then as to-day; discussions of the books she reads, numerous lights on the character of Manon herself, her mental superiority, her excessive sensibility, her brilliant imagination, her lack of humor, her self-complacency, her idealism. But we must leave the letters. Her lovers invite us.

The number of suitors for the hand of Manon Philipon is fabulous. One is tempted to believe that more than one of the regiment which files before the reader of the "Memoirs" and the "Letters" is there only by virtue of the heroine's imagination. She was one of those women who see in every man a possible lover. Only one of the throng shall occupy us here, Pahin de la Blancherie. He is worth attention for two reasons: Manon was very much in love with him, and he is a type of a class which unfortunately did not end with the eighteenth century, the young men of letters who seek to force fame by *chefs-d'œuvre* of audacity instead of art. La Blancherie had been through college and made a voyage to America. At twenty-four he published a work called "Extraits du journal de mes voyages." It is an indescribable account of youthful follies and their distressing results, intended as a warning to fathers and mothers—the last book in the world for a young girl; but La Blancherie gives it to Manon, who finds in it "My own principles, my very soul. He is not a Rousseau, doubtless, but he is never tiresome." The literary world did not share Mlle Philipon's enthusiasm nor read and reread the book as she did. La Blancherie's next venture was to announce himself as the General Agent for Scientific and Artistic Correspondence, and to open in Paris a salon where he arranged expositions of pictures, scientific conferences, lectures, and literary soirées. After seven years this ambitious undertaking tumbled and La Blancherie went to London. By chance he inhabited Newton's old house. He was inspired to exalt the name of the scientist. His practical plan for accomplishing this was to demand that the name of Newton should be given alternately with that of George to the princes of England, that all great scientific discoveries should be celebrated in hymns which should be sung at divine services, and that in public documents after the words *the year of grace* should be added *and of Newton.*

Mme Roland gives the impression in her "Memoirs" that she had only a moderate interest in La Blancherie. "He interested me and I imagined that I might love him. It was only my head which was at work." But the letters to Mlle Cannet show her thoroughly in love. For some six months after her father had refused the young man's suit she cherished the idea that La Blancherie was working to win her, and she declares repeatedly that if she cannot marry him she will marry no one. Her infatuation was ended oddly enough. Promenading one day in the Garden of the Luxembourg, she met La Blancherie. He wore a feather in his hat—a common enough thing in that day—but such frivolity did not accord with the ideas of republican simplicity, of stern virtue, of high thinking with which she had endowed the young man. To complete the disillusion her companion told her that La Blancherie was known in his circle as "the lover of the eleven thousand virgins." Manon's cure was rapid. La Blancherie was, no doubt, a perfect example of the *petit maître* whose philosophy Marivaux sums up: "*A Paris, ma chère enfant, les cœurs on ne se les donne pas, on se les prête,*" and Mlle Philipon's idealization of him is an example of her incapacity in judging of the real worth of people whose professions, words, ideas, pleased her; a weakness of judgment essential to understand in considering the relations that she formed in the Revolution.

It was six months before Manon saw the feather in La Blancherie's cap that she met Roland de la Platière. He lived at Amiens, was a friend of the Cannets, and was presented to her by them. Roland was at that time forty-two years old and a self-made man. Having quarrelled with his family, living near Lyons, he had left home at nineteen, and crossed France on foot, intending to sail for America. At

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Rouen, however, he found a relative, the inspector of manufactures, entered his service, and rose steadily. At the time Mlle Philipon met him he was inspector of manufactures at Amiens and was well known in the industrial world of France as a valuable writer on commercial and manufacturing topics. Roland had travelled so much and had studied so profoundly, that for Manon Philipon, impassioned for learning, he was a delightful companion. His rigid virtue delighted her, too. He was in fact a man of the sternest integrity, devoted to details, minute in his dealings, almost rustic in his simplicity; but unfortunately so convinced of his virtue and that because of it he could do and say what seemed to him best, that he frequently antagonized people who only find virtue attractive when it is modest. He was, too, extremely careless in dress and indifferent, even impatient, of formalities, a characteristic which, if it allied him in Manon Philipon's eyes with the Spartans, only served to exasperate lovers of the conventional.

Soon after their acquaintance Roland left France for a long voyage in Switzerland, Italy, Sicily, and Malta. He wished to embody his observations in a book of travels in the form of letters. He asked Mlle Philipon to allow him to address the letters to her. She was flattered by the request and saw great possibilities in the relation. In an unpublished letter to Roland written after their betrothal, she reviews her feelings to him at this time: "As your travels continued," she says, "I received with eagerness your rare letters. I hoped to find in you a friend. I hastened to give you this title, but I thought I discovered in you a certain coldness which made me suffer. You fell sick and the pain your illness caused me seemed to me to be justified by the name of friend which I had given you. I wrote you with warmth. A silence followed which wounded me and made me believe that I was misjudged;" and so on, showing that she went at least half-way in the early days of their acquaintance.

When Roland came back to Paris after an absence of eighteen months, he received a warm welcome and soon afterward sought the hand of the girl. They were married in February, 1780. The account of her courtship and marriage which Mme Roland gives in her "Memoirs" produces a very different impression from that of the unpublished correspondence between her and Roland. From the first one receives the idea that, while she was sensible of Roland's value, affection had a small part in deciding her to marry him, that when she did it she cherished no illusions in regard to him, and really charged herself with the happiness of two people. The letters, on the contrary, show her passionately in love—if love-letters mean anything—of which there may be a question.

Had she forgotten? Perhaps. And if she remembered, it was only to smile at her illusion. In love the new effaces the old, and when Mme Roland wrote her "Memoirs" she was absorbed by what was the profoundest passion of her life. In the presence of it the love which twelve years before had seemed to her necessary to her happiness, had become an affair which she could smile at disinterestedly and explain philosophically.

Two years after their marriage the Rolands moved to Villefranche, north of Lyons, Roland having been appointed inspector of manufactures in the latter city. His learning, reputation, energy, and character at once gave them an excellent position in the society of the two towns. He was elected member of both the academy at Lyons and that of Villefranche, and seems to have turned off a great amount of work. He devised means for stimulating the decaying manufacturing interests of Lyons; he furnished many articles to the "Dictionary of Manufactures" and to the "Encyclopédie méthodique," and he read frequent articles before the academies. The subjects of the latter were sometimes rather bizarre. In one he proposed seriously (according to the Abbé Guillon) that the Lyonnais, instead of burying their dead, utilize them in the manufactory of oils and phosphoric acid, and he left the Academy of Villefranche because that body refused to adopt as subject for a coming contest, "Resolved, that it would be to the advantage of morals to establish tribunals for judging the dead." The subjects were not

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always purely scientific; thus on one occasion he discussed warmly "one of the methods for understanding a woman."

In all of this work Mme Roland took a large part. She had become, indeed, essential to Roland, taking his notes, writing from his dictation, copying, suggesting, polishing. When not with Roland in his library, she was busy with the education of her little girl, her only child, or in directing the household. The family spent a large part of the year at Clos, where they had a country place,* and she led there the life of a farmer's wife, directing the vintage, putting up preserves, looking after the garden, caring for the sick—a busy bucolic existence which, with her love for nature, for the fields and the woods, her taste for botany and zoology, she enjoyed with almost the abandon of a girl. The letters written at this period by Mme Roland to her friend Bosc, are most of them marked by the gayest humor, the liveliest fancy, the healthiest spirits. Indeed, there is no time of her life when she is so natural, so human, so charming as during the years at Clos.

It was out of the life at Lyons that the particular connection of the Rolands with the Revolution came. Their friends, and the position that Roland had taken in the public affairs of the city, were the determining causes. The most important of these friends was Brissot, a Parisian journalist and an ardent reformer, who some time before the beginning of the Revolution had read a work of Roland's, and written a letter to the author praising his principles. A correspondence thus sprang up in which Mme Roland took an active part, and which was continued for a long time without their seeing one another. At Lyons the most important of their friends was Champagneux, a young man of liberal views and some influence. There were three others closely allied to them at this time: Bosc, a friend of Mme Roland's before her marriage, Lanthenas, a friend of Roland's made in Italy, and Bancal des Issarts, presented to them by Lanthenas. It is from the letters written by Mme Roland to Bosc and Bancal that we are able to trace the state of mind with which she faced the disorders before the Revolution of 1789, and her opinions upon the duty of the patriots afterward. In the preliminary struggles she was discouraged, she valued poorly the men at the head of affairs. Necker she called a *charlatan*. The action of the parliament gave her no hope, "Must we vegetate under a single tyrant or groan under the yoke of several united?" she cried. There is nothing for lovers of good government to do, in her opinion, but "wait and see, bless America, and weep on the banks of the river of Babylon."

At the first blow against the Bastile her tone changed. She saw in the sudden revolution the possibility of the realization of all her dreams. Henceforth there is but one course for her, to "watch and preach to the last breath." She and her husband at once availed themselves of all possible means of spreading the revolutionary ideas. Roland joined the club at Lyons and took so active a part there that the Revolutionary party became known as *Rolandists*. The rage for pamphlets had taken possession of the country, and Mme Roland sowed the neighborhood with all the liberal documents she could get her hands on, varying the distribution with gifts of patriotic pocket handkerchiefs on which the famous *Droits de l'Homme* was printed. Brissot had established a paper at Paris, the *Patriote français*, and Champagneux had started the *Courrier de Lyon*, both devoted to the principles of 1789, and Mme Roland became a frequent contributor to both.

In the agitations and disorders which disturbed different parts of France at this time the Rolands recognized only a spontaneous impulse toward liberty, the aspirations of a suffering people toward freedom. That demagogism, a Jacobin machine, was behind a part at least of the disturbances, they did not see, or seeing, justified as a necessary means to a glorious end. Insurrection was now in their opinion a divine right. Their greatest grief was, it was insufficient. A fortnight after the fall of the Bastile Mme Roland wrote to Bosc, "You (the

*Clos de la Platière is about five miles from Villefranche. The place is still in possession of the descendants of Mme Roland, being owned now by her great-granddaughter, Mme C. Marillier, of Paris.

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revolutionists of Paris) are only children. Your enthusiasm is only a straw fire. And if the National Assembly does not put on trial two illustrious heads, or some generous Decius does not take them, you are all mad." Brissot in his journal condemns a riot in Lyons. Roland writes a long article defending the people, and to an acquaintance who deplores the bloodshed, remarks that there never has been a revolution yet without slaughter. Mme Roland writes to Bosc in January, 1791: "I weep over the blood spilt, but I am glad there is danger—I see nothing else to whip you and make you go." "Paris," she complains, "has not enough influence on the Assembly to oblige it to do all that it ought to do." "It is not the Palais Royal which must do the work, it is your united sections." Truly, there were few so advanced Jacobins as Mme Roland during the first eighteen months of the Revolution.

A larger field of observation and influence awaited her. In February of 1791, Roland was sent to Paris by the municipality of Lyons. Affairs were in a bad way in that city. State help was essential. Roland was to solicit it from the National Assembly. But he finds his task a slow one, for, as he writes, there were commissioners besieging the Assembly for similar favors from all the towns between Marseilles and Dunkirk. He is in consequence some seven months securing what he wants for Lyons.

During this period they established themselves at the Hôtel Britannique, rue Guénégaud, across the street from the Hôtel des Monnaies. Here a circle of patriots soon gathered, most of them presented by Brissot. The most important of these new acquaintances were Péthion, Buzot, and Robespierre. It was their habit to gather four times a week at Mme Roland's. Of her part in these gatherings she says, "I knew the rôle which suited my sex, and I never forgot it. The conferences were always held in my presence, but without my taking any part in them; yet I never lost a word of what was said, and it happened sometimes that I had to bite my tongue to keep from saying what I thought."

However discreet Mme Roland may have been, she gained in this period a veritable supremacy over the group of patriots. There were many reasons for this. She embodied, in a sort of Greek clearness and chastity, the principles they professed. Her convictions, her eloquence, her sincerity were a constant stimulus. She was inflexible in her determination to push to the end, nor did she shrink before the horrors of insurrection and war. They were sacred necessities, and she pushed her friends steadily, inexorable as a Nemesis.

No doubt the personal charm of Mme Roland had much to do with her influence. All who knew her testify to her attractiveness. Guillon de Montléon, by no means a sympathetic critic, speaks "of her pleasant, piquant face, her active, brilliant mind." Arthur Young, who saw her in 1789, describes her as "young and beautiful." Lemontey says of her: "Her eyes, her head, her hair were of remarkable beauty. Her delicate complexion had a freshness of color which, joined to her air of reserve and candor, made her seem singularly young. I found in her none of the elegant Parisian air which she claims in her 'Memoirs,' though I do not mean to say that she was awkward." And he adds, she talked "well, too well." Indeed, all of her biographers testify to her brilliant conversation. Tissot tells of her "sonorous, flexible voice, infinite charm in talking, eloquence which came from her heart." As the tradition in the family of Mme Roland goes, she was short and stout, possessed no taste in dress, and could be called neither beautiful, nor even pretty. However, vivacity, sympathy and intelligence were so combined in her face, and her voice was so mellow and vibrating that she exercised a veritable charm when she talked. She herself considered her chief attraction to be her conversational power. In one of the frequent passages of amusing self-complacency in her "Memoirs" she repeats a remark of Camille Desmoulins, that he could not understand how a woman of her age and with so little beauty had so many admirers, and she comments: "He had never heard me talk."

Space for one more portrait, that of

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the keeper of the prison of Sainte Pélagie :

Marie-Jeanne Philipon,	Height, five feet,
wife of Roland, ex-minister,	Hair and eyebrows dark
aged thirty-nine years,	chestnut,
native of Paris, living	Brown eyes,
rue de la Harpe, No. 5.	Medium nose,
	Ordinary mouth,
	Oval face,
	Round chin,
	High forehead.

During the seven months in Paris Mme Roland followed all that went on in politics. She joined the *Société fraternelle des deux sexes*. She went to hear the Jacobins. She frequented the Assembly, but neither she nor Roland were satisfied with the progress of the new ideas. "We have seen those precious Jacobins," writes Roland to Champagneux; "if in physics objects increase as one approaches them, it is rare that it is not the contrary in morals." "Throw your pen into the fire, generous Brutus, and go and cultivate your cabbages," writes Mme Roland to Brissot, in April, '91; "the Assembly is now nothing but corruption and tyranny, civil war is no longer an evil. It will regenerate or destroy us, and as liberty is lost without it, we need neither fear nor avoid it." After having followed the sessions of the Assembly for two months, she left one day toward the end of April, furious and convinced that it would never again do anything that was not shallow-brained. "I promised myself," she says, in an unedited MS. recounting this experience, "never to see it again—an engagement that I have faithfully kept." * She was disgusted with the new constitution, she distrusted the king's profession to uphold it. When Louis made his weak attempt to escape in June, 1791, she rejoiced. It proved his perfidy, and she and her friends began to say to each other that this was the moment to prove to the people that the king did not want the constitution, and to prepare public spirit for a republic; and while they talk Robespierre, sneering and biting his finger-nails, asks them what they mean by a republic.

When the king was brought back, she declared that "it would have been better if he had not been arrested. Civil war would then have been inevitable, and the nation would have been forced into that great school of public virtues."

She soon after begins to distrust Lafayette. At the same time the press displeases her. She complains that Brissot makes nothing but a newspaper, when he ought to be giving instruction, and she is indignant that the police seize the journal of Marat. Of the people she is equally in despair. "We must have another revolution, but I doubt if there is enough vigor in the people."

And thus, dissatisfied with the march of the Revolution, Mme Roland went back to Lyons in September, 1791, scattering, as she went, a revolutionary address of Robespierre's.

The Constitutional Assembly dissolved September 30, 1791. One of its last acts was to suppress the office of Inspector of Manufactures. Roland had then no other work than that on the "Encyclopédie méthodique." It could be better done at Paris, and they returned there in December, installing themselves in the rue de la Harpe, one of the picturesque old streets of the University quarter — a street of which only a fragment now remains, the rest having been metamorphosed into the Boulevard Saint Michel.

Their old friends seek them, and they introduce many new ones—members of the Legislative Assembly, which had come into session during their sojourn at Clos. This new assembly is composed of 745 *new* men, for the preceding assembly, in dissolving, had voted its members ineligible to the succeeding body. They are young, the majority thirty or under. They have been formed in the clubs of the Revolution. They are eloquent, patriotic, extravagant. They possess much rhetoric, much determination to give France a government of the people, and little practical sense. The chief party among them is known as the Girondins. It is among them that the republican theories are conceived most purely and defended most eloquently. All of them have read Plutarch, Cicero, Rousseau. All of them have been inflamed by the story of the American Revolution. They have come to the

* The MS. from which this quotation is taken was prepared in prison by Mme Roland to replace her "Notices historiques," which she believed to have been lost. Though unpublished, it has been intelligently reviewed by Mme Clarisse Bader, in *Le Correspondent*, June 25, 1892.

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Legislative Assembly as Buzot came to the Constitutional, "The head and heart full of Greek and Roman history and of the grand characters who, in those ancient republics, honored most the human race." But what the Girondins have gotten from Plutarch and Rousseau and America is personal aspirations, not clear conceptions. They have formed an ideal of a government where all men shall be free, but how to create and work this government they have no practical idea. They have sublime faith, superb audacity. They are young and brave and virtuous, and they do not hesitate to overthrow whatever exists, trusting boldly to themselves to make a new government out of their ideals. That there is danger to themselves in such hardihood they know, but that is part of the glory of their undertaking. That there is danger to the country, to humanity, to their ideal, they do not see at all.

The Girondins under the lead of Brissot, then at the head of the diplomatic committee, soon came to power in the Assembly, allying themselves with the extreme left—Danton, Robespierre, Couthon, etc. The menaces of the Prussians against France were increasing. The suspicion of the emigrés grew from day to day. The king was forced to dismiss his ministers of the constitutional party and to seek new ones from among the patriots, that is, at the indication of the Girondins. When Brissot and his friends came to make their selection, they decided on Roland for the portfolio of the interior. The appointment was made in March of 1792, and the Rolands moved at once into the Hôtel of the Interior, rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs.

Mme Roland's salon became the rendezvous of her party. To it and to the work of her husband's department she gave all her time, neither receiving nor making visits, and never inviting women to the frequent dinners at which she gathered the ministers, deputies, and all persons whom Roland wished to see. The conferences between Roland and his colleagues were held in her presence. It was she who went over the vast correspondence with the minister, directed the answers to many letters, prepared many of the numerous circulars and reports for the departments and the Assembly, guarded the policy of the journals edited in the interests of the ministry. It was she, above all, who was the impelling force of the new ministry, for she alone knew what she wanted, and had a clear idea of how it was to be secured.

In her opinion, the reforms essential can never be secured through a union with the court. Others may vacillate in their suspicions of the king's intentions; she, never. "I never could believe in the constitutional vocation of a king born under a despotism, raised by it, and accustomed to it." And when Roland, who at the beginning of his ministry was delighted with Louis, goes off confidently to the séances, she tells him: "I never see you go off that way that I am not sure you are going to commit a *sottise*." And when he comes home with less done than she demands, she declares that the council is nothing but a café, and the ministers the dupes of the king.

She suspected everybody who by birth or training was allied with the aristocratic party. Dumouriez, the most skilful diplomat in the cabinet, and by her own testimony, "diligent and brave—capable of great enterprises," she declared to have a "false eye," and warned Roland against him. When Dumouriez presented to her his first associate, she remarked to a friend: "All these handsome fellows seem to me poor patriots. They have the air of thinking too much of themselves. They prefer themselves to the country, and I can never escape the temptation to shock their self-complacency by pretending not to see the merit on which they pride themselves."

In this relentless attitude there is something more than political principle. In the letter to Sophie Cannet written in October, 1774, where she described her visit to Versailles, Manon Philipon said, "I have a character which would be most harmful to the state and to myself if I were placed at a certain distance from the throne. In my present condition I love my prince because I feel my dependence but little, but if I were too near him I should hate his grandeur." Mme Roland is now at

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that "certain distance," where she "hates his grandeur."

Under her influence Roland and his Girondin colleagues soon became factious with the king, "killing him by pin pricks," says Dumouriez.

One of the first duties of the Department of the Interior was "the surveillance and execution of the laws relative to the safety and tranquillity of the interior of the state." Terrible disorders were rending France: grain did not circulate, châteaux were burned, municipalities besieged, men murdered, and Roland, to restore tranquillity, wrote letters and posted up circulars. Of these documents the following is a specimen. It is a reply to a call for troops from a department where the disorders are great. The minister replies that the Department of War has no troops to spare, and that if force is essential they must call on the National Guard.

"But," says he, "must I admit the latter course? . . . . As soon as an administration employs arms in order to execute laws, not only it admits that it has not known how to make itself loved, but that it is never going to do so. . . . Instruct your administrations and if they fail to observe your rules, employ that sweetness which commands so easily, that persuasion which leads necessarily to the repentance of a fault, often involuntary. It is so easy for a superior administration to make itself loved by those it has under its care, that, in truth, I believe I might declare that it is always the fault of the first when harmony is broken."

A letter like that, written in June, 1792, by the French Minister of the Interior, is either a proof of incomparable naïveté or of tacit alliance with the Jacobin idea.

Mme Roland succeeded at last in bringing matters to a focus between Louis and the ministry. War against Austria had been proclaimed in April. It had opened badly, and the terror of the people, suspicious of the court and the émigrés, was great. The disorders caused by the presence of great numbers of priests who had refused to take an oath of allegiance to the constitution, was serious. To meet these difficulties two measures were adopted by the ministry: a camp of twenty thousand men

Mme Roland.

(From a photograph made especially for the Magazine, by Nadar, of a crayon portrait in the possession of the family.*)

drawn from the different communes of Paris to protect the city from foes within and without, and the proscription of

* This portrait of Mme Roland is the only surely authentic one which I have seen. The original is in red crayon and much faded, but a faithful copy in black, well preserved, bearing the date of 1822, is in the possession of the great-grand-daughter of Mme Roland, Mme Marillier of Paris. Through her courtesy I was able to secure a reproduction of this latter. If one compares this portrait with that of Heinsius at Versailles, he will see that they have nothing in common. Heinsius's portrait was bought in Louis Philippe's time, and bore the name of Mme Roland up to 1865, when the placard was taken off because nothing proved that it was she. However, it still figures in the catalogue as Mme Roland, and photographs made after it are sold in all Paris shops. The director of the Versailles Gallery writes me that he is about to revise the catalogue, and that then he will take the necessary steps to establish the authenticity of the painting. The family do not regard the picture as authentic, one point they make against it is that it is a full-face view, while according to their traditions Mme Roland never allowed anything but a profile to be made.

The reproduction of the painting at the Musée Carnavalet (p. 561), as well as that of the cameo head (p. 575), I owe to the kindness of the director, M. Cousins. The painting is a new acquisition of the Museum, exhibited for the first time in April last. In my judgment it is more apocryphal even than the picture of Heinsius. It is a picture of the time—that of a very charming woman,

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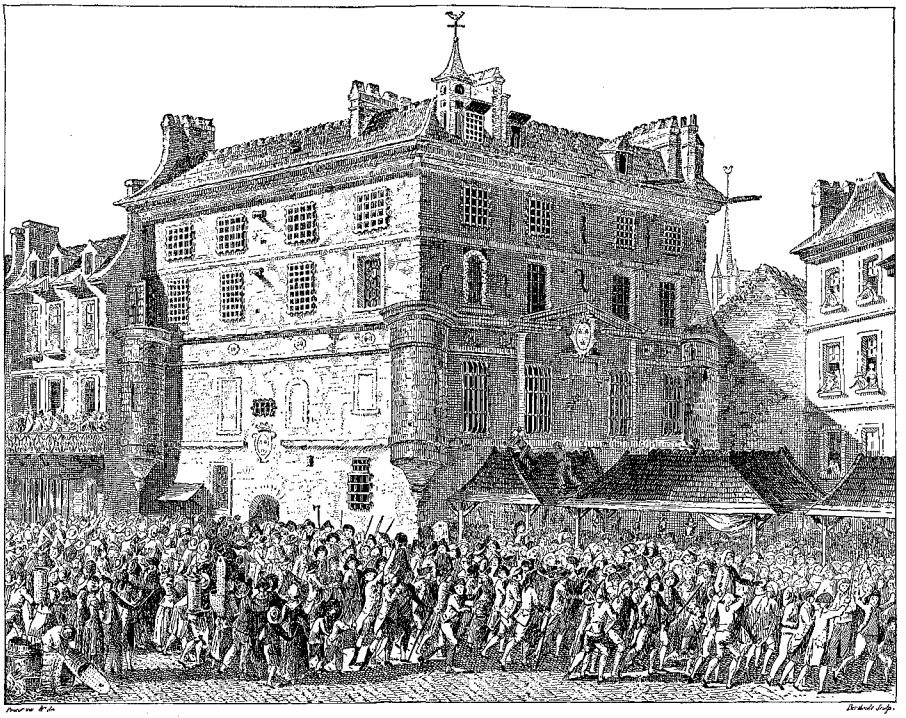

LE PEUPLE DÉLIVRANT LES GARDES FRANÇAISES A L'ABBAYE S^T GERMAIN,
le 30 Juin 1789

The Abbaye of St. Germain. Prison where Mme Roland passed the first twenty-four days of her captivity.
(Her cell here was afterwards occupied by Brissot and by Charlotte Corday.)

the priests. Louis refuses both. Mme Roland is determined that the future support of the Girondins to the court shall hinge on the acceptance of these measures. To put the matter clearly, she proposes to Roland that a letter be written to the king by the ministers, stating that they feel that the safety of the country depends upon the acceptance of the decrees, and that if he persists in his veto they must resign. It is la citoyenne Roland who writes the letter. The council discusses it, and declines signing it. Thereupon Madame persuades Roland to send it in his own name. He does so on June 11th, and on the 13th is asked to resign.

but it has almost nothing in common with Mme Roland. The eyes are blue and hers were brown, the hair is lighter, the chin is not so round and firm, the neck is longer. Besides it is a face view, thus contradicting the family tradition. As for the cameo head it is evidently made after the family picture or the engraving of Gaucher, which latter possesses all the characteristics of the former.

The ultimatum had been refused. Henceforth there was nothing to do but bring about the overthrow of the king —a work accomplished on August 10th. This famous day was the work of the Jacobins, but to it the Girondins gave their moral support and their sympathy. Roland attributed it later to the "letter to the king," which had "demonstrated to all France the king's blindness and obstinacy." Mme Roland says that it was in her salon that, after the fall of the ministry, the patriots talked of the possibility of establishing a republic in the south, if the court succeeded in subjugating the north; that there Barbaroux announced that he had brought the Marseillese to Paris, and that if they were seconded by the Parisians the court would be reduced. She adds, "We were sure without his explaining further that he prepared an insurrection."

Immediately after the fall of Louis

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XVI., an Executive Council was formed in which Roland was given his old portfolio. But he and his colleagues found themselves fronting a new power—the Commune of Paris. The demand which Mme Roland had made eighteen months before, "More influence by Paris on the Assembly," "not the Palais Royal, but the united sections," is realized. Paris not only influences but controls, and Roland is immediately engaged in a struggle with the new power. "Persuaded," he wrote in a report made to the Convention in November, 1792, "that the impetuous movements which make a revolution, cannot be long continued without injury to the state, I exercised the greatest vigilance to restore the reign of law . . . the Commune often took measures or made demands which were not legal . . . thus there was established an inevitable struggle between its temporary power acting above the laws and the minister charged to execute those laws."

There was one man through whom the ministry and the Commune might have worked, Danton. He was a colleague of Roland in the council, a power in the Assembly, at the Hôtel de Ville, among the people, but Mme Roland detested him. In her imagination he always appeared, "poignard in hand, exciting by voice and gesture a band of assassins, more timid or less ferocious than he." Before August 10th, such a force was necessary, but now it was not, and inflexible and impractical as an idealist and a woman, she refused the alliance which seems to have been the only safety for the Girondins, and which Danton himself offered, coming to her salon every day, dropping in early to talk before the official diners, and often to beg a soup between times. Before the end of August, however, he had discovered the incompatibility between them and ceased his visits.

The massacres of September completed the proofs of the impotency of Roland in the Commune. Before the slaughter was ended Mme Roland knew that she and her friends were outwitted. "We are under the knife of Robespierre and Marat," she writes to Bancal on the 5th. On the 9th the disillusion is complete. "My *friend* Danton directs everything. Robespierre is his mannequin, Marat holds his torch and his poignard. . . . You know my enthusiasm for the Revolution. Ah, well, I am ashamed of it. It is soiled by villany. It has become loathsome. It is humiliating to remain in position."

But it was not alone horror at the September butcheries which oppressed la citoyenne Roland. Repeated reports of Roland show that he excused the beginning of the massacres as the "vengeance" of the people "terrible in their justice," that he was willing to "cast a veil" over the affair. To the horror she felt at the inability of Roland to stop the anarchy, was added the crushing realization that a power infinitely superior to her own was at work, and at war with her. She must have seen, too, that this power was the logical result of her policy and doctrines. La citoyenne Roland and her friends were, in fact, in the position of the keepers of wild animals who, to clear a garden of spectators, let loose their charges. The spectators are driven out, but when the keepers attempt to whistle in the beasts they find themselves in turn obliged to flee.

The Convention succeeded the Legislative Assembly, meeting in September of 1792. Mme Roland hoped much from this new body, in which Buzot was her chief spokesman. Between them there was a relation which began in 1791, at the time of Mme Roland's visit to Paris, had been continued by correspondence during the time of the Legislative Assembly, and

Cameo Head of Mme Roland, at the Musée Carnavalet.

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which—we do not know exactly when, but certainly before the end of the winter of 1792–93—had become a deep and tormenting love. How much this passion had to do with Mme Roland's inflexible attitude toward Danton—a woman in love is never a good politician—with the discouragement and irritability of Buzot in the Convention, and with the pitiful impotency of Roland, is rather the study of a psychologist than a narrator. That it had an influence, however, is unquestionable.

Nargeot's Engraving of Buzot.
(After the portrait worn by Mme Roland during her captivity.)

It never caused anyone of them to shrink from his public duty. Mme Roland did not cease to urge her friends to activity. "If it is too late for us (to save ourselves), at least let us save the rest of the country." Roland's industry was never greater. Buzot was constantly at the front in the Convention. But against the fury of the Commune and the Mountain, their efforts were straws.

It was in vain that Buzot proposed Mme Roland's plan, so effective in the first ministry—the establishment of a guard drawn from the departments to protect the Convention; that he proposed perpetual banishment for the émigrés and the Bourbons, and death for whomsoever should propose under any form the restoration of the monarchy; that he opposed himself to the fury of the Mountain, attacked Robespierre, proposed a decree against those that incited to murder, signaled the abuses of power, declared himself weary of despotism.

It was in vain that Roland poured forth circulars telling of his virtue, courage, and the exactness of his accounts; that he urged the priests to stop singing the *Domine salvum fac regem* and to translate their services into French; that he managed a vast correspondence through his Bureau of Public Opinion and recommended a national revolutionary costume.

They were disillusioned at last. "It is useless to deny it," says Buzot, "the majority of the French people sighed for the royalty and the constitution of 1791." "This people has been made republican by the strokes of the guillotine," but "*our dream was too beautiful to abandon.*"

Roland remained in position until January 22, 1793. The persecution of the Commune and the Mountain, which had begun on the night of September 2d with an invasion of the Hôtel of the Interior and an order for his arrest, had not ceased. Mme Roland had been ridiculed in the Convention and insulted in the journals of Marat and Hébert. Their lives had been in danger, the most false and absurd charges were made against them: misuse of funds, theft of state treasures, extravagance, federalism, royalism, corruption of public opinion. Roland was *le roi Roland*, Madame *la reine Roland;* at last, in sheer weariness of his impotency, Roland resigned.

His enemies were not done with him. On the night of May 31st he was pre-

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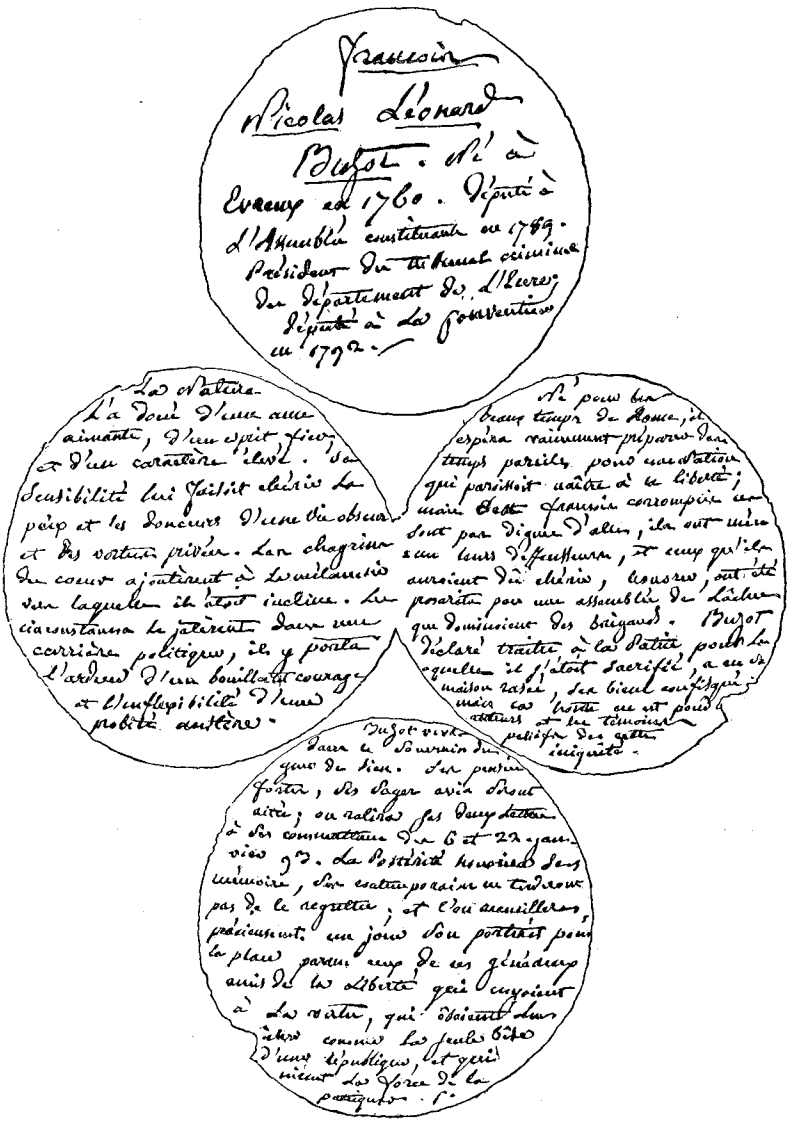
sented with an order of arrest, but succeeded in evading the officers and escaping from Paris.

Mme Roland never saw her husband again. The same night she was arrested and taken to the prison of the Abbaye, just behind the church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés. Twenty-four days afterward she was released. She flew home to the rue de la Harpe and had started to ascend the stairs, when she heard a call, "Citoyenne Roland!" She turned to be presented with an order of re-arrest. That night she slept at Sainte Pélagie, a prison still in existence, and only a stone's throw from the convent where as a girl she had prepared for her first communion.

She remained for four months at Sainte Pélagie. But no imprisonment could break her spirit. From her cell she wrote to Buzot, "Continue your generous efforts, my friend. Brutus on the fields of Philippi despaired too soon



Inscription written by Mme Roland on the Back of the Portrait of Buzot which she Carried while in Prison.

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of the safety of Rome." With a sang-froid incomparable she arranged her quarters, sending out for flowers and books. She divided her time systematically, studying English and drawing. She even tried an interesting experiment in regard to her diet. During her imprisonment she wrote her "Notes on the Revolution, Portraits and Anecdotes," and her charming "Memoirs." It was only when the news of some new atrocity was brought to her ears that she broke the current of her firm, smooth narratives to record her hatred of the tyranny which was disgracing France, or to sigh for a refuge in America. It is almost never that the woman appears and one sees tears on the pages.

What was the secret of this intrepidity? this superb indifference? this self-sufficiency, which at times is almost irritating? Courage, natural and nourished by a life of devotion to duty; profound faith in her ideals, a faith which no shock of experience ever destroyed; still profounder faith in herself; consciousness that she was living and writing, poring for posterity; a belief that the future would vindicate her and her friends; and the exaltation of love, the love that made her "not sorry to be arrested," and which led her to write to Buzot from the Abbaye, "Since I owe it to my jailor that I can reconcile my love and my duty, do not pity me." She was not to be pitied. Life and death were kinder to her than they are to the most of those upon whom falls the supreme misfortune of loving where law and convention forbid love to go. They took the struggle out of her hands.

On the first day of November, 1793, la citoyenne Roland was taken to the Conciergerie. On the eighth she came out from the Revolutionary Tribunal condemned to death, as "author and accomplice in a conspiracy against the unity and indivisibility of the republic, and against the liberty and safety of the French people." The cart awaited her in the prison court.

Standing on the Pont au Change and looking down the Seine, is one of those fascinating river views of Paris where a wealth of associations dispute with endless charm the attention of the loiterer. The left of the view is filled by the Norman towers of the Conciergerie, the façades of the prison, the irregular fronts of the houses facing on the Quai de l'Horloge, and ends in an old house of Henry IV.'s time. It is the house where Manon Philipon passed her girlhood. When the cart drove across the Pont au Change Mme Roland had before her the window from which as a girl she had leaned at sunset, and "with a heart filled with inexpressible joy, happy to exist, had offered to the Supreme Being a pure and worthy homage."

She faces death now as she faced life then. The girl and the woman, in spite of the drama between, are unchanged: the same ideals, the same courage, the same faith. Not even this tragic last encounter with the home of her youth moves her calm, for she passed the Pont Neuf, writes one who saw her, "upright and calm—her eyes shining, her color fresh and brilliant—a smile on her lips; trying to cheer her companion, a man overwhelmed by the terror of approaching death."

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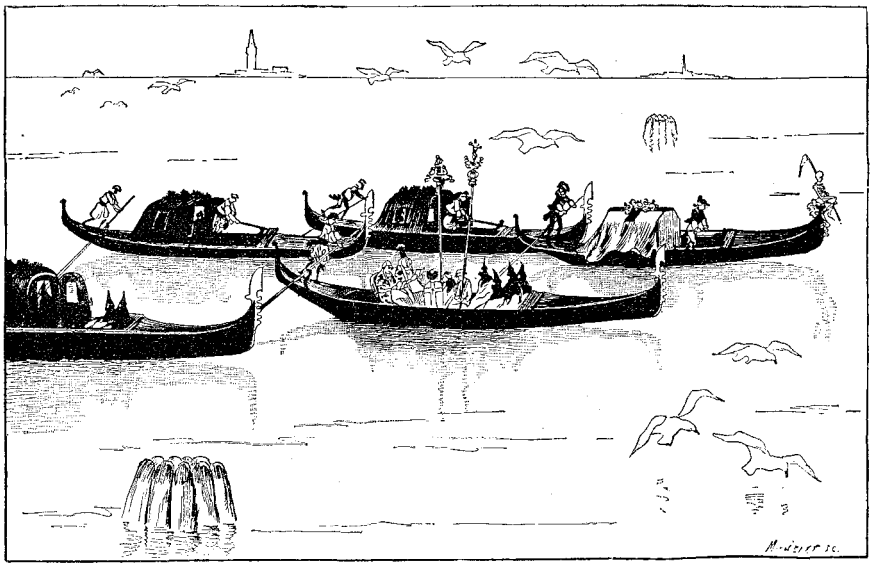


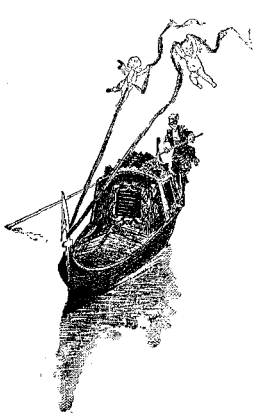
(Pen-and-ink drawing by Louis Morin for his "Les amours de Gilles.")

GLIMPSES OF THE FRENCH ILLUSTRATORS.

By F. N. Doubleday.

II.

AS Jeanniot and Courboin are intensely modern, two other illustrators, Maurice Leloir and Louis Morin are as famous for work identified with the last century. Leloir's paintings are so well known that no word need be said of the charming qualities of his illustrations, done in water-color for the most part, though his work in pen and ink and in pencil has a grace and prettiness as strongly characteristic; he is as familiar with the men and women of the last century as Jeanniot is with his dandies of the Boulevards. Gay cavaliers, *grandes dames* in their sedan-chairs, flower-girls, lords and ladies in bright dresses, are inseparably associated with Leloir's name. He is not a prolific illustrator: work in many directions makes his drawing for publication less of a profession; his water-colors, so many of which have been reproduced by photogravure delicately colored, are more often picture reproductions, than illustrations.



Leloir has repeatedly refused, notwithstanding unusual temptations, to undertake illustration which he himself considers ever so slightly outside of his own chosen province. It goes without saying, therefore, that the serious illustration which he does undertake is produced only after the most diligent study. Few artists are so conscientious as he in considering the literary side, and no better example of it can be cited than his drawings made to accompany "Manon Lescaut;" though these are decorative rather than pictorial, consisting of head-pieces to the chapters and the frontis-pieces.

Morin is not less a student of the eighteenth century, and he is literally saturated with his subject. From his home in the Avenue Rochegrosse he sends forth his drawings and stories; for he writes nearly as much as he draws, as witness his important books, "Les amours de Gilles," "Jeannik,"

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(From a pen-and-ink drawing by Maurice Leloir.)

and "Le cabaret du puits sans vin." He strives to be in unison with the very soul of the age he chooses to represent. As a pen draughtsman he has wonderful facility, his grotesque figures—more characteristic of the artist sometimes than they are of any life we know—show a gayety, a grace, and dash which is like the work of no other illustrator in France. His creations are so clever that they must be enjoyed whether one cares for the period chosen or not. The Carnival of Venice is a passion with him; he paints it, draws it, and writes about it, and is certain not to contribute many pictures to any publication without sooner or later coming to the Carnival of Venice. Of late M. Morin has been doing much in pastel under the advice of Jules Chéret, putting forth the most bizarre creations of fancy; but the reproductions of these are soft and effective, showing a striking change from the drawing in strong lines so identified with his name.

Alexandre Lepère is another artist who practises more than one profession. Exceptionally virile as a draughtsman, whose pictures in and about Paris are favorites among the lovers of the city, he engraves his own work with a line as strong and as individual. Lepère is not an engraver who has learned some small skill in drawing, but an artist rather who has learned to engrave so that he could render by his own hand on wood the effects gained on paper. He does not engrave all his own work, as this would prove a serious check to much spontaneous drawing; and we find some of his best things reproduced by Michelet and Florian. To please the artist, the engraver must always have a difficult time; how much more serious a piece of business it must be then to please an artist like M. Lepère, who is also skilled as an engraver!

In the life of the city he shows himself at his best, in the crowded streets and quays. The wall along the Seine is a favorite subject of his, and he revels in those scenes of stone embankments crowded with the people of lower Paris, if you please; but the people who, in summer, live along the river, taking their outings and their pleasures upon the ramparts and bridges. The artist's etchings and pen-and-ink drawings show in their outlines his strength as a draughtsman. They are the sort of compositions which we should expect from an illustrator rather than from a painter, and indicate his genuine intimacy with the life he has studied to such great advantage.

(Heads by Louis Morin.)

There is a group of artists in Paris who perhaps belong outside the tightly drawn line of illustrators, but whose work appears at more or less regular intervals in the pages of *Figaro illustré*, *Revue illustrée*, and other journals appealing to the same audiences. One seldom sees their work in the weekly press, or indeed in the strictly technical channels of most professional

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(From water-colors by Maurice Leloir.)

illustrators, yet they have all illustrated books, and are accustomed to appear often in print under conditions which they themselves choose to dictate. Among them F. H. Kaemmerer is a high favorite—born Dutch, but now French, or so regarded. Like Lynch, he is a painter of women—never by any chance plain or ugly women—and his popularity has led his pictures through many forms of reproduction which offend the eye of the connoisseur as much as the original is likely to delight it; but of late years his work has appeared in the pages of *Figaro illustré*, where his delicate colorings and graceful drawings have been reproduced in admirable fashion. Any one fortunate enough to visit him in his studio will see more of the intimate work of the artist than ever comes out of it; numberless sketches in washes, studies of girls and women without number, reveal the preparation and method of the clever pictures which adorn a goodly number of the print and stationers' shops of Paris. Many a drawing has lit Kaemmerer's and his friends' cigars. He works when put to it, but he does not turn out nearly as many pictures as his publishers would like, while the quantities of studies and sketches made seem to interested eyes a wild extravagance. He is a charming fellow, and popular among his contemporaries, notwithstanding that at least one of his friends, Georges Cain, calls him a good business man.

He tells with enthusiasm a story of a fellow-artist, which is worth repeating, since it concerns two such widely known illustrators.

He was working hard one day in his old atelier when a visitor was announced. Rather put out at being disturbed, Kaemmerer nevertheless turned about to put a smiling face on the matter, when, to his utter disgust, he saw standing in the doorway what seemed to be the very image of a broken-down actor. There was an air of the shabby genteel about the man; and while the latter crossed the atelier, at the artist's invitation, he had time to take in a few details of his costume: a *chapeau à claque*, that had evidently seen better days, though now entirely out of date, and here and there a little battered, was set

M.

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(Original sketch in oil by F. H. Kaemmerer.)

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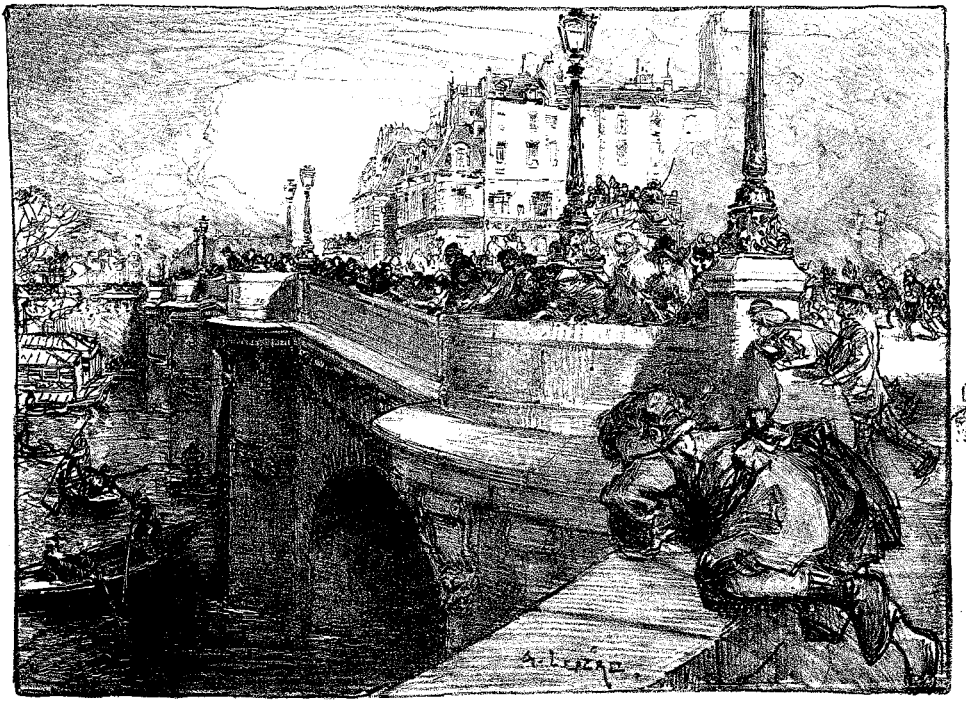
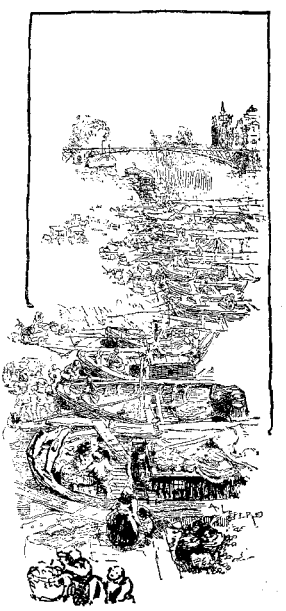


On the Bank of the Seine.

(Original drawings by A. Lepère.)

Since popular favor must be a matter of degree, perhaps the palm is carried off by Jean Béraud, whose bright illustration, published a year or more ago, called "Nous rentrons," burst forth in splendor upon the senses of New York recently in the form of a theatrical poster ten feet square or thereabout; truly a tribute of appreciation seldom paid to a French artist. The drawing, a simple composition enough, represented a lady about to enter her coupé; the figure, with dainty boot and stocking, in a setting of embroidered and fluffy skirts, was a bit out of a Paris Boulevard degraded to a use quite foreign to its purpose. Indeed, the Boulevards and the Paris *cocher* seem prime favorites among Béraud's subjects. Another picture almost as popular, "Arrêtez!" shows a cab careering wildly down the Champs Élysées near the Arc de Triomphe, the occupant of the coupé (a lady, of course) half out of the door, in imminent peril of her life. A whole range of pictures, very *chic* and occasionally alarming to English eyes, has appeared in *Figaro*, and as often as not on the cover, a position which some French artists seem to regard as the most appropriate for *outré* effects too startling to be confined in the pages within. More serious work was contributed by M. Béraud to *Les lettres et les arts*, many of them water-colors charming in execution and sentiment.



A pleasure of much the same sort is given by the water-colors of François Flameng, and one regrets to see them less and less in the French books and magazines. The more Flameng paints the

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less he illustrates, and the author is fortunate who can get him now and then to undertake such work. Yet he has painted so much for reproduction that should he never again touch brush to paper in connection with the ideas of another man, he has still done too much ever to be forgotten in this field. At present he is at work upon the illustrations for the history of Napoleon, which promise to be his most important series of drawings made to accompany text. The subject appears to be one of especial fascination, and recalls one of his best illustrations, made familiar by the reproduction in photogravure. It represents Napoleon, when scarcely more than a boy, at the Palais Royal talking with a young woman with the unmistakable Flameng type of face.

He has always been to a great extent his own master, taking his impressions from the broadest range. M. Georges Cain, one of his fellow-students, tells how difficult it was to keep Flameng in the beaten track.

"In spite of his success at the Beaux-Arts, Flameng was not satisfied," says M. Cain. "A certain timidity, disguised under rather a frowning air, did not make his stay at the atelier especially agreeable to him. I still remember with shame how we used all to victimize him with our stupid tricks. It was better that he should work at home in the quiet atelier with his father, Leopold Flameng, the eminent engraver, an artist of the first order. There all was consecrated to the culture of the beautiful, to art and to work; there he studied diligently the painter's art, digging away furiously and piling up canvases one after another. And all these years the father and son, the two best of friends, went joyously together whenever they could, as comrades, to study in the art galleries of Europe."

Flameng works in a quiet studio—more like a small public hall, one might think from its size, set in the middle of a garden in the Rue d'Armaillé. Here he has collected the pictures of others with catholic breadth of taste, and gathered decorations in stuffs and furniture which reappear in his own paintings. A self-contained man, almost Teutonic in his calm, a prodigious worker—stopping for nothing, and happy chiefly in his work."

(Unpublished sketch by Jean Béraud.)

There are few women illustrators in France, as elsewhere, and the only one in this group just now thought of is the artist best known in England and America by the drawings which added charm to Halévy's "L'Abbé Constantin"—Madeleine Lemaire. The originals of these illustrations were exhibited some time ago in Paris, and established the artist among the recognized set of illustrators of the first class—if indeed she needed additional reputation in this branch of color-work. As an artist, Mme Lemaire does a little of everything. Among her pictures sent to the exhibitions each year are flowers and portraits, which might be regarded as the two extremes of subject; and her picture of Mme Pasca is an example of her real power of portraiture. One hears sometimes of her painting fans for the fashionables of Paris who can afford a "Lemaire fan;" but

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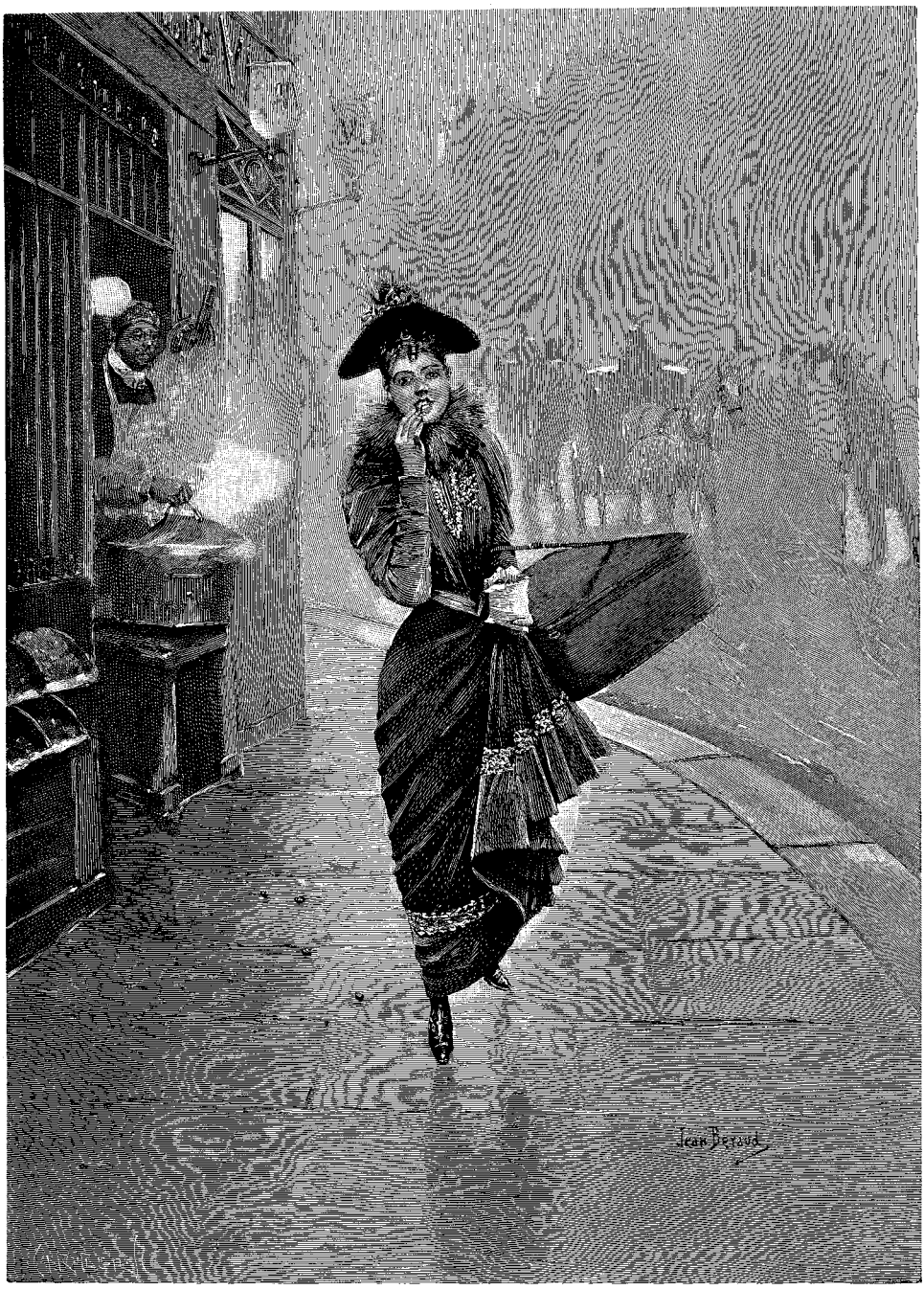

ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

The Chestnut Vender.

(From a drawing by Jean Béraud, published by permission of Boussod, Valadon et Cie.)

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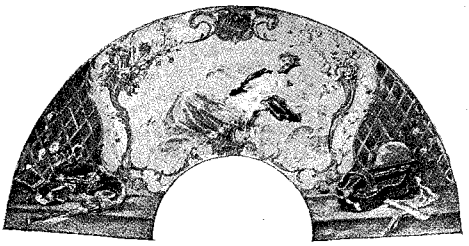
always more or less of her illustration appears each year.

The studio of a famous woman artist is perhaps more interesting than most ateliers, and the artistic workshop of Mme Lemaire is as characteristic as one expects it to be. It is separated from the house by a dozen feet or more, set in a little garden back from the street, guarded by a concierge of unrivalled discretion and "unlimited authority to refuse;" and here, in the heart of Paris, she works, away from the noise and bother. The chief artistic ornament of the room is the oil-painting of her daughter by Chaplin, Mme Lemaire's master, given in exchange for a panel of flowers, almost the only painting of hers saved by the artist from the wreck by the Germans during the war. So much of her time has been devoted to fan-painting and to illustrating subjects scarcely worthy of her powers, that it is to be hoped that some occasion may soon present itself which will lead to another collection of serious illustrations, giving as great a scope for the delicate skill and imagination as that which Halévy's novel offered.

(Unpublished sketch by L. Vallet.)

Mme Lemaire is a charming hostess, who speaks of her work as an incident, though she is not unlikely to tell her interviewer, with more than common interest, of her start in painting. She lived at Dieppe, and her first water-colors were put in the window of the local stationers. "They were nothing much," said a friend—M. Louis Ganderax—telling of them, "but their handling was at once correct and frank, their tones delicate and transparent. The oranges—skin and flesh; the flowers—petals, leaves, and stalks; they had the elasticity and the brilliant colors of life. In France it is never loss of time to give a minute or two to art, to look at whatever may come in one's way and take one's chances."



(Fan design by Madeleine Lemaire.)

It was M. Dumas *fils* who noticed them one morning, and seeking out the young matron secured one of the pictures and gave praise which raised new ideals for its artist.

For seriousness of work no artist is more impressive among these occasional illustrators than Besnard. It is not so often that one sees him in print that he is not easily remembered, since all that he does shows the thoughtfulness of the artist whose work represents the literary as well as the artistic quality. Like Vedder, he contributes but little to the current publications, but whatever is given for reproduction is pregnant, studied, and noteworthy. He has lived in England, has travelled much, and has an artistic courage which knows no bounds. A good example of the seriousness and depth of purpose shown in his drawings may be found in the pictures which accompany Rambaud's *Force psychique*, published two or three years ago in Paris—an excursion into his favorite realm, the mystical.

Some time it is to be hoped that a great work will present itself to Besnard which will offer the same suggestiveness and incentive which brought from Vedder the series of drawings illustrating the Rubaíyát of Omar Khayyám. Some one has proposed Poe; but as these same tales have been urged upon Vierge and almost every other serious modern illustrator, it is not likely that they will be considered, even if, in subject, they were more suitable than they are. The artist has already illustrated at least one book for a rich amateur, whose pleasure it has been unfortunately to keep the water-color drawings unpublished.

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Before the Ball.

(Drawn by François Flameng for *Paris Illustré.*)

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But the difficulty continually arises, in speaking of any group of illustrators, not to be guilty of omissions which make the reference seem absurdly inadequate. To refer to the artists who "sometimes illustrate," if they may be so designated, and to make no mention of such men as Rochegrosse, Le Blant, Moreau, Cain (who writes of his contemporaries so delightfully), Rossi, Clairin, and a host of others, seems wellnigh impertinent. And though the subject is so inexhaustible, at least some mention must be made of one or two of the men who work especially in black and white—the main-stay of the best illustration printed month by month in France.

For the most part these artists have attached themselves in a pleasantly inconsequential way to some publication which often, fortunately for them, seems to be as inconsequential as themselves. Even so great a man as Vierge, it will be remembered, was connected with *Le Monde illustré* for nearly a dozen years and published in its pages some of the best and most striking drawings to be found in all the range of his numberless illustrations. In the same way

Luna.
(From a drawing by A. Besnard.)

J.-L. Forain is known by his contributions to those two journals impossible outside of Paris—*Le Courrier français* and *Le Fifre*. For a long time he did but one notable work in book illustration, his *Croquis Parisiens;* but about 1888 Quantin suggested to him a book on the cafés-concerts which contains some of his most characteristic drawings; and since then several collections have been made of his contributions to the journals—one of the most recent of which, "Les temps difficiles," deals with the Panama scandals. The admiration for Forain is likely to find almost its exclusive expression among the French themselves; to general readers his work is likely to appear a wild exaggeration of characters with which most people

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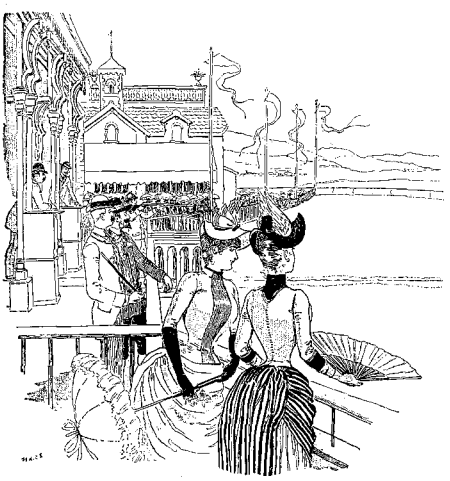
are scarcely familiar. As one of his friends expresses it: "Forain's idea is to paint the woman who is seen at the theatre, the concert, the café, the shops; the contemporaneous girl, the sly glances of her wide-open eyes, the *chignon trempé*, the glorious piling up of her hair, etc."

Something of the same *abandon* distinguishes Maurice Bonvoisin, whose pictures signed "Mars" have for years been conspicuous in the pages of *Le journal amusant* and later in *Charivari;* and he supplies not only the pictures but the text which accompany them. Unlike most of his contemporaries "Mars" has not confined himself to the Paris types of figure in the comic papers. He has been a great traveller, speaks nearly all the continental languages, and draws his inspirations from a widened vision. He is almost the only French artist in the field of the comic whose work has found general appreciation in England and America. "Mars's Albums," as he calls his collected pictures grouped by subjects into occasional books, are a perpetually popular series and their publication is a regularly looked-for event in many quarters. Extraordinarily dexterous are some of these, especially where the artist touches off the characters of the good, the true, and the humorous of other nations as represented by their tourists.

Louis Vallet, who has an individuality



Pigeon-shooting Stand at Monte Carlo.
(From "Mars's Album.")

The Concert Singer.
(Drawn by J.-L. Forain for *Revue Illustrée.*)

in a field of work already full of clever artists, hit off his own best description when he wrote recently of himself: "I never care to draw anything but women (Parisian ones, of course) and horses and soldiers;" his gift of clear-cut, sharp, and accurate portrayal is the quality one most attaches to him. Vallet's pictures are seen more and more outside France; he follows the fashions with the devotion and enthusiasm of a Worth, and his drawings present the modern dress to the latest hour. His industry is extraordinary. Within a year he illustrated three volumes and wrote one —the later, "Chic à Cheval," is a book which contains some three hundred illustrations. His drawing of horse women, published originally in *Les lettres et les arts*, in colors, will be remembered as representing him at his best, a fact not surprising, as he says: "The things I love best are horses, cats (I have four), and the Parisians."

One illustrator who cannot be omitted from the briefest sketch is Paul Renouard, a man of broader powers and greater originality than almost any of

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The Delights of the Phonograph.
(From a crayon drawing by P. Renouard.)

the working illustrators of to-day. Lepère is fortunate in being able to give expression to his own work by his own hand on wood, and Paul Renouard gains the same end, but less laboriously, through the etcher's needle, which is only one of the methods he is master of. A singular contrast is offered by his broad charcoal drawings, genuine studies of character, and the delicately etched lines he so often affects. Among the subjects of his plates, the theatre in general and the ballet in particular are perhaps the most frequent. His great folio book, "L'Opéra," with a preface by Ludovic Halévy, containing scores of pictures, pen-and-ink sketches, etchings and bright drawings of the ballet individually and collectively, is an extraordinary example of the skill of the artist in depicting so many sides of this life, which most artists would confuse in a single type. The *corps de ballet* as Renouard studied and set it forth shows us its personnel portrayed with the utmost fidelity. These young women, divinities of an *outré* fashion, are often but touches of figures, carrying an uncommon spirit, lightness, and effervescent grace. In other plates we have dogs, chickens, ducks, etc., studies assuredly from life, representing a really marvellous amount of individuality in each small creature. With Renouard's book illustration he shows himself in a more serious light. The series of drawings for his volume, "Rome in Holy Week," is an example of spontaneity carried through a large number of pictures true to the original purpose, varied and illustrative.

Paul Renouard is one of the very few illustrators who have visited America and drawn pictures from its life. The American illustrator who does not visit Paris is practically unknown; and in these days when so many evidences are presented of the interest of American readers in French illustration, it is a pity that others like M. Renouard do not find a benefit in turning aside to the study of the life of a people who have shown themselves to be among the French artists' most discriminating patrons.

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THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By Augustine Birrell, M.P.

NEVER to do to-day what can be put off till to-morrow is an excellent maxim of conduct for busy men, since, if carried into practice, it leaves you free to do to-day what cannot be put off till to-morrow, and thus you marshal your time on sound and equitable principles. None the less, and great as are the merits of procrastination, I am most genuinely sorry I did not several months ago comply with the editor's request and write this paper on that branch of our supreme and sovereign Legislature known as the House of Commons; for had I then done so, I should have both begun and ended my task with a light heart and an unstained memory. But now, try as hard as I may, there swims before my eye, nor can I banish from my mind, a hateful and horrid scene of men scuffling and fighting, striking one another, and swearing on the very floor of the House itself, though happily not under the Speaker's eye.

The violation of traditions which have been centuries in the making, which have borne the stress of revolution, is in all circumstances and under any conditions a terrible thing; and hence it was that no sooner was the miserable and vulgar scuffle over, than a deep sense of shame and degradation came over the whole assembly.

To discuss the origin of the brawl was a task fitly left to those newspapers which, though called "Evening," in reality cast a gloom over luncheon; for it is but to burrow in the dirt. It sprang from bad language, bad temper, and bad breeding; but the disgrace of it was not so much because it proved the presence in the House of Commons of braggarts and swashbucklers—for probably such men have always had a place there in small numbers—but that the traditions of centuries had become so relaxed as to give such creatures the opportunity of behaving after the manner of their kind on so august a theatre.

So great was the shock, so profound and genuine the disgust caused by this incident, at once so hateful and so squalid, that it is not too much to trust that no living Englishman will see the like again.

The House of Commons, regarded as a legislative assembly, is at present composed of 670 members, who are for the most part far gone in middle life. Of these, 461 come from England, 34 from wild Wales, 72 from Scotland, and 103 from the unhappy spot of earth mortals call Ireland, and sentimentalists "the Sister Isle." The 643 constituencies these gentlemen represent vary enormously in size and importance. Some of them have an electorate of 17,000 voters; others fall below 3,000, and are remarkable for nothing except that they do return a member to Parliament and are ineradicably corrupt.

If the present distribution of seats, as constituencies are popularly called, were viewed as a device for giving each elector an equal share of Parliamentary power, it is little short of imbecile, as the following figures show. Ninety thousand men return 31 members for 31 different constituencies, while 180,000 men return only 16 members for 16 different constituencies. The fact is we are always outgrowing our Constitution, which still bears traces of the time when the House of Commons was not regarded as representing units, but districts; some of them remote and almost unknown, whose members came to Westminster to see, hear, and tell, and at the close of the session rode home again to report to their neighbors how well or ill their interests were served in London. In these days of County Councils, reformed municipalities, penny papers and postage, cheap trains and perpetual motion, a member of Parliament has small legiti-

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mate concern in the purely local concerns of his constituency. Equal electoral districts cannot long be delayed. "One man, one vote," and "One vote, one value," are the *formulæ* which convey or are meant to convey the sublime truth that one voter ought to be as good as another.

The 670 members themselves make an interesting study.

It is easy enough, and in sundry moods 'tis pastime, for the wits of college common-rooms and other "cloistered" intelligences to sneer at the House of Commons as being composed of wealthy Philistines, block-headed country gentlemen, dull and greedy office-seekers, selfish lawyers, foolish philanthropists, and self-intoxicated and self-elected representatives of "the working man." Add to these half a score or more of bores in a high state of preservation, and you will get, so it is often said, a very good notion of the kind of man who, under present day conditions, goes to the poll and wins.

But though it is perfectly true that all the classes just mentioned have their representatives in the House—there are the bores, sure enough, and the blockheads (no need to run again through the whole list), staring you in the face, wasting your time, and spoiling your temper — but they do not, either individually or in the aggregate, make up that House which no one of these superfine gentlemen who sneer would rise to address for the first time without trepidation. The House of Commons has to put up with a great deal of fatuity, but it is never put down by it. Ignorance, inaccuracy, conceit on the one hand, and sincerity, simplicity of purpose, genuine humor, and real wit on the other, are almost instinctively appreciated with a judgment which rarely errs, and certainly knows no party bias.

This critical capacity is no doubt partly due to the fact that after all most members of Parliament, and probably more so now than ever, are men who, whatever may be their shortcomings, have proved their capacity in some one way or another. It is a common-place of the lobbies that whatever you may want to know, there is always somebody in the House who can tell you all about it. Taken as a whole, no body of men within our realm have led more interesting, instructive, typical, and often romantic lives than have our members of Parliament.

But of more avail than this are the traditions of the House itself. Men recognize, as they enter it, that they have not come to a public meeting, but to a law-making and governing assembly. To make laws, and to control by the power of censure and expulsion the Executive, are the two great duties of the House of Commons, and their joint educative effect has made it what it has been and still is. Remove either, the moral structure will topple to its fall.

Regarded as a chamber, the House of Commons is a rectangular high-roofed hall sixty-two feet long, of no architectural pretensions, but of splendid acoustic properties. Its green benches are arranged longitudinally down each side, leaving a passage in the middle. It has galleries, those at each end being reserved for strangers of different kinds and sexes. The fire of 1834 having destroyed the old Houses of Parliament, it became necessary to build new ones, and hence the great pile of Westminster Palace, known to all travellers. Two humorous incidents may be mentioned in this connection. Having decided that the buildings should be of the Gothic character, our senators entrusted the job to an eminent architect of classical proclivities: joke No. 1. This gentleman, having to provide accommodation on the floor of the House of Commons for six hundred and fifty members (which was then their number), all of whom by strict rules were bound to attend the proceedings, built a room which barely holds five hundred: joke No. 2. If I were in search of a third joke I might find it in the fact that despite the inconvenience and the discomfort which are the necessary results of overcrowding, members have grown fond of the latter anomaly. It jumps with their humor. It is undesirable that members should be too comfortable while in discharge of their duty. It might prolong debate. They are much better outside, in the lobbies and read-

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ing-rooms. *Trop de zèle* is ever an abomination in British eyes.

The work of the House of Commons is done "upstairs and down." By the expression "downstairs" the actual chamber is referred to. By "upstairs" is meant the work of inquiry upon both private and public bills and other specific matters, which is done by committees composed of a handful of members, who embody their conclusions in a report to the House. Thus "blue-books" are manufactured. A great deal of useful and a reasonable proportion of useless work is done by these bodies. Much of their utility depends upon the business capacity of the chairman. To be recognized as a good chairman of an "upstairs" committee is to achieve a Parliamentary reputation, and amply atones for half a century of silence "downstairs." Your Parliamentary chatterer and babbler seldom finds himself in this honorable position.

Downstairs the sittings are either of the House or of the whole House in Committee. Over the first the Speaker presides, sitting in his throne, in full-bottomed wig and robes. A gilt mace at the foot of the clerks' table indicates his presence. When the House is in committee neither Speaker nor mace are visible, but the chairman of committees (or one of his deputies) presides. He has no wig, and sits at the clerks' table, cheek by jowl with the clerks, who do wear wigs (but not full-bottomed ones). The only external signs of authority possessed by the chairman are such as a swallow-tail coat and a white tie are able to impart to his person.

In committee the work chiefly consists of discussing the details of bills which the House has already read a second time (thus adopting the principle), considering amendments thereto, and in desultory talk over the money it is proposed by the Government to raise for the various public services during the year. This is called "Committee of Supply." It is venerable, it is important, and it gives rise to more silly talk and bumptious pretension than all the other proceedings of the House put together.

There is one unfortunate distinction between the House and the committee. With the Speaker in the chair, no man, be he ever so great, may, except by permission and for explanatory purposes, speak more than once in the course of the same debate; but in committee, any man, however small, may speak as often and as long as he likes—provided always he sticks closely to the specific matter (or question, as it is called) before the committee; he must speak to the question, and if he wanders or swerves, he is (oh, joy to the weary!) out of order and may be bidden by the chairman to hold his peace.

While, therefore, the ideal Speaker is a man of lofty mind and stately manners, with a fine sense of honor and decorum, it is of the essence of the situation that the chairman of committees should be a quick-witted creature with very positive manners. If at the same time his cast of countenance is habitually contemptuous and the curl or pout of his lip contumelious, it would be so much the better; for nothing is better calculated to choke off empty talk than that it should have to be addressed to a man with an unsympathetic and scornful countenance. Impartiality is alike required in Speaker and chairman. "The popularity which is followed after," as opposed to "the popularity which follows," must be shunned by both; though perhaps a chairman of committees is entitled to secure for himself that small measure of popularity which will undoubtedly be his, if he snubs the occupants of the two front benches (ministers and ex-ministers occupy these seats) by not always calling upon them to speak when they rise, as in the opinion of the back benches they are too apt to do.

The ordinary duration of a Parliamentary session is from early in February till the middle of August, with brief vacations at Easter and Whitsuntide. There are such things as autumn sessions, but of these I will not speak.

The work "upstairs" begins at 11 A.M., and is supposed to conclude at 3 P.M., when the House begins its sitting. It is only a small portion of the total number of members who at any one time are engaged in committee work.

Roughly speaking, the House meets

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every day (except Wednesdays and Saturdays) at 3 P.M., when prayers are read by the Speaker's chaplain. The average attendance at this hour is scanty, except when an important debate is expected—then it is considerable; when Mr. Gladstone introduced the Home Rule Bill, last March, there was not a vacant seat. The reason for this is an odd one and unconnected with religion. No member, unless he be a minister or a Privy Councillor, has any claim to any seat anywhere in his own right; and as there are not seats enough for everybody, and very few good seats, any member who wishes to take part in an impending debate, or to listen to it, must do what he can to secure one. The law on this subject has been codified. A member who has attended prayers is entitled to reserve for his own use throughout the entire evening the seat he has thus occupied. His card slipped into a receptacle in the back of the bench is his title-deed to this right of possession. On this rule has been grafted another. Before prayers a member may reserve a place for himself at prayers by putting his hat upon a seat; but the hat must be the only hat he has upon the premises, and having deposited it on the seat, he must remain within the precincts of the building until prayers, which he must attend.

These seemingly trivial matters are deemed by the House to be of the utmost importance, and the solemn tones of the Speaker are not infrequently heard expounding to a gravely attentive House the law of Parliament on the great hat question.

On Wednesday the House meets at noon and adjourns at 6 P.M. On Saturday it does not meet at all. On Wednesday evenings the member of Parliament is left free to dine out, while on Saturday he can flee into the country. These are his usual recreations, poor fellow!

The public business of each day usually consists of what are called orders of the day and notices of motion. An order of the day is a bill or other matter which the House has ordered to be taken into consideration on a particular day, but Her Majesty's ministers have (except on Wednesdays) the right to place Government orders or notices of motion at the head of the list. This in effect hands over to the Government of the day all the time of the House except Wednesdays, when priority is given to the bills of non-official members. On Tuesdays and Fridays private members have some rights too insignificant to deserve mention.

The orders of each day are printed, and sometimes number fifty, but under ordinary circumstances the Government orders absorb all the time which is available for discussion.

Before the Speaker calls upon the clerk to read the first order, questions have to be disposed of. These have become an intolerable nuisance, and usually occupy more than an hour. Thirty years ago there was not one question a month put to ministers, but now there are seldom less than fifty a day, except on Wednesdays, when none may be put. They are of every possible kind and degree of importance and insignificance. One will seek to pry into the mysteries of the Triple Alliance, while another will be directed to the churlish conduct of some Church of England parson who has snappishly sought to maim the burial rites of a dissenter. A question in the House has become almost as recognized a method of ventilating a grievance as a letter to the *Times* newspaper. An Irish member was lately requested to rise in his place and ask the Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant why the Ballycannon Union had so long delayed to supply Biddy O'Haragan, a pauper resident, with a wooden leg. To his honor, he refused to ask the question.

As some compensation for this new nuisance, it must be remembered that the House has got rid of an old one—viz., the habit of presenting petitions in a speech. This used to consume an intolerable deal of time. It was on an occasion of this kind that Lord North made a celebrated retort to Alderman Sawbridge, who had in a speech of great coarseness presented a petition to the House from Billingsgate. "I cannot," said North, "deny that the honorable alderman speaks not only the sentiments but the very language of his constituents." I quote this story because it

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is an excellent example of a House of Commons retort. Even Mr. Chamberlain could not improve upon it. Now, though petitions may be and sometimes are publicly presented by a few pompous persons, no speech is allowed. Decent people are content to put these documents into a bag which abides behind the Speaker's chair.

Questions over, real business begins by a debate either on the second or third reading of a bill, or on the report stage of a bill which has been read a second time, and having passed through committee has been reported to the House; or possibly some member may move the adjournment of the House on a matter deemed by him and forty of his friends to be of urgent public interest, or a vote of censure may be moved, or the like. Or the Speaker may at once leave the chair, and the House resolve itself into a committee to consider amendments or to chatter over Supply.

I must now refer to two great facts or features of present-day Parliamentary life, which were unknown to our predecessors. I mean the twelve o'clock rule and the closure.

By the operation of the twelve o'clock rule (which, however, has important exceptions), no opposed business can be taken after midnight. This means for the great majority of members, bed by one o'clock. This rule struck a great blow at the traditions of the House of Commons. We all have read how on one occasion, the early morning light streamed upon the face of Mr. Pitt, and suggested to that ingenious orator an exquisitely felicitous quotation in the Latin tongue. We have changed all that, and members now expect to catch the 12.15 train on the Underground Railway, and grumble grievously if they have to wait for the 12.40. The early morning light, save on rare occasions, now streams into an empty house.

The rule has destroyed the private member's chance of legislation on his own account; for, as his order of the day is never reached (unless he gets the first place on a Wednesday) until after midnight, and as the opposition of a single member can then prevent discussion, he is left repining, having accomplished nothing by waiting except the loss of the 12.15. Some old hands assert that the Rule has increased that bugbear of all ministries, obstruction; for, say they, it is much easier to prolong a debate from night to night which automatically is adjourned at 12, than when it is bound to go on into the small hours. But the rule will never be altered, though on particular occasions it is suspended. Blessed is the man who invented sleep, and though it is happily possible to slumber in the House, bed is best.

The closure is a still more remarkable instrument of government. The late Mr. Smith invented it. He was the mildest-mannered man who ever led the House of Commons; yet he introduced the gag. He was made leader because of the contending ambitions of other persons who, when the poor, innocent, unambitious man died of exhaustion, outvied one another in praise of his devotion. I am always sorry for the *Tertium Quid* in politics, unless he be a peer, when he gets on well enough. However, Mr. Smith made an excellent leader, and introduced the closure. He was the first minister who ever used the now familiar words, "I move that the question be now put." He was not an orator, but much practice had made him perfect in this little speech.

Whenever this motion is made it is put without debate, unless the Speaker or Chairman considers it an abuse of the rules or an infringement of the rights of the minority. If he puts it and a division is challenged, the motion is lost unless carried by a majority, and unless at least one hundred members vote in that majority.

It is obvious that the duty cast upon the Speaker or Chairman, of deciding whether or not the motion is an abuse of the rules or an infringement of the rights of the minority, is a difficult one. A strong man in the chair, who attentively follows the debate, makes up his mind on the merits of each case; but a weak man, whose attention flags, is apt to be governed by the position of the member making the motion. If he is an important man, he puts the question. If he is not, it is refused. The late

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Chairman, Mr. Courtney, more than once refused the closure to Mr. Smith.

But with all its disadvantages the closure is a plain necessity, as is proved by the fact that it is always popular with the party in power. The House having once tasted of its joys will never consent to be deprived of it. It is a dangerous weapon, but in these days it would, if improperly used, prove more dangerous to those who so employed it than to those whose parliamentary mouths were shut by it. No minister, however imperiously inclined, can shut the country's mouth, or prevent his legislative proposals being discussed on platforms, in newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, and even books. There is no real analogy between the closure and the guillotine. Nothing prevents a silenced member from publishing and circulating the speech he would have made had the question not been put when it was. But no doubt the closure is a good argument for a second chamber of some kind.

All I am here concerned to say is that the closure, like the 12 o'clock rule, is now an established parliamentary institution; that it may have far-reaching and serious consequences I readily admit, but that the river of talk must be dammed somehow is no longer controverted.

One other parliamentary practice must be mentioned, and then I shall have done with procedure—I mean the Division Lobby. The House of Commons is surrounded on all sides by lobbies or corridors, none too well ventilated. Entrance into the House from these lobbies is gained through two doors, one at each end of the chamber. One door is behind the Speaker's chair, and the other at the opposite end, in front of the chair. When the time to vote has arrived, either by nobody rising in his place to continue the discussion, or by the beneficent operation of the closure, the Speaker or Chairman puts the question in a way which admits of its being answered either with an "Aye" or a "No." The Ayes shout "Aye," and the Noes, "No." If it is a "Government division," the Speaker or Chairman always declares that the Government side has it. If it is not, he makes a rough guess which cry was the louder, and declares accordingly that either the ayes or the noes have it. The malcontents may thereupon challenge this decision by crying out that they had it. If they do this with determination there is no option but to clear the House for a division; but if they do not challenge a division, or do so in a faint-hearted manner, the Speaker or Chairman may repeat his original assertion, which then becomes effective.

If a division is challenged, bells begin ringing in all directions in the various purlieus and haunts of members—tea-rooms, smoking-rooms, library, and the like. No sooner do members hear this summons than "oft, I fear, with muttered curses," as Calverley sweetly sings, they abandon their pursuits, their books, their tea, their cigars, and stream hurriedly into the House. They have need to hurry, for but two minutes is allowed from the time the Speaker clears the House with the cry, "Strangers will withdraw," to the time when the outer door of the House leading into these inner lobbies is closed. Unhappy is the wight who, all unpaired, rushes up just too late to join his brethren within, who are about "to score a division." As soon as the outer door is closed the Speaker or chairman once again puts the question, once again invites the rival cries of "Aye" and "No," once again declares for either one or the other; once again his decision is challenged (though sometimes it is not, and then the members baffled of a division rush back to their tea-cups), and then if it is challenged the Speaker or chairman cries, "Ayes to the right, Noes to the left," and names four tellers, two of each side. The "Aye" voters pass into the lobby behind the chair and pass down the lobby on the Speaker's right and reappear in the House by the door opposite the chair. The "Noes" go out at this last-mentioned door and, turning up the other lobby on the Speaker's left hand, re-enter the House behind the chair. In each lobby are two clerks standing by a desk, by which the members must pass, who tick off on a printed list of all the members of the House the names of those taking part in the divi-

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sion. Two tellers, one belonging to each side, stand at the exit door of each lobby and count the men as they pass through. When the last man is counted the figures are made up, and the senior teller of the victorious side reads out the result, which he then hands to the Speaker or chairman, who repeats it in a loud voice and declares accordingly that either the Ayes or the Noes have it.

This genial pastime absorbs, if the division is a full one, no less than twenty minutes of public time. A more economical method could easily be invented, but the system has sunk deep into the Constitution. It is a welcome relief, an agreeable variety, and affords opportunities for conversations and combinations. The confidences and the scandals of the division lobby are amazing. When the division is obviously a close one and the fate of a ministry depends upon it, the excitement is increased by the delay, and the dramatic effect of the final announcement is artistic and great.

Some frivolous persons there are who consider the terrace by the River Thames a Parliamentary institution, and certainly of late years it has become the daily practice for this agreeable place to be invaded by ladies, who there drink tea and devour strawberries (when in season) and chatter to their hearts' content. These fair Goths and sprightly Huns are to be seen everywhere about the House—in the outer lobbies, drinking tea on the terrace, dining in the vaults; but up to the present time, the House itself and its surrounding corridors know them not. How long will it be before they storm this last retreat of their tyrant and oppressor?

The general tone and temper of the House of Commons is peculiar and fascinating. It is a strange compound of stern decorum, iron rule, and perfect freedom. Egotisms and *amour propre* have had naught to do with the fashioning of its traditions. You may sit in any attitude you deem comfortable or becoming; your hat may be on your head, except when moving about or while addressing the House (unless you are speaking to a point of order pending a division, and then it must be worn); you may sleep, you may chat with your neighbor, but you must not read book or newspaper, or aught but the orders of the day; you may go in and out, bowing to the chair, when and so often as you choose, no matter who is speaking, but you must not pass between the orator and the chair. In brief, you are under no kind of obligation to pay the slightest attention to anybody.

In the matter of interruption it is impossible to lay down any rules. Ill-mannered interruptions are always out of order, but a happy interlocutory remark finds great favor. Ironical cheering, if not rudely persistent, is permissible and is a great comfort to the harassed listener. It is not thought rude to roar with laughter at the most obvious slip of the tongue. A wearied House is allowed, within limits, to indicate to the orator that it has withdrawn its attention from him. This is usually done by cries of "Divide! Divide!"

In actual speech there is great latitude; at least a wily person with a copious vocabulary need find no difficulty in telling his enemy that he is a liar, a knave, or a fool. A clumsily sincere person frequently fails to employ the recognized language of debate, and has to apologize and withdraw it. It is unparliamentary to call a member "a mercenary," or to speak of his conduct as "grossly impertinent" or of his language as "habitually false;" but there is no objection to saying that his politics are only worthy of "Tammany Hall," that his legislative proposals are "fraudulent," that he himself is a "traitor." A little linguistic skill, and some study of Parliamentary dialectics and the speeches of Mr. Chamberlain, are all that is necessary to give a Parliamentary tyro free scope for his tongue.

Oratory is no doubt a tradition of the House of Commons. What are we to say about it? In America you seem still to love talk for its own sake. I am told that in the States grown men and women really enjoy sitting still and being talked to in a loud voice. You love to hear the rolling sentence and the lofty and familiar sentiment. We don't. It cannot be denied that even

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common juries dislike what a few decades ago would have been considered very passable eloquence. As for our judges, their abhorrence of a full-mouthed sentence is morbid. It is daily growing upon us, this dislike of being talked to in a lofty vein—or, indeed, in any vein. The fact is that most men nowadays can make a speech. There never was a House of Commons either so impatient of speech or containing so many men capable of making a good speech as the present one.

But real eloquence will always move, just as a plain-spoken, well-arranged, well-informed, honest speech will always be effective and give pleasure.

Mr. Gladstone is of course our one great orator. It is monotonous praising him, for he has been surfeited with praise; but one cannot get out of it. Let me, however, employ the language of another. More than twenty years ago an accomplished and uneffusive critic, the late Mr. Hayward, Q.C., wrote of Mr. Gladstone as follows:

"The first place among living competitors for the oratorical crown will be conceded without a dissenting voice to Mr. Gladstone. It is 'Eclipse' the first, and all the rest nowhere. He may lack Mr. Bright's impressive diction or Mr. Disraeli's humor and sarcasm, but he has made ten eminently successful speeches to Mr. Bright's or Mr. Disraeli's one. His foot is ever in the stirrup. His lance is ever in the rest. He throws down the gauntlet to all comers. Right or wrong, he is always real, natural, earnest, and unaffected. He is a great debater, a great party speaker: with a shade more imagination he would be a great orator. . . . In one of the Cattle Plague debates he discussed the dues of the river Weaver with a spirit, a breadth, and a felicity of application that will associate that river in oratorical reminiscences with the Rhone and the Saône."

Mr. Bright and Mr. Disraeli are dead and gone, but Mr. Gladstone's oratorical crown still glitters unchallenged on his brow. For one good speech Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Balfour may make, he makes twenty. He is versed in every artifice of oratory; he is practised in every mood and method of debate. He has the temperament and the equipment of a great orator, though Mr. Hayward made a good point when he wrote the words, "a shade more imagination." Yet, before admitting Mr. Hayward's qualification, I would prefix the adjective "poetic" to the noun "imagination," for Mr. Gladstone's imagination is most active. As a man of business he is inspired. Let his theme be a great trade or industry; let the subject of his voluminous discourse be railway rates, bimetallism, the opium traffic; let him unfold his mind and unroll his memory before his audience—do but hearken to his illustrations and follow his discursions, and when, to your sorrow, he sits down, you will observe with amazement the fingers of the clock.

It is said to be true that no man is indispensable; but when Mr. Gladstone leaves the House of Commons, that assembly will most assuredly cease to be the place of æsthetic entertainment it now is.

Mr. Chamberlain, as a speaker, undoubtedly is next in rank to Mr. Gladstone. He is often called a great debater, but I should prefer to describe him as an unrivalled discusser or argufier. A great Parliamentary debater—in the sense of taking up a speech of an opponent on the spur of the moment and pulling it or appearing to pull it into bits then and there, in the face of the very audience who a short while back were applauding it to the echo—I do not account him to be. Either Mr. Balfour or Mr. Goschen is his superior in this Parliamentary quality; but as a man to argue on his legs, to state a series of propositions, to unravel a tangled web of pros and cons, Mr. Chamberlain is superb. His limitations and restrictions are too obvious to require statement.

But I must now make an end of this, and as perorations are out of fashion, I will do so *sans phrase*.

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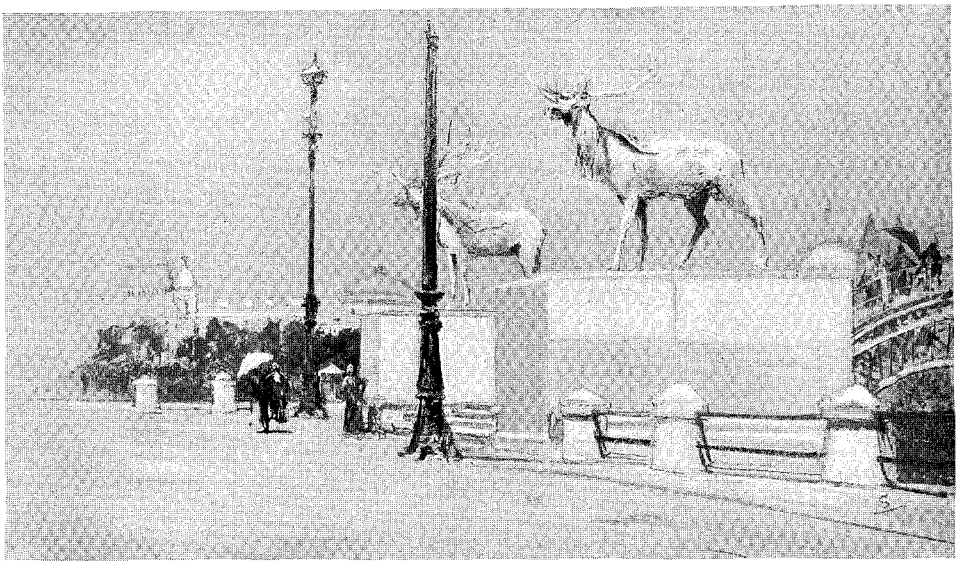

THE PICTURESQUE SIDE.

By F. Hopkinson Smith.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

I.

A BLAZING sun and a clear limpid sky, a long lagoon, gray-green and silver, a noble flight of steps serving as water-landing for half a dozen gay-colored gondolas, a grand balustrade protecting a broad platform leading to the porch and entrance of the most exquisitely beautiful building of modern times—the Art Palace of the Great Exposition!

From the corner of this balustrade a red rag of an awning, torn from an old tarpaulin, is stretched to an oar, its black shadow spilling down the white steps. Under this awning, flat on his back, sound asleep, lies a gondolier, fresh from Venice. Despite his nondescript costume of brigand's leggings and cavalier's cap I cannot mistake that broad chest and sunny face, the crisp black hair, and the fine lines of the throat and thigh.

"Espero!" I call out in glad surprise.

"*Commandi Signore,*" comes the quick reply, as he springs to his feet.

Other gondoliers join us: Marco, who at home plys a boat at the *Traghetto*, just above the *Salute;* and Luigi, who for five years past has won at the Annual Regatta on the Grand Canal—a superb fellow is Luigi, as handsome as a Venetian, and every inch a gondolier; and Francesco, his brother, first gondolier to the Countess, whose palace fronts the *Accademia.* For the instant I am in Venice again, while they all talk to me at once, telling me of their friends and mine whom we have known there—subjects far more absorbing than all the surprises of this new world. Five minutes later we are swinging up the Lagoon, Marco bending his oar aft, Espero on the cushions beside me.

There is to me a seeming fitness in entering the Court of Honor reclining in a gondola and rowed by a gondolier. No other craft that floats could so perfectly harmonize with these surroundings; none so dainty, so graceful, so dignified. There are no other oarsmen who could move with such ease and finish. These stately water-birds of Venice and

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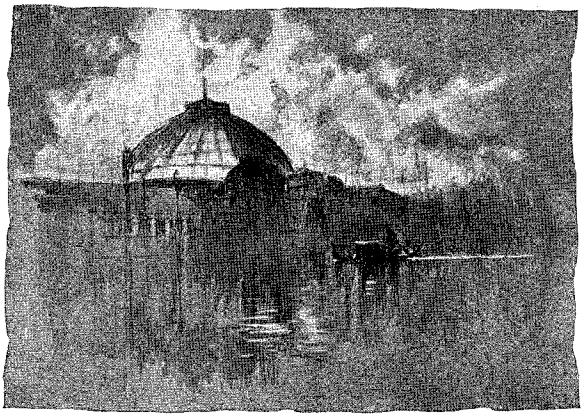

Dome of Horticultural Building at Night.

their masters add, too, an element of the picturesque. They are to the lagoons what the flowers are to the esplanades, or the swans to the smaller inlets. The launches, noiseless as they are, seem out of place here and jar upon your senses; they are too new, too suggestive of progress and revenue and time-saving. But the gondola revives the traditions and customs of those earlier centuries, when this great White City of the Lake was still in its glory. Moreover, it is the only sort of princely craft which these noble families, whom you feel sure have lived for centuries in these great palaces, could use in their magnificent goings and comings.

For whenever I stand on the bridge of the Peristyle and look across the Court of Honor, surrendering myself to the magic spell of its beauty, I cannot help yielding to the conviction that this noble quadrangle is surrounded by palaces of marble which have taken centuries to perfect; that the grounds and walks, stretches of grass, masses of flowering plants, and bold colossal statues have all been added from time to time, as in other palace gardens of old, when opportunity or royal whim dictated; that this great city was built ages ago, long before the time of the Greeks, who modelled their own temples along their classic lines; and that not only were its builders the ablest and most learned men of all ages, but that their descendants, those who live beneath these roofs, are the wisest, the most cultured, and the most artistic men and women of their time.

To me, moreover, the City is never evanescent nor unreal; never like a house built upon the sands. It is, when I look at it in amazed delight, not only entirely genuine, but firm and solid as the marble which it resembles. It is too vast, and the elements of atmosphere, perspective and proportion enter too largely into its *ensemble* to make it appear other than genuine. When, for instance, you stand in Athens, near the Parthenon, and your eye falls on a broken column at your feet, you *see* that it is marble, and you *know* that it is heavy. But without this sample stone in the foreground, and your knowledge of the character and quality of the material, the whole temple is to you, from where you look, only a film of light, now ivory, now alabaster, now lost in purple shadows. Here, about the White City, there is no broken column as an eye test, there are only superb façades, reaching skyward, and great stretches of columns and arches, relieved by gilded domes and sculptured frieze. They are never close to you—no comprehensive view is possible nearer than two hundred feet, and who can tell "staff" from marble at that distance—but far away, across the shimmer of the Lagoon, or over the massing of foliage or clustered roofs.

The Peristyle.

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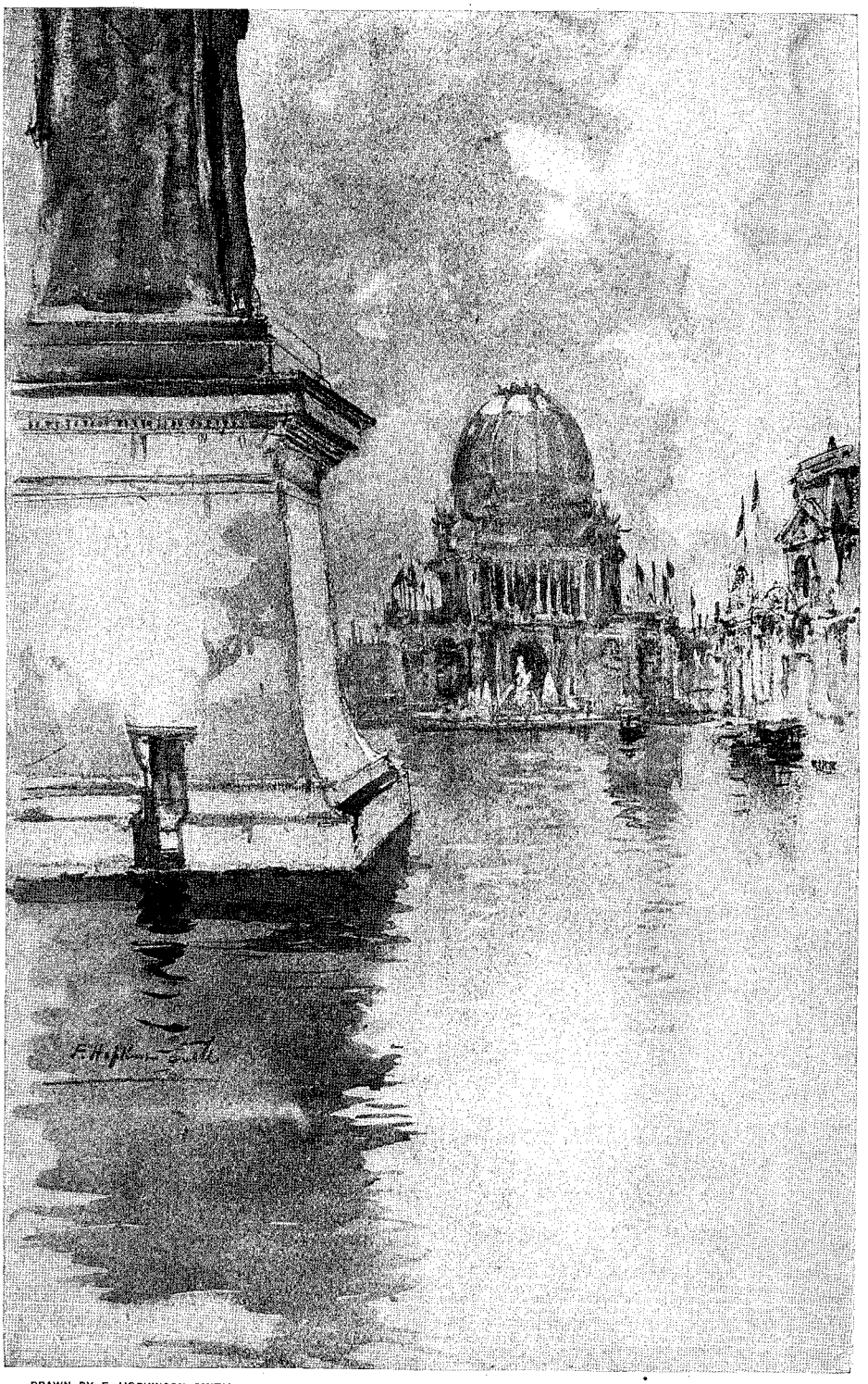

DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

The Court of Honor—Dome of Administration Building.

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There is, in addition to all this element of reality, a reality which every one must feel for himself, still another charm —an undefinable quality that constantly surprises and delights you. To this is united a majestic picturesqueness investing these superb palaces and royal gardens with a distinction never attained by any of their predecessors. This does not seem to be due so much to colossal proportions nor to the never-ending series of buildings piled one behind the other, as to the skill shown by architects and landscape gardeners in the general plan. Especially is this charm felt in the absence of rectangular lines of construction; in the winding in and out of the lagoons; in the neglected fringing of untrimmed foliage skirting the water's edge; in the half submerged bits of islands where the ducks plume their feathers; in the informal formality of great massing of plants; in the dotting of broad stretches of gray-green water with gay-colored gondolas; and in the colossal proportions of superb decorative statues, so that a glimpse of Venice can be caught between the forelegs of a huge sculptured bull, and the columns of a classic temple be outlined over the back of some water-sprayed mermaid.

It is easy while under the spell of this Ancient City to persuade myself that in this their festival year, these nobles who dwell here are holding high carnival, with much feasting and merry-making, and illuminations at night. That they have bidden all the nations of the earth to join them in these gracious festivities lasting many months; and that as an especial honor, and for the delight and entertainment of these distinguished guests, they have decreed that a great fair shall be held where may be seen many strange people from the uttermost parts of the earth, who, with barbaric dancing and weird music may depict the manners and customs of their climes. That this Fair of the Festival Year shall be placed, not within the lines of the Palaces but outside the walls of the Great City, at the end of a broad highway, rolled out like a huge carpet of many colors.

. . . . .

Rousing myself from these reveries, I bid Espero good-by, join the throng, follow through the gates and so out upon this broad highway, the Plaisance. My dreams are all true. Along the crowded thoroughfare move half the wild tribes of the earth—Javanese, Esquimaux, natives of the Soudan, Bedouins from beyond the Great Desert, Algerians, Arabs, Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, and Turks. Fringing each edge of this gay promenade I find the huts of the Javanese and Soudanese, the tents of the Bedouins and Arabs, and the more pretentious booths and structures of the Algerians and kindred people. Here, too, are the quaint gateways and open squares of old German and Austrian towns; the low-roofed, deftly constructed houses of the Japanese; the intricate carvings of India covering the booths, and, draping the doors of the Eastern bazaars the rich stuffs, rugs, and tapestries of the Orient.

Near the entrance to the Turkish village, tucked away on one side of the highway, just out of the rush of the never-ceasing throng, and yet close enough to be within call, rises the dome of a small Mosque. Above this a single, snow-white minaret shoots up into the blue.

When the sun is gone there leans from a tiny balcony high up on this needle of a minaret, a white-robed priest. Suddenly above the whirl and hurry there filters down through the soft twilight air the Muezzin's call for prayer:

"La Ilah Ell-Allah Muhammed Rassoul Ell-Allah."

To me there is nothing so simple, nothing so impressive, nothing so devout, as a Muhammedan standing in the presence of his God. There is a child-like faith, a manly trust, a sincere belief evinced and experienced by these believers, that never seems to predominate in any other form of religion.

How often, in a great cathedral, do you come upon a figure silently leaving the confessional, and catching a full view of the face, detect a lingering trace of sorrow, or anxiety, or doubt. But watch the faces of these Muhammedans, these poor sedan-chair carriers, and of that broad-shouldered Arab, who has been moving great boxes of unpacked goods on his back all day. How tired they all look as they enter the Mosque,

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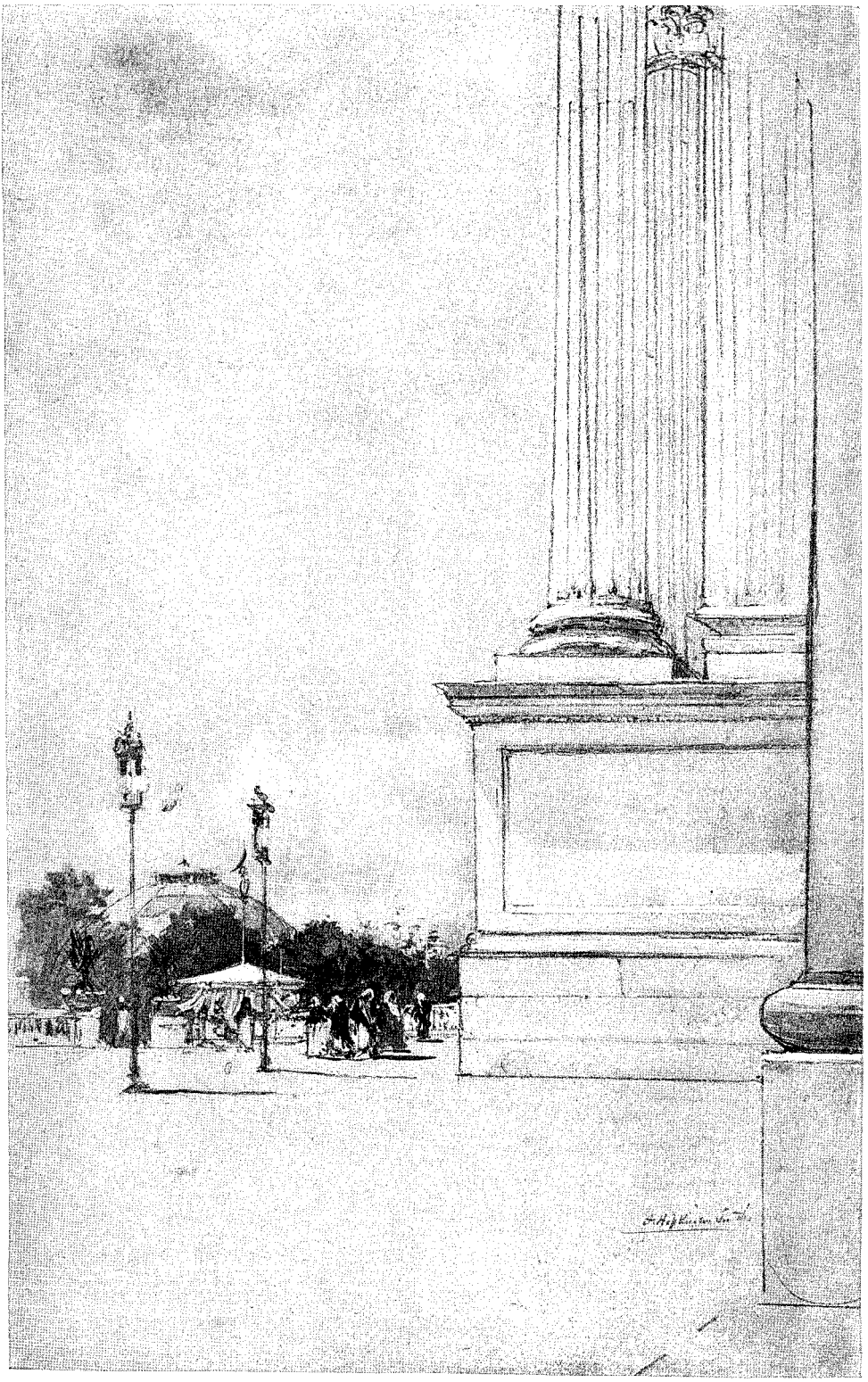

DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

Distant View of Dome of the Horticultural Building.

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bowing low with reverent awe, and prostrating themselves wearily to the pavement. It is as if each penitent had brought his very burden within these sacred precincts, supplicating for relief.

Now look, when the silent service is over, and study these same faces as, with a light-hearted spring, each man rises from his knees and with serene expression, and calm, restful eyes takes up once more the burden of his life.

This exquisite and picturesque little Mosque—it is the prototype of the purest bit of Eastern architecture in Stamboul—these thoroughly genuine people, this sacred service—not as a necessary part of the Oriental exhibit, but as an essential, indispensable part of the life of the natives themselves—this combination of the genuine and the picturesque is to me the true keynote of the Great Exposition.

II.

My old and valued friend, Far-away Moses :—What a superb old Shylock he is ; not in the sense of "three thousand ducats and for three months," but in the unique quality of the character itself ! Neither Irving nor Booth ever conceived so fine and fitting a costume as this old man wears every day in and out of his bazaar, and along the streets of his transplanted village ; a costume of soft material, with an under-vest delicately embroidered, the over-jacket a coat of brown camel's-hair with dark red voluminous waist-sash and the wide Eastern skirts covering his still sturdy legs.

My old and valued friend, Far-away Moses, I say, invited me to dinner. I have enjoyed this especial privilege very often in his own bazaar in Stamboul, and the aroma of the Mocha and the soothing qualities of his Narghilehs have haunted me ever since. Now, thanks to his courtesy, I can enjoy them every day. There is nothing missing in the surroundings of his own bazaar here on the Plaisance. The walls are hung with the wealth of the East. Divans are scattered about. On a low table, octagon-shaped and inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ivory, lie yataghans and Turkish arms, embossed with silver and enriched with quaint design. The light struggles in through the small windows and half defines the odd interior, quite as it does in his shop along the Bosphorus. I throw myself upon a pile of Eastern rugs and begin adjusting the pillows in true Oriental fashion.

The old man claps his hands, and instantly, as if rising through the rug itself, an attendant appears, receives an order in Turkish, and vanishes. Not a gentleman, if you please, in a soiled necktie, frayed shirt-front, and hired-by-the-month swallow-tail coat, but a swarthy Turk in gold-embroidered vest and the rest of it, who reappears in a flash with one of those exquisite squatty little tables that might serve in a baby house. Then more clapping of hands, and more Turks, one a gorgeous fellow in a solid gold jacket (the light is dim), undervest of purple and silver, sash brilliant scarlet, and so on, down to his magnificent slippers of red morocco, very much turned up at the toes. And then an inlaid tray with two dainty little cups, mere thimbles, into which is poured from a long-handled brass pot, sizzling hot over a charcoal fire, two mouthfuls of fragrant Mocha. Then the Narghilehs, with their long flexible tubes, amber mouth-pieces, and the bits of burning coal, keeping alight the little heap of Turkish tobacco on the top of the slender caraffe-shaped glass.

We talk of the old days in Stamboul and of the morning we spent at the Bath, where I was parboiled and rubbed full of holes by two insufficiently clad Greeks ; and then of the festival night at Saint Sophia when, as a member of his household, I entered the Sacred Mosque barefooted and befezzed. Later on a lighted lantern is brought in, and we follow another gorgeous slave into the mysteries of my host's private apartments where a repast of kebabs and boiled rice is served.

After dinner other lights are fixed against the walls of an outer court, and a dozen or more of his retinue—Far-away and his *confrère,* Roberto Levy, count five hundred and fifty followers—with weird song and gesture, throw themselves with perfect abandon into one of their wild native dances.

This small army of the Faithful eat, sleep, and dress precisely as they do at

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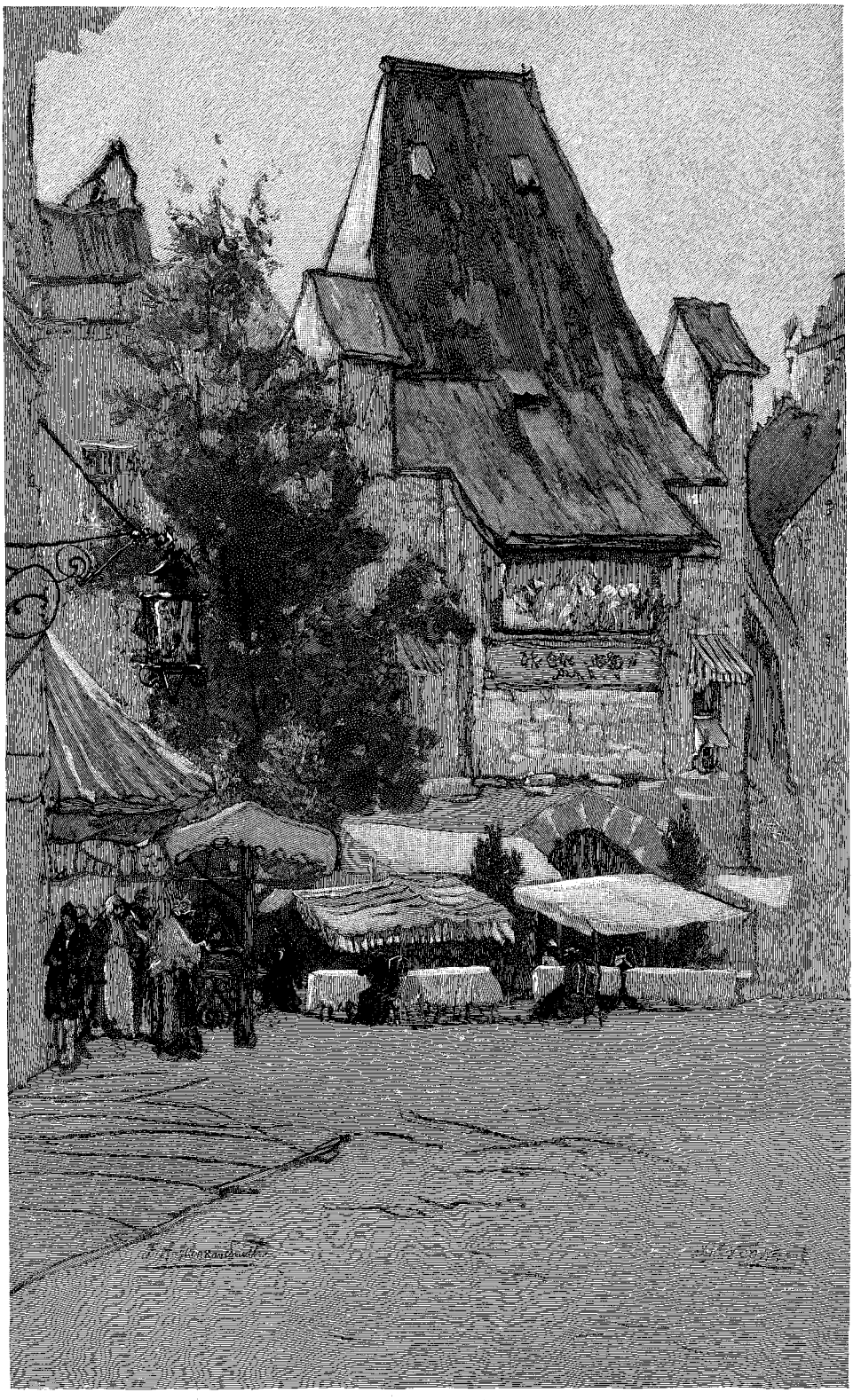

DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH. ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

In Old Vienna.

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home. The Bedouin women huddle in the dust outside their tents, baking their wafer-like bread over rounded pans covering heaps of live coals; the men smoke and lounge on the mats; the dancing-girls from Damascus and Syria, in the intervals of their stage work, shut themselves up in their curtain-closed rooms, attended only by their women.

They allow no difference in their surroundings or atmosphere; there is no hurry nor rush nor noise; only the indolent, lazy life of the East. Had the genie of the lamp been summoned from space to work these marvellous effects it could not have been better done.

"Far-away Moses."

But the picturesque does not end with the Turkish village, its mosques, bazaars, café, theatre, and attendants. Enter the gates leading to the little toy houses of the Javanese, and stop for a moment at one of the doors. Half a dozen of the dancing-girls are cuddled together in the middle of the floor. There is no light except through the open door. Some are smoking cigarettes. One is painting the eyebrows of a comrade, who in turn is combing the other's hair. Two are stretched out on either side of the entrance lolling lazily. They smile courteously, and when one rises and trips away to the next miniature house, she drops you a slight deferential courtesy as she passes—not to attract your attention, but as challenging permission—to cross in front of you.

If you, an admirer of Western civilization, offer some one of its subjects a piece of silver, you receive either the customary gruff thanks or the incredulous stare. If you have doubts about the courtesy, the refinement, and the charm of the semi-barbarous East, try the same experiment on one of these little Javanese maidens, fully of age and yet hardly as tall as the curly-haired daughter that you hold in your arms. When you tender her the coin she walks to where you stand without the slightest trace of either forwardness or timidity, drops on one knee—clasping the money in her right hand—crosses both arms over her bosom, places the piece on her head, and then bowing low, her face toward you, retraces her steps into the bungalow. With each gesture she intends some graceful service—she is your slave—her heart is always true, her head in subjection. It is only her way of saying thank you—this poor little half-clad, half-civilized, Javanese maid; but it is so gracefully, so charmingly done, it is so naïve and sincere, that if you leave the door of her hut with a cent in your pocket you should be sentenced to spend a month in her village to learn better manners.

As you are still in search of the picturesque, follow that barefooted Arab with fez and long yellow gown, who has just saluted with such respect and humility Roberto Levy (chief commissioner of all these Muhammedan people), touching his heart and lips and forehead after the manner of his race. He has some complaint to make or grievance to right. You note that the man enters a gate farther down on the Plaisance, above which you catch the minaret of another mosque, overlooking "A Street in Cai-

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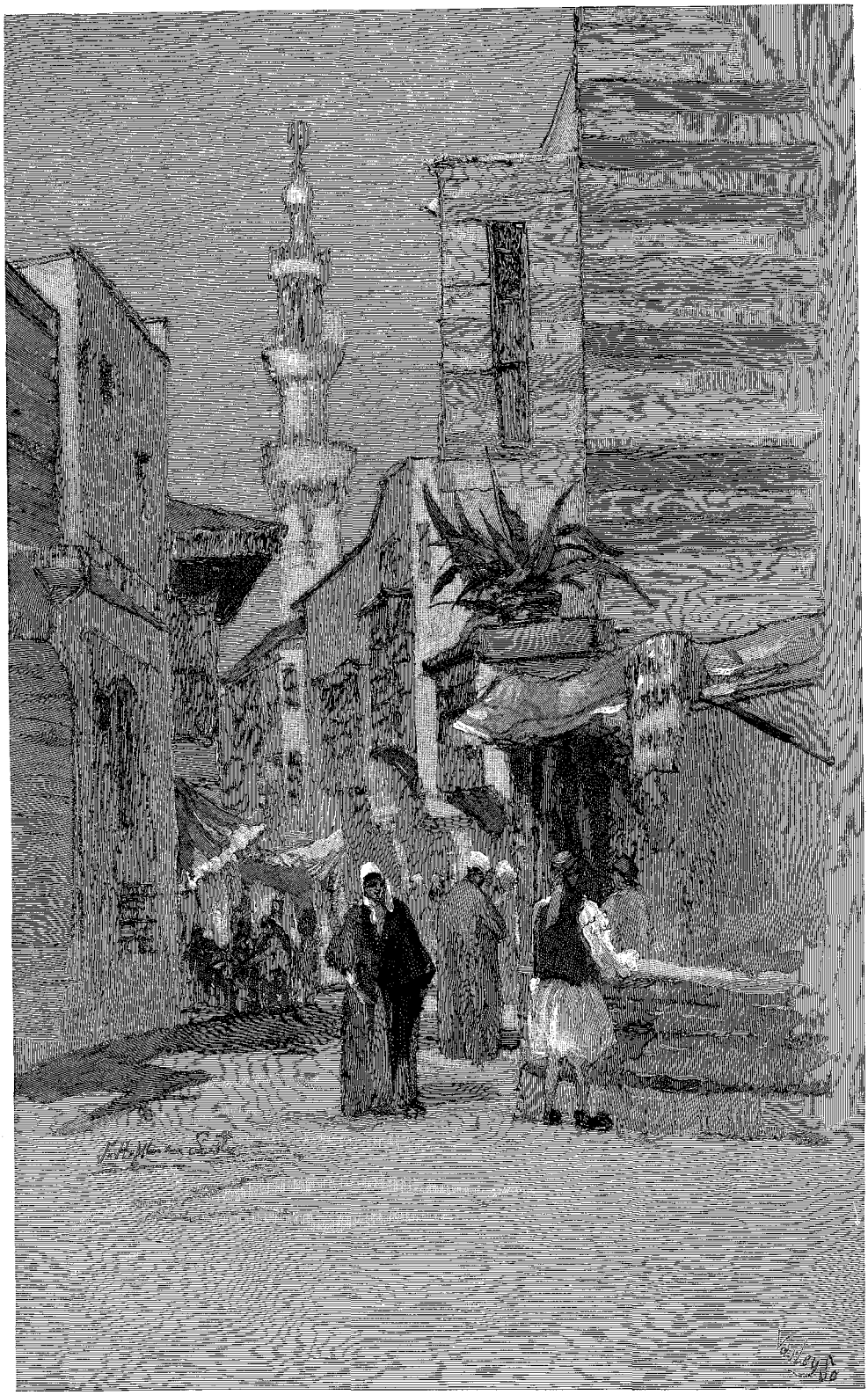

DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

In Cairo Street.

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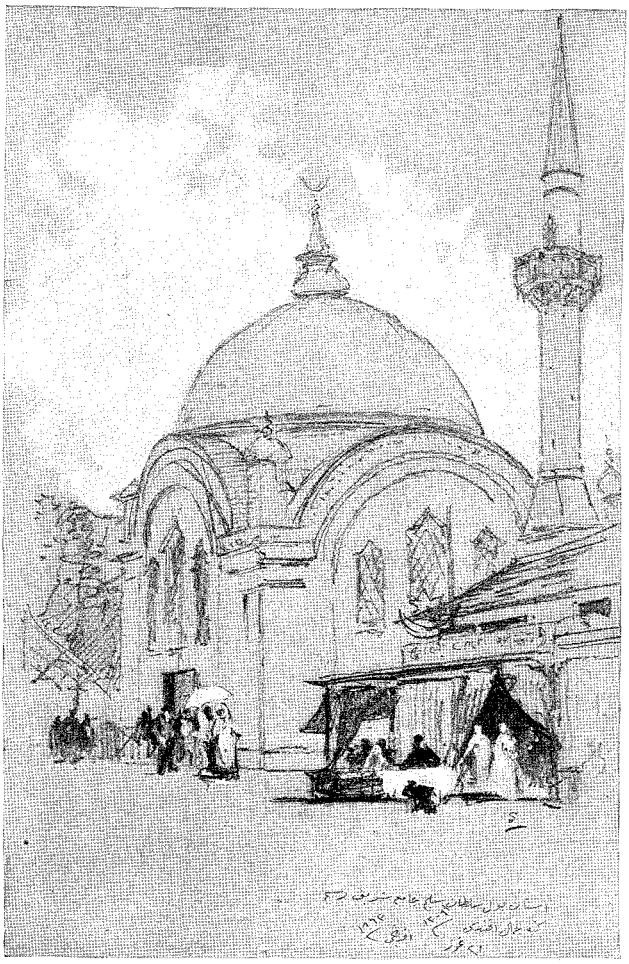
ro." Later on you discover that this barefooted Arab drives a camel along this tortuous thoroughfare.



Mosque of the Sultan Selim.

Here again the quality of the picturesque is inseparably joined to the quality of the genuine. The street itself is a fair reproduction of the original, with its overhanging latticed windows, iron gratings and decorations; but the motley crowd that throngs through its crookedness is the native element itself. Camels with the dust of the desert ground into their scarred hides, every knot in the harness a guarantee of long service; donkeys and donkey boys; women closely veiled or wearing the *burgi*—a wooden spool bound over the nose, with a heavy fringe of black thread falling below the chin; rows of idlers in dirty garments sprawled along the edges of the houses hugging the shade; Nubians, black as ink, in white burnoose and long gowns; pedlers, street venders in odd Eastern costumes, and scattered throughout the curious throng the man from Maine and the gentleman from Texas.

Everywhere you find the same element of the picturesque, everywhere is evident the same quality of the genuine. To accomplish these results space and time seem to have been annihilated.

"It is I who went up into the Soudan country and brought out this family, come in and see," says a dark, black-

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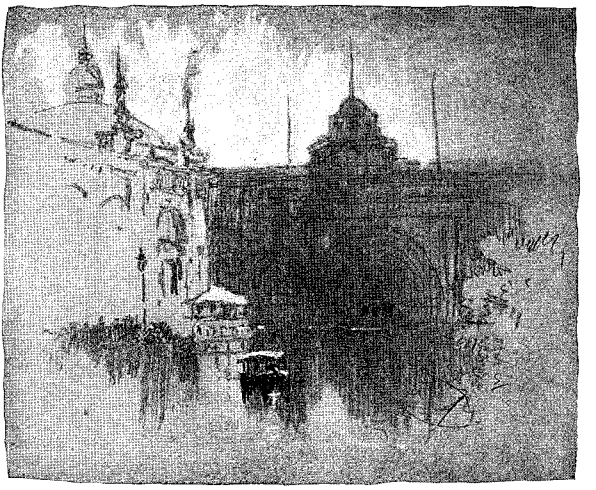
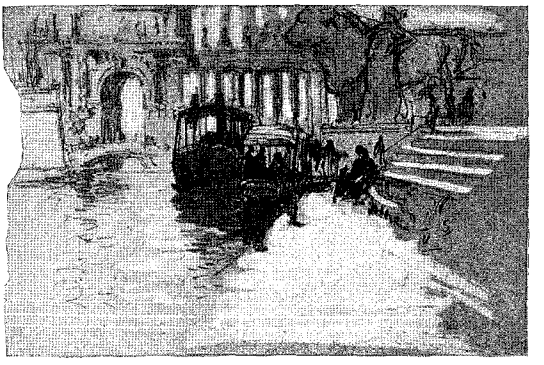


Doorway of the Transportation Building.

bearded man, who might have the blood of all the races of the East in his veins.

I thrust my head and shoulder through a narrow slit in the hut, shaped like an inverted teacup, and am confronted by a girl wearing a single garment of coarse cotton cloth, such as would cover a sack of salt. Behind her, squatting on the earth-floor, sit her husband and father, beating rude drums covered with skins. The girl instantly advances, lifts up her face and gazing into mine with half-closed eyes, gives herself up with slow movement of her feet to that peculiar spell which seems to possess all Eastern women when under the influence of the dance. The inmates are all uncleanly, unkempt, and, but for the earnest face and fawn-like eyes of the Soudanese girl-wife, forbidding and repulsive. Of one thing, however, you are sure: had you wandered into the heart of their country and entered any one of their huts, you would have found the exact counterpart of what is before you now.

So with the Algerians and Nubians, the Chinese and natives of Ceylon, Dahomey and the South Sea Islands, the Esquimaux even down to the glass-blowers from Murano: they are not a part of a show—they are the people themselves. How long this unconscious individuality will continue and what degrading effects our civilization will produce on these strangers is a question which cannot be settled until the Fair is over.



It is safe to say that never in the lives of the present generation will these things be repeated. Before the summer comes again the beautiful city will fade away like the frost-work of an early morning. This broad highway, teeming with life and color, will be but a neglected waste, while the lovely lagoons will once more yield themselves up to the ever-encroaching lake. Every square foot of the wide enclosure should be sacred to every American, as marking for them and for the intelligent world a point in civilization never before reached by any people; as marking the dawn of a new era in the progress of the Republic; a new light in architecture, in mural decoration and sculpture; in the weaving of exquisite stuffs, in the glazing of porcelains, the making of glass and perfecting of all the lesser arts that serve to beautify our homes and gladden our lives; and in the proving, by comparison with the best work of the other nations of earth, the high standard reached by our own artists, and the fixing forever of that position in the art of the world.

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Professor Edward Augustus Freeman.
(Drawn by J. Carroll Beckwith, from a photograph.)

MR. FREEMAN AT HOME.

By Delia Lyman Porter.

IN the southwestern corner of England, in the county of Somerset, lies the beautiful little town of Wells, and within two miles of the cathedral and palace, for which it is so well known, is Somerleaze, which for most of his life was the home of the "Sage of Somerset." There Mr. Freeman most loved to be, there in his great library he wrote most of the histories which have made him famous, thither, after he was made professor at Oxford, he was always longing to return.

It was on a beautiful afternoon in the spring of 1882 that Mr. Freeman, on his return from America, saw again this beloved home. From the little station at Wells, we drove through the quaint narrow streets, and then through the rich, rolling country for which Somersetshire is so famed, till in about twenty minutes we reached the gate of Somerleaze. There under an arch, which bore the welcoming words:

"May the dews of Heaven fall thick in blessings,
Fair be all their hopes and prosperous be their life!"

we entered by a winding driveway, the beautiful grounds which led to the house.

The accompanying rough sketch, which Mr. Freeman drew, gives an idea of the form, though not of the charming coloring, of the low-set, rambling gray house, which was almost completely covered on the front wall

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with ivy, a climbing clematis with its great purple flower, and a luxuriant tea-rose vine. In front of the low porch was a gravel tennis court, and to the right stretched a fine park of very beautiful old trees, through the openings in which were enchanting views of the blue Mendip hills just across the valley. Beyond the hedge was the picturesque and ancient parish church of the little village of Wookey. There Mr. Freeman was always called "the Squire," and there Mrs. Freeman was a veritable Lady Bountiful in her ministrations to the sick and aged.

The first set of steps around the corner of the house lead to Mr. Freeman's library. To the right of that is the great oriel window of the drawing-room, which he put in himself, and in which he took great satisfaction. Next to this are the tall windows of the dining-room.

Turning then to the left, one comes upon another view which Mr. Freeman has also illustrated with his own pencil. At the left is a window of the dining-room and a flight of steps leading to the morning-room. From these steps the view of the grounds was entirely different from that through the park, and yet quite as beautiful. On the soft, velvety English turf, were several tennis-courts, along one side of which a winding path led to a pretty pond with a little island in it and white ducks gracefully swimming on its surface. To the left a long walk past an old-fashioned flower-garden led up to Ben Knoll. This wood-clad hill, with its ivy-covered tree-trunks, its winding paths, and rustic summer-houses was Mr. Freeman's favorite haunt. A lovely spot it was, wrapped in the peaceful quiet of an English country scene, with its views of hill and dale, and its daily concerts from the birds who sing there as only English birds can sing. Specially beautiful, too, were the sunsets from Ben Knoll, lighting up, and then gradually dying away behind the Mendips.

Inside the house, the great drawing-room, with its oriel window, was undoubtedly the finest room, but the most interesting was Mr. Freeman's library. Every foot of its high walls was covered with books, among them being many rare old chronicles and copies of the principal original historical MSS. of the British and Bodleian Museums. Mr. Freeman was always amused at the question he was often asked in America, "How can you write your histories so far away from the original sources in the London libraries?" for he rarely had to use a manuscript of which he had not a copy. Through the broad

Facsimile of a Sketch by Mr. Freeman of his Home "Somerleaze."

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windows at the only lighted end of the room, was a beautiful view of the park.

Three large tables were covered with papers, each for a different purpose. One was for the main work on which he was engaged. Another was for the magazine and newspaper articles which he was constantly writing, as political events stirred him to do so. He was never too busy to champion the cause of the oppressed, whether in Ireland or Greece or Bulgaria. No man ever had a more intense zeal for the cause of freedom, and nothing can exceed the eloquence with which he wrote on the Eastern Question, his fiery denunciations of Francis Joseph of Austria, Lord Salisbury, the Berlin Council, the Turks, and all oppressors of those long persecuted Eastern lands along the Adriatic. Nor was this interest in the cause of freedom expressed only in words. When Greece specially needed help in her war with Turkey in 1881 he raised, by his own personal efforts, a quarter of a million dollars for their assistance. His next visit to Greece was an ovation. I remember the enjoyment with which he told me how, one day, he was entirely surrounded by his grateful admirers and covered with wreaths of flowers, and how the climax was capped when an enthusiastic Greek, rushing through a window — his only way of entering the crowded house—threw his arms around the astonished historian and overwhelmed him with kisses.

Another View of "Somerleaze."
(Facsimile of a sketch by Mr. Freeman.)

On a third table in his library, Mr. Freeman wrote his letters in a most peculiar way. There you might see a half dozen letters spread out, all kept going at the same time. He had a curious habit of stopping at the end of a page, perhaps in the middle of a sentence, then going on to another letter, and returning after several days (with the new date in brackets at the top of the next page) he would conclude the sentence and continue the letter. He wrote with a quill pen, using the blackest of black ink and the heaviest of white paper, which, with a characteristic disregard for such small things as postage, he used with equal freedom for foreign letters. His handwriting was difficult to read until one became familiar with it. He was an amazing correspondent, writing numerous and very long letters, bright, and often playful in style, full of honest opinions of the great events of the day, expressed in his strong, vigorous way.

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This suggests one of his strongest characteristics—his intensity of nature. He was a man of intense likes and dislikes, and never had a half-way opinion of anything about which he had any opinion at all. He was either entirely indifferent or knew his mind very positively.

Furthermore, he was absolutely honest in his opinions and judgments. In answering a question I once asked him as to whether a lie is ever justifiable, after enumerating several instances in which, theoretically, it might be, he declared: "But in any of these cases I, personally, should find it physically hard to utter the thing that is not." He never feigned to know a thing which he did not know, never hesitated to avow what he did.

Among those things of which he was absolutely and curiously ignorant was how to do the common things of life, such as managing luggage and like details in travelling. "My tastes have their drawbacks," he wrote, in 1887. "I get to dislike all human affairs, mine own and those of anybody else, and to leave them to anybody that will do them for me." He was equally frank in avowing his lack of practical mechanical knowledge. In replying to a letter in which I explained to him the making of a composite photograph, he wrote: "Your explanation of the many-girl photograph is too scientific for me. I don't know about 'foci' and 'negatives.' I believe I have not any notion *how* anything is done except making a book, rolling up a book packet, and making a fire burn with crumbling turf. I can do those three physical things and no others." Another interesting confession of his own limitations was in speaking of a brilliant young girl: "Her writings are very wild and untamed, thought I, but full of real imaginative power. You know I don't profess to invent myself, only to fish things out and set them forth after I have fished them. But this lassie had got hold of things that I can't guess where she caught them; so I suppose they grew in her own brain."

But this plain-spokenness of Mr. Freeman was sometimes amusing. I well remember an instance of this when we were paying visits in Wells. We had rung the bell at the house of a distinguished church dignitary. The maid who answered it told us that Dr. —— was not at home, but Mrs. —— was. "Oh!" was Mr. Freeman's instant ejaculation, "we shall *have* to go in, then!" which, if repeated by the maid to her mistress, must have somewhat amused her.

To return to his library, the drawers of his letter-table were full of interesting letters from distinguished men all over England. His unbounded generosity was shown by his giving the writer free permission to abstract for her autograph-collection any which she wished. Besides those of Dean Stanley, Bishop Stubbs, Merivale, John Bright, Anthony Trollope, and many others of equal note, he insisted on her also taking one which, in her eyes, was the prize of all—a letter from Gladstone containing a complimentary opinion of Mr. Freeman himself. This was the more remarkable, as he was an ardent admirer and supporter of Gladstone's. His generosity was utterly without stint, and the same man who was so often thought gruff and brusque in general society could not do enough for his friends. He delighted to entertain them in his house and overwhelmed them with kindness. To really know Mr. Freeman one should have seen him at his own table surrounded by those who knew and appreciated him.

It must be acknowledged, however, that he did not extend the same heartiness to most strangers or to people in general, partly, I think, through shyness and partly from a singular inability to talk any of the small talk which is so often needed in beginning an acquaintance with a stranger. "When I know nothing at all about a man who is brought up to me, what in the world can I say?" he more than once said to me in a perfectly helpless way. And in one of his letters, he writes: "What on earth do you find to say to people? Many must be fools, and I fancy that I never mastered the apostolic suggestion or counsel of perfection—for a direct precept it is not—to 'suffer fools gladly?' Only you seem not only to suffer fools gladly, but positively to rejoice in

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them, which I cannot fathom." But introduce to him one who had an interest in any of his special subjects—history, architecture, or archæology, and a rich stream of delightful talk would flow forth.

Though those three were Mr. Freeman's special subjects, a glance around the walls of his library showed that he read other books besides. Of fiction there was not much. He liked the reality and truth to life of George Eliot's works, but curiously failed to appreciate Dickens. "I read 'The Mill on the Floss' years ago, but not lately," he wrote in 1885. "'Adam Bede' I read again this year. George Eliot's people are all real people. You have seen such people, or you feel you might have seen such—so utterly different from the forced wit and vulgarity of so many, I should say, of Dickens." Of Henry James, he wrote: "I am trying to read 'Washington Square.' It strikes me as an elaborate description of nothing; as if a painter should paint a pair of boots very like real boots."

Among essayists, he also failed to appreciate Emerson, partly for the occasional lack of clearness in his writings, and partly for his poetical way of treating some historical events, which roused Mr. Freeman's impatience. "I took up a thing of his the other day," he wrote, "and his notion of the Norman Conquest was that 'twenty thousand thieves founded the House of Lords!!!' He seemed to come into England not knowing anything whatever about anything."

As to poetry, his fondness for a clear, direct style made him unable to appreciate such a poet as Browning. "Bother Browning and Emerson and all people who write not to be understood!" he wrote, in one of his letters. I well remember his enjoyment of the amusing incidents which we saw on Commemoration Day in Oxford in 1882, when Browning received his honorary degree. Of all the witty and absurd sallies which came from the students in the upper galleries of the Sheldonian Theatre that morning, none evoked so much laughter as those which met Robert Browning as he stood in his scarlet doctor's robe, during his presentation to the Vice-Chancellor. From the gallery a red cotton nightcap fastened to a string (referring to his "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country") was dangled over the heads of the Vice-Chancellor and other dignitaries, as they sat in all their magnificence below, and was at last skilfully landed on the head of Browning himself. At the same time a huge cartoon was also let down, on which was a comical caricature of the poet with an enormous head on a very little body, and beside him a similar figure of a member of the Browning Society, imploring him in a rhymed couplet to show him how to understand his poetry. Mr. Freeman sympathized heartily with that member of the Browning Society, for he could not get hold of Browning's poetry, though personally he liked him. In April, 1884, he wrote:

"At that dinner I sat opposite to Browning, and found that in private life he was much like another man. I had thought that his *Comitatus*, the Browning Society, would follow him everywhere to explain what he said. But if a man can talk to be understood, why can't he write to be understood? But those things are not in my line—Homer and Macaulay for me—them I can understand."

Macaulay certainly does not need a society to explain his poems, and of his "Lays of Ancient Rome," Mr. Freeman was exceedingly fond. He liked their stirring lines and fine musical cadence. He knew them all by heart, and often, as we walked over the hills on a summer afternoon, he would recite, with great feeling and fine effect, poem after poem. He liked Byron's poems, too, for the same reasons.

These preferences of his show a marked characteristic of his own style. He was so averse to any lack of clearness, that in his own writings he almost went to the other extreme, and is often accused of too much repetition. To avoid all ambiguity he frequently repeated a word several times instead of using its pronoun, or "the former" and "the latter."

Arising also from this natural simplicity of style was his preference for good strong Anglo-Saxon words and his dislike of Latin derivatives where a pure-

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ly English word could be used. "Do not say, 'I *commence* my letter,' but 'I *begin* it,'" he wrote, and in like manner more than once. So also he objected to the common use of French endings for the names of English or American towns. Writing to me when I was in Leadville, Col., he said: "But *Leadville* — Plumbapolis! What a name! Did they not know that the English tongue has such endings as *ton, burgh,* and a dozen others, that they must needs run off to a French *Ville!* Whitneyville, Varietyville, and (more wonderful than all) Washingtonville; but here in Middle England some are as bad—Pittsville, and Cliftonville—every bit as bad as Washingtonville."

But it was not so much his style that made some of his historical descriptions so thrilling, as the passionate earnestness which he threw into the writing of anything which really stirred him. He actually re-lived again the stirring scenes of his favorite periods of history, his heroes were all real living people to him, and his enthusiasm for his favorites unbounded. Of a visit to Normandy, he writes in verse:

"The same full moon
Casts wide her lights and shadows on the works
And homes of bishops, burghers, priests, and counts
Who seem to me like living friends and foes."

I remember how one evening at Somerleaze he was mightily stirred by reading in an English magazine a criticism of one of his books which referred to him as being "cold and calm" in his style. He rushed off to the library, brought back a volume of the "Norman Conquest" and read with so much fire and eloquence, so much feeling and excitement, the stirring account of the battle of Senlac, that had his critic been present he could hardly have described him as "cold and calm" again. He had a fine bass voice and was an excellent reader. In the little parish church it was interesting to see him on a Sunday morning, in white robes and scarlet Oxford hood, reading the lessons of the day, according to a common English custom that the principal layman of the church should thus assist the vicar.

To return to his Somerleaze library, on his shelves were, of course, many books on architecture. No one in England, perhaps, was more of an authority in this line than Mr. Freeman, for besides his great learning on the subject, and his keen æsthetic taste, he always looked at it from an historical point of view. He never considered that he could write the history of any locality till he had carefully examined himself every trace and survival of its ancient monuments. His special field was the Romanesque or Norman architecture, and he had personally examined almost every remaining work, great or small, of that glorious style. From Normandy, in 1888, he wrote:

"It is very hard to give any notion of the inside of these churches with their vast height, utterly beyond all comparison with anything in England, though English churches certainly out-do them in some other points, as length and outline. You know that after all, it is the Romanesque churches and Romanesque work generally that I go in for, because that is my real work, bearing on Normans and Franks, and all that I have to do with. The latter, the Gothic buildings, I sit and gaze on with delight, but they are not part of my business. Neither William nor Harold ever saw them, nor yet King Roger. But in Saint Remigius, at Rheims, you see the pillars and capital which Gyrth must have looked at when they were new, as he came back from his pilgrimage to Rome."

Of English Norman work the noble cathedral of Durham was his special delight, and I shall never forget the hour when he led me into the nave with its great pillars and noble arches, and the wonderful impression of the massiveness and everlastingness of the work of these old builders, which is hard to match elsewhere. We were both silent for a long time. Mr. Freeman was too much moved for words. I remember his interest in the fine Norman work and curious mosaics of the Sicilian cathedral of Monreale, and the churches of Palermo, where I first met him in the winter of 1877–78. That visit was, I think, the first of the many which he made to that island, collecting the vast amount of material which he was work-

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ing into his great history of Sicily, when his death cut all work short in 1892. He wrote, in 1887:

"How this glorious island takes hold of one and keeps one bound. I once meant only to do the Norman kings here to match the Norman kings in the other great island, Roger to balance against Henry, but the whole story lies so together that I find I must tell it from the beginning. Tell it I must in two shapes, as I have let myself in to do it for 'the Story of the Nations,' besides something much bigger."

I remember a visit to an old Greek town near Palermo, of which Mr. Freeman told us more than our guide-books. Indeed the sight-seeing of an ordinary traveller was as different as could be imagined from Mr. Freeman's. Though rather stout and not light of foot, he would climb to the most inaccessible point of some old Norman ruin if a better notion of some historic scene could be gained. He "stepped out," as he called his careful tracing, many a mile of old broken-down and partly buried wall, by his skill and archæological knowledge discovering the identity of many historic remains previously unknown. It was anything but easy work, but he loved it.

"You don't know how worked I am here," he wrote. "I have said once or twice 'I have no time to sleep or to write letters,' and it really is something like it. I dare say some blinded people think that I am taking what they call a 'holiday' in Sicily. If a 'holiday' consists in hard work—and I sometimes think it does—I suppose I am. To be sure I like the work very much; but it is work all the same. I have every day to go see this and that, to scramble up and down this and that place, to read what the Greek writers wrote about it, and what the German commentators say about it now, and to work it all into the proper place of my great Sicilian book." And again, "I am glad to turn from anything to my direct Sicilian work; that now draws me before all, and Thucydides, Diodorus, and Plutarch (with endless Germans to turn to) must be what Macmillan advertises as 'Books for the Seaside.' Anyhow, 'tis a blessed thing to be in Sicily." He was especially fond of Syracuse, rich as it is in natural beauty and historic treasures. "Truly, Syracuse is the place to make one young and lusty as the (Sicilian) eagle, or by a better similitude, as a kid of the goats skipping up the rocks. Will you believe it? I walked and *clomb* right to the top of the hill—*clomb*, I say, yea, I did more than once of set purpose forsake the main road to go up steps and stony paths that seemed more fit to go into Henna by. But I played no such tricks coming down, pacing down in a canter, with rain and wind and lightning and thunder to help me on." In the same letter, speaking of going home, he says: "I think we shall not go to Malta. 'Tis but a jingo island, full of Swashbucklers, British Empire, and all that."

But to return to his home at Somerleaze, as he himself was always more than glad to do, perhaps a more vivid impression of his habits and methods of work and recreation may be gained from a brief account of his every-day life.

Mr. Freeman was always an early riser and did, as he expressed it, "a good bit" of work before breakfast. "A wonderful deal," he wrote me, "may be done by method and by *getting up early;*" and this fine start in the fresh morning hours was one reason why he turned out so much work. At half-past eight the household, including all the servants, gathered in the dining-room to hear "the Master," as Mr. Freeman was always called by them, read family prayers.

After Mrs. Freeman had distributed the large morning mail, we began that pleasant and most informal English meal—the breakfast, after which Mr. Freeman always took me for a ten-minutes' walk in the garden to get freshened up for his morning's work. We were generally accompanied by Foochow, Mr. Freeman's favorite dog. Foochow was brought from China by, I think, the Governor of Hong Kong, as a gift to Mr. Freeman. He used always to accompany his master on his walks, unless he was specially forbidden. Writing from Oxford in 1885, Mr. Freeman said of him: "He has sense to know that when I set out in

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cap and gown he is not to come. If I go out without them and do not take him, he thinks himself wronged, but when on Commemoration Day I appeared clothed in scarlet [his doctor's gown], that he could not make out at all." Another pet was a large peacock which used to strut up and down in front of Mr. Freeman's windows, often mounting the steps and thrusting his head into the library in the hope that his kind-hearted master would stop writing, as he often did, and give him something to eat.

After our little stroll Mr. Freeman shut himself up in his library, donned his scarlet study gown, and settled down to the day's work. He never felt satisfied unless he had worked his full quota of hours. He showed me once the blank-book in which he checked off for each day the number of hours he had worked. If the number for one day was short he always tried to make it up at another time, and this persevering method was another reason for the great amount which he accomplished.

In giving me some advice about studying English history, he wrote, in 1883: "The thing is to get the habit of real application, which is so hard to all you lassies. You are quick enough when you do give your minds to a thing, but it is so hard to get you to give your minds to anything steadily. When you can refer to an original writer, do; both Johnny [Mr. Green] and I in our notes will give you some notion of them. It is a really important and difficult business to grasp the truth that there are original writers. Some seem to think that we have it all revealed to us or spin it out of our own heads." And later he wrote: "I think love of work grows on one as one gets older—that is, if one has been used to it always. And I find that power and judgment get stronger and stronger, but mere memory weakens; indeed, it is weakening all through life; one does not remember anything so well as what one learned as a child."

His advice on the subject of studying history reminds me of a story Mr. Freeman enjoyed telling of a young Oxford student who was studying American history neither wisely nor too well. "Do you take in the *Federalist?*" asked Mr. Freeman, meaning as a book in the university course of study. "No," he answered, "only Scribner's Monthly, taken in at the Union [Club]." Just here may be inserted one or two references in Mr. Freeman's letters to some other American journals: "I am asked to write something for the *Youth's Companion* of Boston. The *Youth's Companion*, I take to be the Maid, and there is a picture of her sliding down a steep place in a kind of sleigh. Then the *Independent* of New York, writes again to me about Columbus discovering your land. Now, he didn't discover your land—Sebastian Cabot, of Bristol, did that, good luck to him for so doing!" "Have you seen ——'s new Illustrated Magazine? It is nothing like so good as the *Century*. Your side has certainly the pull in wood-engraving."

Another five minutes' stroll in the middle of the morning broke the long hours before dinner, which in the summer was about two o'clock. After that more work in the library till half-past four or so, when we all met in the drawing-room for a cup of afternoon tea. Sometimes a long drive occupied the whole afternoon, to Cheddon Cliff or the beautiful ruin of Glastonbury, or one of the many other historical spots near Somerleaze. But more often the drive came after the tea hour, bringing us home in the long English twilight to "high tea," a hearty and specially pleasant meal, at eight o'clock.

More often, still, however, Mr. Freeman would take Foochow and me, about five o'clock, for a long, delightful tramp over the hills. The country in Somerset is wonderfully lovely, and has much of the more famed beauty of its southern neighbor Devon. The valley in which Somerleaze lies, is bounded on one side by the Mendip hills, and along its surface are scattered many small mound-like hills, of which Ben Knoll is one. Up and down these hills we wandered, crossing one stile after another from field to field, where the velvety green of the grass was like that of a fine American lawn. The air was fragrant with hawthorn or cowslips, and later with the pleasant odors of new-mown hay. Flocks of sheep lay quietly resting un-

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der the trees till Foochow, pursuing his favorite amusement, rushed among them and scattered them in every direction, no chiding from Mr. Freeman inducing him to give up this bit of fun, dear to the heart of a dog.

As we walked, Mr. Freeman told me many an interesting story of his early life. From one of the hills he pointed in the direction of Brean Down. "The first thing in the world that I can remember," he said, "was a thunderstorm on Brean Down about the year 1825 or 1826, when I was two or three years old." Another time he told me of knowing Mrs. Hannah More when he was a little boy. In August, 1889, after the hundredth anniversary of the beginning of her work in Cheddar, he wrote of her: "She was a mighty good woman who patted me when I was a small child, as she had patted Macaulay about twenty years before; only little Tommy, aged four years, offered her a glass of old spirits, which little Edward never ventured to do. She set up schools, wrote tracts, and did a great deal more, and as the beginning was at Cheddar in 1789, we held a feast to her at Cheddar in 1889, and had some prayers and provender, sermons and speeches, of which last I was the only one put forward, as the only man who remembered her in the flesh."

His mention of Macaulay suggests a story he told in a later letter of the Rev. Churchill Babington, a relative of Lord Macaulay's whom he was visiting. "He in his boyhood was bidden of T. B. (afterward Lord) Macaulay to catch a sheep and, failing in that undertaking, said boldly to the great man: 'Catch it yourself, Mr. Macaulay!' He is now a round man with a bald head, and looks quite unsuited for the catching of sheep, save haply in a pastoral sense."

During our walks Mr. Freeman also talked much of his special friends. For Mr. J. R. Green, whom he always called "Johnny," he had a strong affection. Mr. Freeman was fourteen years his senior, and had known him ever since his boyhood, when he carried him on his shoulders. I remember the day in May, 1882, when he took me to lunch at Mr. Green's house in London, and there I saw for myself how much the elder and the younger writer were to each other. It was only the year before Mr. Green's death, and he looked very frail. He wore a little black skull-cap. His eyes were bright and his manner and talk particularly charming. That he shared Mr. Freeman's vivid sense of the ludicrous, was shown by the frequent laughter at that lunch-table. Among other things which amused him, was Mr. Freeman's declaration that he never let a man die at the end of a chapter in the "Norman Conquest," because Johnny told him not to. Mrs. Green, who was an equally charming hostess, wore a leather strap buckled on her wrist, because she had lamed it writing, at his dictation, the "Making of England." She told me among other things, that when Mr. Henry James asked Mr. Green one day for a definition of a novel, he said: "History without documents—nothing to prove it."

In one of his later letters Mr. Freeman wrote: "Seeley's [Professor at Cambridge] great grievance seems to be that Johnny Green won't be dull. Poor dear Johnny, I fear he is very weak." And after Green's death, he wrote: "He said once or twice that I 'made him,' which is perfectly true, I really believe; but it was nice of him to remember it when he had been so much run after of late years." In a long poem on which Mr. Freeman was engaged about that time is this reference to his friend:

"Oft walked I on the hills,
With him so keen to mark each nook, each turn
That spake of the old times he loved so well,
When England was a-making. We have strayed
At Val-es-dunes and Senlac; in the choir
Where Harold lay, and where no stone is left,
To mark the choir that sheltered him. With him
On either side the narrow seas I sought
The spots where dwell the names of dukes and counts
Whose deeds he dreamed of telling. Now that tale
Must bide untold. The hand that would have traced
With more than limner's craft the living forms
Of Fulk and Geoffrey, never more may trace
A line to teach or cheer us."

Another friend of whom Mr. Freeman often spoke was Mr. Stubbs, then

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Regius Professor at Oxford, and now Bishop of Manchester. Mr. Freeman had for him the greatest admiration and affection, and declared that he knew more than any man in England. He told me a saying of his which showed the perfect simplicity of so great a scholar. Some one once asked Mr. Stubbs how he had managed to do so much really great work in constitutional history. "I have got to get some money for the children," he answered, smiling, "and when I do a thing I like to do it well." Mr. Freeman specially enjoyed a squib which Mr. Stubbs wrote about Froude and Charles Kingsley, soon after Froude's Rectorial Address at St. Andrews:

"Froude informs the Scottish youth
That parsons do not care for truth:
The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries;
'History is a heap of lies!'
What cause for judgment so malign?
A brief reflection solves the mystery—
Froude believes Kingsley a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history."

This mention of Froude brings to mind the well-known fact that Mr. Freeman was as hearty in his dislikes as in his likes, and toward those of whom he could not approve he was as severe as to his friends he was loyal and devoted.

"I send you," he writes, "a wicked '*World*,' to show you what they say of Froude. What a charming state of simplicity Kosmos must be in, to think that the speeches and despatches in Froude are genuine."

Before putting aside the letters from which most of these quotations are made, I want to add one which shows a side of Mr. Freeman's inner self of which he rarely gives any glimpse. "Ought I not to do something more personally for others than I ever do?" he writes. "Yet I suppose everyone must do according to his own gifts, and I don't believe mine lie in the way of very active ministrations in my own person. (I mean like Lord Selborne or Lord Hatherly, teaching in a Sunday-School.) I don't think my work is wholly selfish, I do believe I have done something honestly for truth and for right, and that may be the line meant for me, and which I may do better by sticking to than by trying other lines where I might only make a mess." And in the poem just quoted:

"And I have wrought and toiled, and as my heart
Would fondly dream have something done for truth
And something done for freedom. I have heard
The voice of eager nations greet my steps
As one who in their eyes had waged a strife
For them and for the right."

Concerning the last days of his life, in Spain, where he had gone to gather more material for his history of Sicily, the following details may be interesting to those who have seen only the brief newspaper notices.

Mr. Freeman with his wife and two of his daughters left Oxford, February 19, 1892, for a trip in Spain. He was as well as usual until Valencia was reached, where he complained of feeling a little weak. They next went to Alicante, hoping the sea air would do him good. There he enjoyed the warm sunshine and the view of the grand rock of Alicante, towering far above the town. The next evening he saw a doctor who, not till the next evening, hinted that the slight rash on his forehead might be small-pox. Such it proved, and after an illness in bed of only five days, he died on March 16th. In accordance with what was felt to be his wishes, he was buried in the quiet little Protestant cemetery of Alicante.

And there in Alicante we must leave him, but with many others we can but feel that a resting-place in Westminster Abbey would be more fitting for the remains of the greatest English historian.

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THE COPPERHEAD.

By Harold Frederic.

XII.

ABNER and Esther stood for a bewildered minute, staring at the rough unpainted boards through which this astonishing inquiry had come. I scrambled to my feet and kicked aside the tick and blankets. Whatever else happened, it did not seem likely that there was any more sleeping to be done. Then the farmer strode forward and dragged one of the doors back on its squeaking rollers. Some snow fell in upon his boots from the ridge that had formed against it over night. Save for a vaguely faint snow-light in the air, it was still dark.

"Yes, she's here," said Abner, with his hand on the open door.

"Then I'd like to know——" the invisible Jee began excitedly shouting from without.

"Sh-h! You'll wake everybody up!" the farmer interposed. "Come inside, so that I can shut the door."

"Never under your roof!" came back the shrill hostile voice. "I swore I never would, and I won't!"

"You'd have to take a crowbar to get under my roof," returned Abner, grimly conscious of a certain humor in the thought. "What's left of it is layin' over yonder in what used to be the cellar. So you needn't stand on ceremony on *that* account. I ain't got no house now, so't your oath ain't bindin'. Besides, the Bible says, 'Swear not at all!'"

A momentary silence ensued; then Abner rattled the door on its wheels. "Well, what are you goin' to do?" he asked, impatiently. "I can't keep this door open all night, freezin' everybody to death. If you won't come in, you'll have to stay out!" and again there was an ominous creaking of the rollers.

"I want my da'ater!" insisted Jehoiada, vehemently. "I stan' on a father's rights."

"A father ain't got no more right to make a fool of himself than anybody else," replied Abner, gravely. "What kind of a time o' night is this, with the snow knee-deep, for a girl to be out o' doors? She's all right here, with my women-folks, an' I'll bring her down with the cutter in the mornin'—that is, if she wants to come. An' now, once for all, will you step inside or not?"

Esther had taken up the lantern and advanced with it now to the open door. "Come in, father," she said, in tones which seemed to be authoritative. "They've been very kind to me. Come in!"

Then, to my surprise, the lean and scrawny figure of the cooper emerged from the darkness, and stepping high over the snow, entered the barn, Abner sending the door to behind him with a mighty sweep of the arm.

Old Hagadorn came in grumbling under his breath, and stamping the snow from his feet with sullen kicks. He bore a sledge-stake in one of his mittened hands. A worsted comforter was wrapped around his neck and ears and partially over his conical-peaked cap. He rubbed his long thin nose against his mitten and blinked sulkily at the lantern and the girl who held it.

"So here you be!" he said at last, in vexed tones. "An' me traipsin' around in the snow the best part of the night lookin' for you!"

"See here, father," said Esther, speaking in a measured, deliberate way, "we won't talk about that at all. If a thousand times worse things had happened to both of us than have, it still wouldn't be worth mentioning compared with what has befallen these good people here. They've been attacked by a mob of rowdies and loafers, and had their house and home burned down over their heads and been driven to take refuge here in this barn of a winter's

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night. They've shared their shelter with me and been kindness itself, and now that you're here, if you can't think of anything pleasant to say to them, if I were you I'd say nothing at all."

This was plain talk, but it seemed to produce a satisfactory effect upon Jehoiada. He unwound his comforter enough to liberate his straggling sandy beard and took off his mittens. After a moment or two he seated himself in the chair, with a murmured "I'm jest about tuckered out," in apology for the action. He did, in truth, present a woful picture of fatigue and physical feebleness, now that we saw him in repose. The bones seemed ready to start through the parchment-like skin on his gaunt cheeks, and his eyes glowed with an unhealthy fire, as he sat, breathing hard and staring at the jumbled heaps of furniture on the floor.

Esther had put the lantern again on the box and drawn forward a chair for Abner, but the farmer declined it with a wave of the hand and continued to stand in the background, looking his ancient enemy over from head to foot with a meditative gaze. Jehoiada grew visibly nervous under this inspection; he fidgeted on his chair and then fell to coughing — a dry, rasping cough which had an evil sound, and which he seemed to make the worse by fumbling aimlessly at the button that held the overcoat collar round his throat.

At last Abner walked slowly over to the shadowed masses of piled-up household things and lifted out one of the drawers that had been taken from the framework of the bureau and brought over with their contents. Apparently it was not the right one, for he dragged aside a good many objects to get at another, and rummaged about in this for several minutes. Then he came out again into the small segment of the lantern's radiance with a pair of long thick woollen stockings of his own in his hand.

"You better pull off them wet boots an' draw these on," he said, addressing Hagadorn, but looking fixedly just over his head. "It won't do that cough o' yours no good, settin' around with wet feet."

The cooper looked in a puzzled way at the huge butternut-yarn stockings held out under his nose, but he seemed too much taken aback to speak or to offer to touch them.

"Yes, father!" said Esther, with quite an air of command. "You know what that cough means," and straightway Hagadorn lifted one of his feet to his knee and started tugging at the boot-heel in a desultory way. He desisted after a few half-hearted attempts, and began coughing again, this time more distressingly than ever.

His daughter sprang forward to help him, but Abner pushed her aside, put the stockings under his arm, and himself undertook the job. He did not bend his back overmuch, but hoisted Jee's foot well in the air and pulled.

"Brace your foot agin mine an' hold on to the chair!" he ordered, sharply, for the first effect of his herculean pull had been to nearly drag the cooper to the floor. He went at it more gently now, easing the soaked leather up and down over the instep until the boots were off. He looked furtively at the bottoms of these before he tossed them aside, noting, no doubt, as I did, how old and broken and run down at the heel they were. Jee himself peeled off the drenched stockings, and they too were flimsy old things, darned and mended almost out of their original color.

These facts served only to deepen my existing low opinion of Hagadorn, but they appeared to affect Abner Beech differently. He stood by and watched the cooper dry his feet and then draw on the warm dry hose over his shrunken shanks, with almost a friendly interest. Then he shoved along one of the blankets across the floor to Hagadorn's chair that he might wrap his feet in it.

"That's it," he said, approvingly. "They ain't no means o' building a fire here right now, but as luck would have it we'd jest set up an old kitchen stove in the little cow-barn to warm up gruel for the ca'aves with, an' the first thing we'll do'll be to rig it up in here to cook breakfast by, an' then we'll dry them boots o' yourn in no time. You go an' pour some oats into 'em now," Abner added, turning to me. "And you might as well call Hurley. We've

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got considerable to do, an' daylight's breakin'."

The Irishman lay on his back where I had left him, still snoring tempestuously. As a rule he was a light sleeper, but this time I had to shake him again and again before he understood that it was morning. I opened the side-door, and sure enough, the day had begun. The clouds had cleared away. The sky was still ashen gray overhead, but the light from the horizon, added to the whiteness of the unaccustomed snow, rendered it quite easy to see one's way about inside. I went to the oat-bin.

Hurley, sitting up and rubbing his eyes, regarded me and my task with curiosity. "An' is it a stovepipe for a measure ye have?" he asked.

"No; it's one of Jee Hagadorn's boots," I replied. "I'm filling 'em so't they'll swell when they're dryin'."

He slid down off the hay as if someone had pushed him. "What's that ye say? Haggydorn? *Ould* Haggydorn?" he demanded.

I nodded assent. "Yes, he's inside with Abner," I explained. "An' he's got on Abner's stockin's, an' it looks like he's goin' to stay to breakfast."

Hurley opened his mouth in sheer surprise and gazed at me with hanging jaw and round eyes.

"'Tis the fever that's on ye," he said, at last. "Ye're wandherin' in yer mind!"

"You just go in and see for yourself," I replied, and Hurley promptly took me at my word.

He came back presently, turning the corner of the stanchions in a depressed and rambling way, quite at variance with his accustomed swinging gait. He hung his head, too, and shook it over and over again perplexedly.

"Abner 'n' me'll be bringin' in the stove," he said. "'Tis not fit for you to go out wid that sickness on ye."

"Well, anyway," I retorted, "you see I wasn't wanderin' much in my mind."

Hurley shook his head again. "Well, then," he began, lapsing into deep brogue and speaking rapidly, "I've meself seen the woman wid the head of a horse on her in the lake forninst the Three Castles, an' me sister's first man, sure he broke down the ditch roundabout the Danes' fort on Dunkelly, an' a foine grand young man, small for his strength an' wid a red cap on his head, flew out an' wint up in the sky, an' whin he related it up comes Father Forrest to him in the potaties, an' says he, 'I do be surprised wid you, O'Driscoll, for to be relatin' such loies.' 'I'll take me Bible oat' on 'em!' says he. ''Tis your imagination!' says the priest. 'No imagination at all!' says O'Driscoll; 'sure, I saw it wid dese two eyes, as plain as I'm lookin' at your riverence, an' a far grander sight it was too!' An' me own mother, faith, manny's the toime I've seen her makin' up dhrops for the yellow sicknest wid woodlice, an' sayin' Hail Marys over 'em, an' thim same 'ud cure annything from sore teeth to a wooden leg for moiles round. But, saints help me! I never seen the loikes o' *this!* Haggydorn is it? *Ould* Haggydorn! *Huh!*"

Then the Irishman, still with a dejected air, started off across the yard through the snow to the cow-barns, mumbling to himself as he went.

I had heard Abner's heavy tread coming along the stanchions toward me, but now all at once it stopped. The farmer's wife had followed him into the passage, and he had halted to speak with her.

"They ain't no two ways about it, mother," he expostulated. "We jest got to put the best face on it we kin, an' act civil, an' pass the time o' day as if nothing 'd ever happened atween us. He'll be goin' the first thing after breakfast."

"Oh! I ain't agoin' to sass him, or say anything uncivil," M'rye broke in, reassuringly. "What I mean is, I don't want to come into the for'ard end of the barn at all. They ain't no need of it. I kin cook the breakfast in back, and Janey kin fetch it for'ard for yeh, an' nobody need say anythin', or be any the wiser."

"Yes, I know," argued Abner, "but there's the looks o' the thing. *I* say, if you're goin' to do a thing, why, do it right up to the handle, or else don't do it at all. An' then there's the girl to consider, and *her* feelin's."

"Dunno't her feelin's are such a

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pesky sight more importance than other folkses," remarked M'rye, callously.

This unaccustomed recalcitrancy seemed to take Abner aback. He moved a few steps forward, so that he became visible from where I stood, then halted again and turned, his shoulders rounded, his hands clasped behind his back. I could see him regarding M'rye from under his broad hat-brim with a gaze at once dubious and severe.

"I ain't much in the habit o' hearin' you talk this way to me, mother," he said at last, with grave depth of tones and significant deliberation.

"Well, I can't help it, Abner!" rejoined M'rye, bursting forth in vehement utterance, all the more excited from the necessity she felt of keeping it out of hearing of the unwelcome guest. "I don't want to do anything to aggravate you, or go contrary to your notions, but with even the willin'est pack-horse there is such a thing as pilin' it on too thick. I can stan' bein' burnt out o' house 'n' home, an' seein' pretty nigh every rag an' stick I had in the world go kitin' up the chimney, an' campin' out here in a barn—My Glory, yes!—an' as much more on top o' that, but, I tell you flat-footed, I can't stomach Jee Hagadorn, an' I *won't!*"

Abner continued to contemplate the revolted M'rye with displeased amazement written all over his face. Once or twice I thought he was going to speak, but nothing came of it. He only looked and looked, as if he had the greatest difficulty in crediting what he saw.

Finally, with a deep-chested sigh, he turned again. "I s'pose this is still more or less of a free country," he said. "If you're sot on it, I can't hender you," and he began walking once more toward me.

M'rye followed him out and put a hand on his arm. "Don't go off like that, Abner!" she adjured him. "You *know* there ain't nothin' in this whole wide world I wouldn't do to please you—if I *could!* But this thing jest goes ag'in' my grain. It's the way folks are made. It's your nater to be forgivin' an' do good to them that despitefully use you."

"No, it ain't!" declared Abner, vigorously. "No, sirree! 'Hold fast' is my nater. I stan' out ag'in' my enemies till the last cow comes home. But when they come wadin' in through the snow, with their feet soppin' wet, an' coughin' fit to turn themselves inside out, an' their daughter is there, an' you've sort o' made it up with her, an' we're all campin' out in a barn, don't you see——"

"No, I can't see it," replied M'rye, regretful but firm. "They always said we Ramswells had Injun blood in us somewhere. An' when I get an Injun streak on me, right down in the marrow o' my bones, why, you mustn't blame me—or feel hard if—if I——"

"No-o," said Abner, with reluctant conviction, "I s'pose not. I dare say you're actin' accordin' to your lights. An' besides, he'll be goin' the first thing after breakfast."

"An' you ain't mad, Abner?" pleaded M'rye, almost tremulously, as if frightened at the dimensions of the victory she had won.

"Why, bless your heart, no," answered the farmer, with a glaring simulation of easy-mindedness. "No—that's all right, mother!"

Then with long heavy-footed strides the farmer marched past me and out into the cow-yard.

XIII.

If there was ever a more curious meal in Dearborn County than that first breakfast of ours in the barn, I never heard of it.

The big table was among the things saved from the living-room, and Esther spread it again with the cloth which had been in use on the previous evening. There was the stain of the tea which the Underwood girl had spilled in the excitement of the supper's rough interruption; there were other marks of calamity upon it as well—the smudge of cinders, for one thing, and a general diffused effect of smokiness. But it was the only table-cloth we had. The dishes, too, were a queer lot, representing two or three sets of widely differing patterns and value, other portions of which we should never see again.

When it was announced that break-

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fast was ready, Abner took his accustomed arm-chair at the head of the table. He only half turned his head toward Hagadorn and said, in formal tones, over his shoulder, "Won't you draw up and have some breakfast?"

Jee was still sitting where he had planted himself two hours or so before. He still wore his round cap, with the tabs tied down over his ears. In addition to his overcoat someone—probably his daughter—had wrapped a shawl about his thin shoulders. The boots had not come in, as yet, from the stove, and the blanket was drawn up over his stockinged feet to the knees. From time to time his lips moved, as if he were reciting scripture texts to himself, but so far as I knew, he had said nothing to anyone. His cough seemed rather worse than better.

"Yes, come, father!" Esther added to the farmer's invitation, and drew a chair back for him two plates away from Abner. Thus adjured, he rose and hobbled stiffly over to the place indicated, bringing his foot-blanket with him. Esther stooped to arrange this for him and then seated herself next the host.

"You see, I'm going to sit beside you, Mr. Beech," she said, with a wan little smile.

"Glad to have you," remarked Abner, gravely.

The Underwood girl brought in a first plate of buckwheat cakes, set it down in front of Abner, and took her seat opposite Hagadorn and next to me. There remained three vacant places, down at the foot of the table, and though we all began eating without comment, everybody continually encountered some other's glance straying significantly toward these empty seats. Janey Wilcox, very straight and with an uppish air, came in with another plate of cakes and marched out again in tell-tale silence.

"Hurley! Come along in here an' git your breakfast!"

The farmer fairly roared out this command, then added, in a lower, apologetic tone: "I 'spec' the women folks 've got their hands full with that broken-down old stove."

We all looked toward the point, half way down the central barn-floor, where the democrat wagon, drawn crosswise, served to divide our improvised living-room and kitchen. Through the wheels, and under its uplifted pole, we could vaguely discern two petticoated figures at the extreme other end, moving about the stove, the pipe of which was carried up and out through a little window above the door. Then Hurley appeared, ducking his head under the wagon-pole.

"I'm aitin' out here, convanient to the stove," he shouted from this dividing-line.

"No, come and take your proper place!" bawled back the farmer, and Hurley had nothing to do but obey. He advanced with obvious reluctance, and halted at the foot of the table, eying, with awkward indecision, the three vacant chairs. One was M'rye's; the others would place him either next to the hated cooper or diagonally opposite, where he must look at him all the while.

"Sure, I'm better out there!" he ventured to insist, in a wheedling tone; but Abner thundered forth an angry "No, sir!" and the Irishman sank abruptly into the seat beside Hagadorn. From this place he eyed the Underwood girl with a glare of contemptuous disapproval. I learned afterward that M'rye and Janey Wilcox regarded her desertion of them as the meanest episode of the whole miserable morning, and beguiled their labors over the stove by recounting to each other all the low-down qualities illustrated by the general history of her "sap-headed" tribe.

Meanwhile conversation languished.

With the third or fourth instalment of cakes, Janey Wilcox had halted long enough to deliver herself of a few remarks, sternly limited to the necessities of the occasion. "M'rye says," she declaimed, coldly, looking the while with great fixedness at the hay-wall, "if the cakes are sour she can't help it. We saved what was left over of the batter, but the Graham flour and the sody are both burnt up," and with that stalked out again.

Not even politeness could excuse the pretence on anyone's part that the cakes were *not* sour, but Abner seized

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upon the general subject as an opening for talk.

"'Member when I was a little shaver," he remarked, with an effort at amiability, "my sisters kicked about havin' to bake the cakes, on account of the hot stove makin' their faces red an' spoilin' their complexions, an' they wanted specially to go to some fandango or other, an' look their pootiest, an' so father sent us boys out into the kitchen to bake 'em instid. Old Lorenzo Dow, the Methodist preacher, was stoppin' over-night at our house, an' mother was jest beside herself to have everything go off ship-shape—an' then them cakes begun comin' in. Fust my brother William, he baked one the shape of a horse, an' then Josh, he made one like a jackass with ears as long as the griddle would allow of lengthwise, and I'd got jest comfortably started in on one that I begun as a pig, an' then was going to alter into a ship with sails up, when father, he come out with a hold-back strap, an'—well—mine never got finished to this day. Mother, she was mortified most to death, but old Dow, he jest lay back and laughed—laughed till you'd thought he'd split himself."

"It was from Lorenzo Dow's lips that I had my first awakening call unto righteousness," said Jee Hagadorn, speaking with solemn unction in high, quavering tones.

The fact that he should have spoken at all was enough to take even the sourness out of M'rye's cakes.

Abner took up the ball with solicitous promptitude. "A very great man, Lorenzo Dow was—in his way," he remarked.

"By grace he was spared the shame and humiliation," said Hagadorn, lifting his voice as he went on—"the humiliation of living to see one whole branch of the Church separate itself from the rest—withdraw and call itself the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in defence of human slavery!"

Esther, red-faced with embarrassment, intervened peremptorily. "How *can* you, father!" she broke in. "For all you know he might have been red-hot on that side himself! In fact, I dare say he would have been. How on earth can *you* know to the contrary, anyway?"

Jee was all excitement on the instant, at the promise of an argument. His eyes flashed; he half rose from his seat and opened his mouth to reply. So much had he to say, indeed, that the words stumbled over one another on his tongue, and produced nothing but an incoherent stammering sound, which all at once was supplanted by a violent fit of coughing. So terrible were the paroxysms of this seizure that when they had at last spent their fury the poor man was trembling like a leaf and toppled in his chair as if about to swoon. Esther had hovered about over him from the outset of the fit, and now looked up appealingly to Abner. The farmer rose, walked down the table-side, and gathered Jee's fragile form up under one big engirdling arm. Then, as the girl hastily dragged forth the tick and blankets again and spread them into the rough semblance of a bed, Abner half led, half carried the cooper over and gently laid him down thereon. Together they fixed up some sort of pillow for him with hay under the blanket, and piled him snugly over with quilts and my comfortable.

"There — you'll be better layin' down," said Abner, soothingly. Hagadorn closed his eyes wearily and made no answer. They left him after a minute or two and returned to the table.

The rest of the breakfast was finished almost wholly in silence. Every once in a while Abner and Esther would exchange looks, his gravely kind, hers gratefully contented, and these seemed really to render speech needless. For my own part, I foresaw with some degree of depression that there would soon be no chance whatever of my securing attention in the *rôle* of an invalid, at least in this part of the barn.

Perhaps, however, they might welcome me in the kitchen part, as a sort of home-product rival to the sick cooper. I rose and walked languidly out into M'rye's domain. But the two women were occupied with a furious scrubbing of rescued pans for the morning's milk, and they allowed me to sit feebly down on the wood-box behind the stove without so much as a glance of sympathy.

By and by we heard one of the great

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front doors rolled back on its shrieking wheels and then shut to again. Someone had entered, and in a moment there came some strange, inarticulate sounds of voices which showed that the arrival had created a commotion. M'rye lifted her head, and I shall never forget the wild, expectant flashing of her black eyes in that moment of suspense.

"Come in here, mother!" we heard Abner's deep voice call out from beyond the democrat wagon. "Here's somebody wants to see you!"

M'rye swiftly wiped her hands on her apron and glided rather than walked toward the forward end of the barn. Janey Wilcox and I followed close upon her heels, dodging together under the wagon-pole, and emerging, breathless and wild with curiosity, on the fringe of an excited group.

In the centre of this group, standing with a satisfied smile on his face, his general appearance considerably the worse for wear, but in demeanor, to quote M'rye's subsequent phrase, "as cool as Cuffy," was Ni Hagadorn.

XIV.

"He's all right; you can look for him here right along now, any day; he *was* hurt a leetle, but he's as peart an' chipper now as a blue-jay on a hick'ry limb; yes, he's a-comin' right smack home!"

This was the gist of the assurances which Ni vouchsafed to the first rush of eager questions—to his sister, and M'rye, and Janey Wilcox.

Abner had held a little aloof, to give the weaker sex a chance. Now he reasserted himself once more: "Stan' back, now, and give the young man breathin' room. Janey, hand a chair for'ard—that's it. Now set ye down, Ni, an' take your own time, an' tell us all about it. So you reely found him, eh?"

"Pshaw! there ain't anything to that," expostulated Ni, seating himself with nonchalance, and tilting back his chair. "*That* was easy as rollin' off a log. But what's the matter *here?* That's what knocks me. We—that is to say, I—come up on a freight train to a ways beyond Juno Junction, an' got the conductor to slow up and let me drop off, an' footed it over the hill. It was jest about broad daylight when I turned the divide. Then I began lookin' for your house, an' I'm lookin' for it still. There's a hole out there, full o' snow an' smoke, but nary a house. How'd it happen?"

"'Lection bonfire—high wind—woodshed must 'a' caught," replied Abner, sententiously. "So you reely got down South, eh?"

"An' Siss here, too," commented Ni, with provoking disregard for the farmer's suggestions; "a reg'lar family party. An', hello!"

His roving eye had fallen upon the recumbent form on the made-up bed, under the muffling blankets, and he lifted his sandy wisps of eyebrows in inquiry.

"Sh! It's father," explained Esther. "He isn't feeling very well. I think he's asleep."

The boy's freckled, whimsical face melted upon reflection into a distinct grin. "Why," he said, "you've been havin' a reg'lar old love-feast up here. I guess it was *that* that set the house on fire! An' speakin' o' feasts, if you've got a mouthful o' somethin' to eat handy——"

The women were off like a shot to the impromptu larder at the far end of the barn.

"Well, thin," put in Hurley, taking advantage of their absence, "an' had ye the luck to see anny rale fightin'?"

"Never mind that," said Abner; "when he gits around to it he'll tell us everything. But, fust of all—why, he knows what I want to hear about."

"Why, the last time I talked with you, Abner——" Ni began, squinting up one of his eyes and giving a quaint drawl to his words.

"That's a good while ago," said the farmer, quietly.

"Things have took a change, eh?" inquired Ni.

"That's neither here nor there," replied Abner, somewhat testily. "You oughtn't to need so dummed much explainin'. I've told you what I want specially to hear. An' that's what we all want to hear."

When the women had returned, and Ni, with much deliberation, had filled

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both hands with selected eatables, the recital at last got under way. Its progress was blocked from time to time by sheer force of tantalizing perversity on the part of the narrator, and it suffered steadily from the incidental hitches of mastication; but such as it was we listened to it with all our ears, sitting or standing about, and keeping our eyes intently upon the freckled young hero.

"It wasn't so much of a job to git down there as I'd figured on," Ni said, between mouthfuls. "I got along on freight trains—once worked my way a while on a hand-car—as far as Albany, an' on down to New York on a river-boat, cheap, an' then, after foolin' round a few days, I hitched up with the Sanitary Commission folks, an' got them to let me sail on one o' their boats round to 'Napolis. I thought I was goin' to die most o' the voyage, but I didn't, you see, an' when I struck 'Napolis I hung around Camp Parole there quite a spell, talkin' with fellers that'd bin pris'ners down in Richmond an' got exchanged an' sent North. They said there was a whole slew of our fellers down there still that'd bin brought in after Antietam. They didn't know none o' their names, but they said they'd all be sent North in time, in exchange for Johnny Rebs that we'd captured. An' so I waited round——"

"You *might* have written!" interrupted Esther, reproachfully.

"What'd bin the good o' writin'? I hadn't anything to tell. Besides, writin' letters is for girls. Well, one day a man come up from Libby—that's the prison at Richmond—an' he said there *was* a tall feller there from York State, a farmer, an' he died. He thought the name was Birch, but it might 'a' been Beech—or Body-Maple, for that matter. I s'pose you'd like to had me write *that* home!"

"No—oh, no!" murmured Esther, speaking the sense of all the company.

"Well, then I waited some more, an' kep' on waitin', an' then waited ag'in, until bimeby, one fine day, along comes Mr. Blue-jay himself. There he was, stan'in' up on the paddle-box with a face on him as long as your arm, an' I sung out, 'Way there, Agrippa Hill!' an' he come mighty nigh fallin' head over heels into the water. So then he come off, an' we shook han's, an' went up to the commissioners to see about his exchange, an'—an' as soon's that's fixed, an' the papers drawn up all correct, why, he'll come home. An' that's all there is to it."

"And even *then* you never wrote!" said Esther, plaintively.

"Hold on a minute," put in Abner. "You say he's comin' home. That wouldn't be unless he was disabled. They'd keep him to fight ag'in, till his time was up. Come, now, tell the truth—he's be'n hurt bad!"

Ni shook his unkempt red head. "No, no," he said. "This is how it was. Fust he was fightin' in a cornfield, an' him an' Bi Truax, they got chased out, an' lost their regiment, an' got in with some other fellers, and then they all waded a creek breast-high, an' had to run up a long stretch o' slopin' ploughed ground to capture a battery they was on top o' the knoll. But they didn't see a regiment of sharp-shooters layin' hidden behind a rail fence, an' these fellers riz up all to once an' give it to 'em straight, an' they wilted right there, an' laid down, an' there they was after dusk when the rebs come out an' started lookin' round for guns an' blankets an' prisoners. Most of 'em was dead, or badly hurt, but they was a few who'd simply lain there in the hollow because it'd have bin death to git up. An' Jeff was one o' *them*."

"You said yourself 't he had been hurt—some," interposed M'rye, with snapping eyes.

"Jest a scratch on his arm," declared Ni. "Well, then they marched the well ones back to the rear of the reb line, an' there they jest skinned 'em of everything they had—watch an' jack-knife an' wallet an' everything—an' put 'em to sleep on the bare ground. Next day they started 'em out on the march toward Richmond, an' after four or five days o' that, they got to a railroad, and there was cattle cars for 'em to ride the rest o' the way in. An' that's how it was."

"No," said Abner, sternly; "you haven't told us. How badly is he hurt?"

"Well," replied Ni, "it was only a

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scratch, as I said, but it got worse on that march, an' I s'pose it wasn't tended to anyways decently, an' so—an' so—"

M'rye had sprung to her feet and stood now drawn up to her full height, with her sharp nose in air as if upon some strange scent, and her eyes fairly glowing in eager excitement. All at once she made a bound past us and ran to the doors, furiously digging her fingers in the crevice between them, then, with a superb sweep of the shoulders, sending them both rattling back on their wheels with a bang.

"I knew it!" she screamed in triumph.

We who looked out beheld M'rye's black hair and brown calico dress suddenly suffer a partial eclipse of pale blue, which for the moment seemed in some way a part of the bright winter sky beyond. Then we saw that it was a soldier who had his arm about M'rye, and his cap bent down tenderly over the head she had laid on his shoulder.

Our Jeff had come home.

A general instinct rooted us to our places and kept us silent, the while mother and son stood there in the broad open doorway.

Then the two advanced toward us, M'rye breathing hard, and with tears and smiles struggling together on her face under the shadow of a wrathful frown. We noted nothing of Jeff's appearance save that he had grown a big yellow beard, and seemed to be smiling. It was the mother's distraught countenance at which we looked instead.

She halted in front of Abner, and lifted the blue cape from Jeff's left shoulder, with an abrupt gesture.

"Look there!" she said, hoarsely. "See what they've done to my boy!"

We saw now that the left sleeve of Jeff's army-overcoat was empty and hung pinned against his breast. On the instant we were all swarming about him, shaking the hand that remained to him and striving against one another in a babel of questions, comments, and expressions of sympathy with his loss, and satisfaction at his return. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should kiss Esther Hagadorn, and that Janey Wilcox should reach up on tiptoes and kiss him. When the Underwood girl would have done the same, however, M'rye brusquely shouldered her aside.

So beside ourselves with excitement were we all, each in turn seeking to get in a word edgewise, that no one noticed the approach and entrance of a stranger, who paused just over the threshold of the barn and coughed in a loud perfunctory way to attract our attention. I had to nudge Abner twice before he turned from where he stood at Jeff's side, with his hand on the luckless shoulder, and surveyed the new-comer.

The sun was shining so brightly on the snow outside, that it was not for the moment easy to make out the identity of this shadowed figure. Abner took a forward step or two before he recognized his visitor. It was Squire Avery, the rich man of the Corners, and justice of the peace, who had once even run for Congress.

"How d' do?" said Abner, shading his eyes with a massive hand. "Won't you step in?"

The Squire moved forward a little and held forth his hand, which the farmer took and shook doubtfully. We others were as silent now as the grave, feeling this visit to be even stranger than all that had gone before.

"I drove up right after breakfast, Mr. Beech," said the Squire, making his accustomed slow delivery a trifle more pompous and circumspect than usual, "to express to you the feeling of such neighbors as I have, in this limited space of time, being able to foregather with. I believe, sir, that I may speak for them all when I say that we regret, deplore, and contemplate with indignation the outrage and injury to which certain thoughtless elements of the community last night, sir, subjected you and your household."

"It's right neighborly of you, Square, to come an' say so," remarked Abner. "Won't you set down? You see, my son Jeff's jest come home from the war, an' the house bein' burnt, an' so on, we're rather upset for the minute."

The Squire put on his spectacles and smiled with surprise at seeing Jeff. He shook hands with him warmly, and spoke with what we felt to be the right feeling about that missing arm; but he

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could not sit down, he said. The cutter was waiting for him, and he must hurry back.

"I am glad, however," he added, "to have been the first, Mr. Beech, to welcome your brave son back, and to express to you the hope, sir, that with this additional link of sympathy between us, sir, bygones may be allowed to become bygones."

"I don't bear no ill will," said Abner, guardedly. "I s'pose in the long run folks act pooty close to about what they think is right. I'm willin' to give 'em that credit—the same as I take to myself. They ain't been much disposition to give *me* that credit, but then, as our school-ma'am here was a sayin' last night, people've been a good deal worked up about the war—havin' them that's close to 'em right down in the thick of it—an' I dessay it was natural enough they should git hot in the collar about it. As I said afore, I don't bear no ill will—though prob'ly I'm entitled to."

The Squire shook hands with Abner again. "Your sentiments, Mr. Beech," he said, in his stateliest manner, "do credit alike to your heart and your head. There is a feeling, sir, that this would be an auspicious occasion for you to resume sending your milk to the cheese-factory."

Abner pondered the suggestion for a moment. "It would be handier," he said, slowly; "but, you know, I ain't goin' to eat no humble pie. That Rod Bidwell was downright insultin' to my man, an' me too——"

"It was all, I assure you, sir, an unfortunate misunderstanding," pursued the Squire, "and is now buried deep in oblivion. And it is further suggested, that, when you have reached that stage of preparation for your new house, if you will communicate with me, the neighbors will be glad to come up and extend their assistance to you in what is commonly known as a raising-bee. They will desire, I believe, to bring with them their own provisions. And, moreover, Mr. Beech"—here the Squire dropped his oratorical voice and stepped close to the farmer—"if this thing has cramped you any, that is to say, if you find yourself in need of—of—any accommodation——"

"No, nothin' o' that sort," said Abner. He stopped at that, and kept silence for a little, with his head down and his gaze meditatively fixed on the barn floor. At last he raised his face and spoke again, his deep voice shaking a little in spite of himself.

"What you've said, Square, an' your comin' here, has done me a lot o' good. It's pooty nigh wuth bein' burnt out for—to have this sort o' thing come on behind as an after-clap. Sometimes, I tell you, sir, I've despaired o' the republic. I admit it, though it's to my shame. I've said to myself that when American citizens, born an' raised right on the same hill-side, got to behavin' to each other in such an all-fired mean an' cantankerous way, why, the hull blamed thing wasn't worth tryin' to save. But you see I was wrong—I admit I was wrong. It was jest a passin' flurry—a kind o' snow-squall in hayin' time. All the while, right down't the bottom, their hearts was sound an' sweet as a butter-nut. It fetches me—that does—it makes me prouder than ever I was before in all my born days to be an American—yes, sir—that's the way I—I feel about it."

There were actually tears in the big farmer's eyes, and he got out those finishing words of his in fragmentary gulps. None of us had ever seen him so affected before.

After the Squire had shaken hands again and started off, Abner stood at the open door, looking after him, then gazing in a contemplative general way upon all out-doors. The vivid sunlight reflected up from the melting snow made his face to shine as if from an inner radiance. He stood still and looked across the yards with their piles of wet straw smoking in the forenoon heat, and the black puddles eating into the snow as the thaw went on; over the farther prospect, made weirdly unfamiliar by the disappearance of the big old farm-house; down the long broad sloping hill-side with its winding road, its checkered irregular patches of yellow stubble and stacked fodder, of deep umber ploughed land and warm gray woodland, all pushing aside their premature mantle of sparkling white, and the scattered homesteads and red

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barns beyond — and there was in his eyes the far-away look of one who saw still other things.

He turned at last and came in, walking over to where Jeff and Esther stood hand in hand beside the bed on the floor. Old Jee Hagadorn was sitting up now, and had exchanged some words with the couple.

"Well, Brother Hagadorn," said the farmer, "I hope you're feelin' better."

"Yes, a good deal — B — Brother Beech, thank'ee," replied the cooper, slowly and with hesitation.

Abner laid a fatherly hand on Esther's shoulder and another on Jeff's. A smile began to steal over his big face, broadening the square which his mouth cut down into his beard, and deepening the pleasant wrinkles about his eyes. He called M'rye over to the group with beckoning nod of the head.

"It's jest occurred to me, mother," he said, with the mock gravity of tone we once had known so well and of late had heard so little — "I jest be'n thinkin' we might 'a' killed two birds with one stun while the Square was up here. He's justice o' the peace, you know—an' they say them kind o' marriages turn out better'n all the others."

"Go 'long with yeh!" said M'rye, vivaciously. But she too put a hand on Esther's other shoulder.

The school-teacher nestled against M'rye's side. "I tell you what," she said, softly, "if Jeff ever turns out to be half the man his father is, I'll just be prouder than my skin can hold."

THE END.

EDUCATION FOR GIRLS IN FRANCE.

By Katharine de Forest.

"ONLY the literature of a country teaches us to understand its institutions," says M. Weiss, the French critic; but when we go to modern French literature to find out something about one of the most significant and characteristic of French institutions — the *jeune fille* — we come away not much more enlightened than we went.

The lives of young girls are so shielded in France, so free from any dramas of love or passion, that they furnish almost no material for the realistic novelist of the day; and so it happens that while stories of English and American life have given us the Newnham girl, and the Vassar girl, and the result of every possible type of education for the English-speaking young woman of the period, for our ideas of French girls we must depend on tradition, or on the heroines of writers of the romantic school like Octave Feuillet, or George Ohnet; those superior young persons who seem so little made of common clay like the rest of us, that we cannot imagine their ever having felt the need of any education whatever.

This, too, is at a time when internationalism has so increased that hundreds of American girls come to Paris every year to study, and when Madame Juliette Adam, in a recent article in the *North American Review*, has said that French girls were becoming emancipated through the influence of English and American example. If this be true, one cannot help wondering what the inverse influence is likely to be on America. What can our girls learn from the French, and what are the educational advantages for girls like, in France?

Any attempt to consider the educational advantages of a country, which we naturally compare with a preconceived standard in our own minds, would be useless, unless we first looked at the object each proposed to accomplish.

The tendency of education in America is more and more to put girls on a level with boys; to make them capable

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of forming their own judgments, directing their own lives, supporting themselves if they wish, and using their talents and higher education to make themselves independent of men, and to compete with men on their own ground.

On the other hand, in France, girls are always regarded as beings of an entirely different order of capacity from boys, whose power and responsibility are to be exerted in a totally different sphere from that of men. Education aims to preserve their individuality of sex; to develop to the highest degree their intelligence and capacity, but never at the expense of the feminine side of their natures; and as it is as a married woman that it is considered they will best fulfil the purposes of their existence, its primary object is to fit them to be wives and mothers.

The French girl never looks forward to being independent of men. The end and aim of her existence is to be married; but marriage is not to limit her career; it is merely to enlarge her power and influence. She looks forward to being, in the most literal sense of the word, the partner of some man in all his plans and projects; and, in general, French women are so far the advisers and confidants of their husbands, that, like Mme Boucicault, of the Bon Marché, they are capable at any moment of placing themselves at the head of affairs and going on with them alone.

So we must not start out with the idea that the tendency of French education is to emancipate, or "Americanize" girls. As has been said by Mr. Brownell, in the chapter on Women in his admirable "French Traits," that would imply an independence that exists neither in their character nor in the influence of their environment.

On this subject I specially interviewed—if a little talk may be dignified by the name of interview—the Mother Superior of the Convent of the Assumption; one of the nuns in charge of the Convent of the Sacred Heart; the principals of two of the largest *cours*, or schools, for girls in Paris, one of whom was an officer of the Academy; the editor of a well-known newspaper, and a society woman with daughters; and they all spoke from the same point of view.

"Instruction for girls has greatly changed in France during the last twenty years," they said, "but the education will never change. Our girls could not be given the independence and liberty of yours, for our men are not like yours, and our society is constructed differently. Besides, we do not like your American ways for our girls"—and they invariably ended with that untranslatable sentence which is the keynote to French conservatism, *ce n'est pas dans nos mœurs.* A woman at all emancipated was considered by them to occupy so eccentric a position, that her views would be regarded as exceptional.

The French always make this distinction between "instruction" and "education." Instruction means what the girls study, while education includes manners, breeding, customs, conduct, habits, ideas, and any amount of learning without this education, in their sense of the word, means nothing to them at all.

In this connection I remember something said to me by a French lady, whose father had been a superior officer in the army and a chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur, but who had died leaving his daughter without fortune, so that she was obliged to add to her income by taking young girls into her family to teach them French.

"I confess that I instinctively judge of their family and education by one thing," she said, laughingly; "I look at their combs. You know at St. Denis, the school for the daughters of the Légion d'Honneur, where I was educated, the girls were made to stand in long lines every morning and hold their combs up so that the light could shine through them, and it could be seen that they were immaculate. And nowadays, if anybody says anything against St. Denis, people answer, 'Well, there's one thing to be said about the girls who come out of that school: their combs and brushes are always clean.'"

This is rather an extreme instance of

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the French point of view, but it is natural to suppose that for this education, as they understand it, nobody could be more careful, or take so much interest as a mother; and add to this the fact that when a man proposes for a girl in France, he expects her mother to be able to account for every hour of the daughter's life, and you will understand why, above everything else, the education the French prefer for their daughters is that received at home.

It is the training of which Montaigne tells us in his essays, where, until his studies are finished, the child is taught by masters whose lessons the parent overlooks and corrects. All through his life it seemed to Montaigne that his father lived beside him. "His souvenir enveloped me like a mantle," he writes.

In families of the very highest wealth and nobility mothers always prefer to keep their daughters by them if possible. This is the case on the rare occasions when they appear in novels of Parisian high-life, as in one of M. Paul Bourget's last stories, "Terre Promise." The little *fiancée* has not much individuality; we do not seem to have a very clear idea of her, even at the end of M. Bourget's four hundred and fifteen pages, but we see her up to the age of nineteen, in the old Hôtel of the Boulevard des Invalides, bending over her lessons, preparing them for masters, and "learning the customs of the fine aristocracy" at her mother's side.

Not all of the nobility, however, can bring their daughters up in this way, for it implies private lessons from the most expensive teachers, mothers who are not too much absorbed in society to give attention to their daughters, and, even when the aid of an English governess is called in, houses large enough to furnish a little cote where the doves may be penned away from the life about them, so that it is within the scope of but few.

The next thing for the nobility is to put their daughters into convents; but it must be remembered that the whole tenor of the French thought and literature of the day is against clericalism.

In Provence, the convent schools are still almost the only good private schools. In Paris, the royalists and imperialists and the *dévotes* of all parties prefer Catholic education for their children; but as the great mass of the French people nowadays are neither royalists, nor imperialists, nor *dévotes*, all over Paris have sprung up what are called *cours* for girls, which correspond to our fine private schools, and are the schools "in the movement;" that is, those which are most in harmony with the spirit of the age.

Besides these, there are three *lycées* for girls, founded by the state, in which there are, perhaps, a thousand pupils altogether, and there is the *école communale*—the common school for the poor. The French say that while the instruction is excellent in the *lycées*, the girls get no education at all; that is, they do not get the ideas and *tenue* which fit them for their position in life, so they cannot be said to be popular with the upper classes. There is one *école communale* for every arrondissement of Paris, and it is worth noticing that in connection with each is an excellent public library, free to all the inhabitants of the arrondissement.

As a rule lessons are not prepared in the *cours*. Girls do their work at home with their mother or a governess, and go with their mother or a governess to school to take lectures given generally by the professors of the boys' *lycées*. They prepare notes on these lectures in which they are examined every fortnight by the directress of the *cour*. They never go to school alone, nor are they left there without a chaperon.

The course of study everywhere is practically the same. During the rise of the French Republic there has been a great change from the old-fashioned education whose requirements were laid down by the Abbé Fleury in that treatise that served as a model for Fénélon in his celebrated work.

"It would be almost a paradox," he writes, "to say that girls ought to learn anything but the catechism, sewing, and *divers petits ouvrages*, to sing, dance, and dress *à la mode*, to make reverence well and speak civilly. They have no need of either Latin or Greek, and if some more envious than others

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have wished to learn these they have only extracted vanity, which made them odious to women and despised by the men."

It is a long way from that to the present day, where every school and convent in Paris prepares pupils for the state examinations. The influence of the Republic has been so far levelling that the daughter of the Baron de Rothschild goes to the Hôtel de Ville, and sits side by side with the daughter of her concierge, to compete on the same terms for a brevet or diploma.

These brevets are of two degrees: the brevet *élémentaire* and the brevet *supérieur;* and it is interesting to examine their list of requirements and see what the State of France considers necessary for the daughters of the nation.

A girl of sixteen, which is the age required for the brevet *élémentaire,* must have arithmetic, including the metric system, and the measure of surfaces and volumes; the history and geography of France; an elementary knowledge of science and physics; and a very thorough knowledge of the French language and literature, including French composition.

Above everything else a Frenchman insists that his children shall be able to write and speak their own language, not only correctly, but with elegance; and the amount of training this implies can be appreciated by anyone who has ever tried to write elegant French himself. Is it not that brilliant journalist, Émil Bergerat, who says that there are past participles round which to this day he makes respectful circuits?

The French, as a nation, speak well. Heine writes of the "perfume of politeness" even in the speech of the common people. "But independently of this politeness the language of the *peuple,* in France," he says, "has for me I do not know what stamp of distinction about it; a woman of the Halles speaks better than a German canoness, proud of her sixty-four generations of ancestors."

This comes partly from the training. And besides this thorough education in French, the brevet *élémentaire* demands solfeggio, gymnastics, a sketch of any usual object, such as a chair or a table, and sewing, including the cutting and fitting of dresses.

Perhaps there are not many American girls who would not have an inward quaking if they were required to go solemnly to the court-house of their respective towns, and be examined in hand needlework, including hemming, over-and-over stitching, a tailor and an ordinary buttonhole, binding, feather-stitching, hemstitching, eyelet-holes, *point Anglais,* tucking, putting in a patch with four corners, mounting a wristband, and simple and fancy darning. Whatever else a girl may know in France, she must know how to sew, and in all the most fashionable schools you will see specimens of exquisite hand needlework done by the pupils framed and on exhibition.

The brevet *supérieur,* for girls eighteen years of age, requires general geography and history, advanced arithmetic and practical geometry, physics, chemistry, and natural history. It is a mistake to suppose that French girls do not study science. One can see the tendency of the age from the fact that even in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, the most conservative institution of the kind in France, they told me they had one of the finest laboratories for scientific work in Paris, and used the latest text-books; and the Assumption is no less well-equipped. It does not follow that, from a secular standpoint, the instruction in these branches is superior, but at least the convents aim to be up with the times.

As usual, by far the most attention in the brevet *supérieur* is paid to French. At the examination the candidate must spend three hours on a composition on French literature or philosophy, and four hours on a French composition on natural and physical science. She is examined in the history of literature, and in the principal works of Corneille, Racine, Molière, La Fontaine, Boileau, Bossuet, La Bruyère, Voltaire, Rousseau, Buffon, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Thiers, and Michelet. She must spend three hours on a composition in drawing, from a model in relief, an hour and a half on a composition in one of five living languages, and translate at sight any twenty lines

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that may be given her in the same language.

We see that girls do not spend all their school years in studying sewing. They are simply examined in it at the age of sixteen, and then the subject is nominally dismissed. At no time of a girl's life, however, are sewing and other domestic arts lost sight of, and it is only necessary to look at the structure of French society to see why they are of so much importance.

Every girl is fitted to be married, and in an old world, where conditions are established and fortunes are not, as a rule, to be made suddenly, the mass of men are born into a certain environment which will never change. A man has his education and his *carrière;* that is, a position or profession that brings him in an income that so long as he lives may never be much larger. So he must solve the problem of existence according to Carlyle's theory of lessening the denominator rather than increasing the numerator.

When he marries, in order to guard against the possibility of leaving his wife and family unprovided for in case of his death, the wife must have a little sum of money, called a *dot*, which will provide for her in case the morrow brings misfortune; and she must be able to manage domestic affairs with such economy that every year the two may put by half their income to educate and provide for their children. The four articles of a woman's faith, according to Halévy, the French Academician, used to be, "To fear God, love her husband, keep an exact account of her expenses, and save half her income for a *dot* for her daughters."

Of course I am not speaking now of the very rich; but nowhere is society constructed for the very rich.

In France, the wife considers herself as much responsible for the success of the family as the husband, and in every grade of life understands the art of making the most of their common means. After the recent dynamite explosion, a reporter for the *Figaro*, who visited the family of Troutot, one of the victims, commented on the exquisite order and economy that prevailed in that little interior, where husband, wife, and three children lived on $30 a month.

But aside from this domestic economy, the French-woman knows that a great part of her success in life, her power and influence in her world, will depend on her feminine attractiveness. Any education that has been at the expense of that will have been a failure from her standpoint. So girls must be brought up to know how to make themselves look as charming as possible on the very smallest possible expenditure of money.

It does not seem to me that French girls think any more about dress than other girls, but they go to work at the problem more scientifically. They know how to make the most of themselves, and it becomes as instinctive for them to care for their appearance as it is for them to brush their hair. The little shop-girl, who goes to her work at nine in the morning and stays till nine at night, will achieve a toilet so dainty, fresh, and suitable, that it is the envy of many a foreign patron.

However great may be the elegance and luxury in general society in France, the girls, in proportion to their parents' income, never spend much money on dress. I know at least a dozen, with *dots* of $20,000 each, who have an allowance of $200 a year for their clothing, and on that they will dress with taste and style and go into society. This leaves a small margin for dressmakers' bills, but, as a matter of fact, half the girls have no dressmaker, properly so-called.

M. Larroumet, the brilliant professor of the Sorbonne, in talking about the *jeune fille* in one of his last lectures at the Odéon spoke of her idea of marriage as something that was to give her a dressmaker and let her go out alone. French girls have but few gowns at once, and half the time make those themselves, with the aid of a maid or a little sewing-woman at eight sous an hour, and their fingers are so trained—they have so much natural aptitude—that they will turn them off as easily as other girls would a piece of fancy work.

Even in the most fashionable society they must not have the appearance of

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being expensive. It would not only be considered very "bad form," but it would ruin their prospects of marriage. They may not wear jewelry, unless perhaps a single pearl, and their gowns must be conspicuous for their simplicity, and depend for their elegance on their lines and cut. Education must not be at the expense of health, for it would also ruin their prospects of marriage to have it said that they were not strong physically. A French girl whom I once asked if her family were going to Nice as usual that winter, answered no, that her mother had decided to marry her that season and it would not do to have people saying she was delicate. The French girl is rarely "born tired."

With marriage as the end and aim of all classes in France, we can see that it would never do to lose sight of this training of eyes and fingers and capacity, which is quite as important in a girl's education as what is learned from books, and which is not at the expense of the intellect, but goes on at the same time with her intellectual training.

Paris itself is a great factor in education, and since all France is dominated by the capital, this influence is felt everywhere. Mme Alphonse Daudet shows us how her artistic nature was awakened and stimulated by her walks about Paris when she was a little girl. In speaking of the Gallery of the Luxembourg, in "Promenades," she writes:

"But what charmed me above everything was the museum opening on the parterres, and the '*on ferme*,' of the guardians sending one precipitately out of the picture-galleries into the alleys of the garden, at the hour when twilight rendered equally obscure the pictures and the trees. Although only a little girl, one came out of there with, I do not know what attention to things connected with art, a susceptibility to impressions that made her look at the gas-jets glimmering through the mist, or the bunches of violets spread out on a low basket, as though she saw them for the first time in a new Paris."

It is this artistic development in a thousand directions that impresses us in the clever French girl—the type that one sees with her mother at the lectures of the Sorbonne, or the "classic Thursdays" of the Odéon, or the Théâtre Français—rather than her learning. At the same time, many French girls go in nowadays for a degree, and the Sorbonne and the Collége de France are open to women on exactly the same terms that they are to men, as well as the schools of law and medicine.

According to the *Figaro* there are now thirty-five French-women practising medicine in Paris, and three practising law. It cannot be said, however, that this invasion of the masculine professions by women is viewed with great favor.

When Mlle Jeanne Chauvin tried last summer to read her thesis before the law-school in order to receive her degree as doctor of laws, precisely the same scene was enacted that was predicted by Michelet twenty years ago: "The Church declared in the fourteenth century," he writes, "that if a woman dared to cure without having studied, she was a sorceress and must die. But how could she study publicly? Imagine the scene if the poor savage should risk entering the Écoles! What a *fête*, and what gayety!"

After vainly trying to make herself heard above the uproar of the students in the little amphitheatre of the École de Droit, and after the fruitless efforts of the judges to restore order, it was found impossible to go on with the sitting, and Mlle Chauvin read her thesis on another day with closed doors.

The *femme savante* is no more popular in France in the nineteenth century than she was in the time of Molière, in the seventeenth. A woman may know as much as she pleases, but she must not show it.

"De son étude, enfin, je veux qu'elle se cache,
Et qu'elle ait du savoir sans vouloir qu'on le sache,"

wrote Molière, and we do not find the writers of the present day expressing ideas far different.

"People are mistaken," said Rénan, "if they think we want to lead women to our philosophical opinions. What

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we search for in the other sex is the opposite of ourselves. It suffices if they let us suppose by a little dissimulation that in the bottom of their hearts they understand us, and agree with us."

"Let the will of God be done in everything," he adds. "The world is good as He made it. On my last journey into Brittany I was glad to see that the young girls were just as modest, as well-bred and as charming, as they were fifty years ago. My only desire is that this continue. It would console me after my death to know that women were just as beautiful, and love just as sweet, as in the past."

It is *l'éternel féminin* that the French seek in woman, and they do not suffer that anything shall interfere with their conception of that. In the world of letters, we find brilliant women like Mme Rénan, Mme Michelet, Mme Littré, Mme Edgar Quinet, and a long list of others, collaborating with their husbands in their literary work, but perfectly satisfied with a silent partnership in it; and even Mme Alphonse Daudet, herself a writer of rare charm, is contented to be best known through her share—by no means small—in her husband's novels.

When we come to consider the question of French training for American girls, we see at once that the principles underlying it are so little in harmony with our own ideas and conditions that, from every standpoint, American education is surely best for Americans.

At the same time it is getting to be more and more the fashion for American girls to come to Paris for special things, like art, music, and the language. Even our Columbian Exposition cannot furnish a more striking comment, on America to a Frenchman—who rarely gets as far from home as across the Channel—than the spectacle of a young girl travelling alone from California or Oregon, a six days' journey by land and six by sea, to Paris, to study.

It is difficult to generalize on the much-discussed question of whether the girls should come alone, because so much depends on the individual.

With respect to their daughters, it is certain that most mothers would agree with what the judge said to the bank directors after the cashier had absconded with the funds.

"We had such confidence in him," said the directors.

"But you were not appointed to have confidence in him," said the judge. "You were appointed to direct him."

So far as the French are concerned, girls can come with perfect safety, for the French make extremely nice distinctions between types of women. They have the most perfect respect for a student, or a *femme sérieuse* of any kind, and they always take her seriously, unless she gives them some reason not to, and treat her with the greatest courtesy.

It is certain, however, that no very young girl can be left alone in any large city, especially one like Paris, that makes no provision for the *jeune fille* in its organization, without losing a little of what the French would call her "duvet morale," and we the "bloom on the peach."

Art students generally form a little colony by themselves, have the independence of their profession, and are old enough to take care of themselves. Other students need a chaperon in name at least. The best thing for them is to go into some one of the small boarding-schools, of which there are many in Paris, generally patronized by English and Americans. They are organized much on the plan of the best schools in New York; masters and professors come in from outside, and the pupils are taken to the galleries and salons, the Sorbonne, and generally put in touch with the best there is within their reach. This is decidedly the quickest way of getting the language, for even though English-speaking girls are thrown together, so much pains is taken with them, and they are held so strictly to French, that I have seen one of my friends take a brevet in a school, while another in a family had hardly got beyond first principles. Languages should be used as a means, not an end. They can be perfectly well learned in America; and too often through not knowing how to use the advantages round them, girls get a smattering of French at the expense of all their intellectual development at home.

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The cost of a high-class boarding-school in Paris is about half what the same thing would be in New York. A convent costs $250 a year. The nuns are superior women, the convents are beautifully kept, and the food is excellent, but if one can afford anything better, the life is too narrow to give one the best of Paris or French thought. The *lycées* cost about $60 a year, and a *cour* from $50 to $100, according to the age of the pupil. Board in a private French family costs from $40 to $60 a month, not including French lessons. But it must be remembered that it is not a French custom to take strangers into the family, and when it is done it is purely to make money; so, as the old Scotchman said, one must look out for a "do" at the bottom of it. There are many French families and ladies in reduced circumstances, who make a business of teaching French to foreigners, but one should know all about them to begin with, and be very careful about committing one's self without a trial in any case.

As to what we are to learn from the French: we must learn their language from them, for one thing, for even if that universal tongue is realized toward which optimistic reformers tell us we are so rapidly progressing, it will be long before anything but French is spoken in the best society on the Continent.

"Why do you never talk Russian in your salons?" I once asked a Russian.

"Because it is *disgracieux*," was the answer.

French is not only *gracieux*, but gayety and *entrain* seem to be part of its very essence; and it has that happy faculty of glancing over a thousand subjects with such a delicate play of wit and irony that nothing seems too serious, and no one's prejudices too much worth while. It is the ideal language for the salon, and will never be superseded during our day at least.

Cosmopolitanism has so increased, that every well-educated person needs some knowledge of the most useful of all the foreign languages, but it does not follow from that that we need to import French ideas. We do not want French ways for our girls any more than they want our ways for theirs.

Their system of *dots* too often turns marriage into a purely commercial affair, and it is not necessary to make woman an endowed institution in America, where the conditions are so different from those in France. Men do not lose here three of the best years of their lives in military service; they have the splendid opportunities of a new world; but there is one thing to be said for the French, their attitude toward girls is much more logical than ours.

Either girls and boys ought to be put on exactly the same level, and each trained with the perfectly distinct understanding that, arrived at years of discretion, they are to choose an occupation or profession and make themselves independent, or, as soon as a daughter is born, parents ought to follow the French plan, of putting by a little something for her every year, out of the reach of speculation, so that she may not live with that sword of Damocles hanging over her head, that at any moment may descend and throw her out into the world, armed, no doubt, with courage and energy, but utterly unprepared with practical weapons with which to fight the battle of life.

To do this we need to live with more simplicity, and to learn a just proportion between income and outlay. Men go through life in a mad race for making fortunes, increasing their denominators, and as a nation we sometimes lose sight of the equally important problem that the French have solved so well, of keeping down expenses and lessening the numerators so as to put by money not only to provide for the rainy days, but to give us repose enough to enjoy some of the sunny ones.

To do this we must educate girls not only into brilliant teachers and professional women, who can take care of themselves, but into equally brilliant domestic women, who are trained to take care of their husbands and children; and we must not forget the most important *rôle* of all for a woman is the one which she has played through the ages so well, that for her own sake she does not need to desire another one.

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A LAGGARD IN LOVE.

By Martha McCulloch Williams.

"YES, sir, my grandfather was a stirring man. When he set his head to it, I tell you, something had to be done."

Major Hartwell said it with an air of challenge, albeit his surroundings were such as might tame the most warlike spirit. The big, square sitting-room was warm and bright, with a leaping log-fire, and four good tallow candles in tall, shiny, brass candlesticks. A thick rag carpet covered the floor; with a rug tufted in a pattern of impossible red roses, in front of the clean hearth. The fire-shine flung rose shades upon white, homespun curtains, with netted fringe at their edges, and played at hide-and-seek with the dark claw-foot table, and the brasses of the high black secretary at the room's farther end. A stuffed lounge, with gay woollen coverlid, likewise homespun, stood under the south window. If the chairs were, for the most part, of unpainted wood, they had yielding splint-bottoms, and were scoured to a fresh whiteness. Two or three Windsor chairs, brave in black paint, gilding, and gorgeously flowered backs, sat a-row along the outer wall, too uncomfortably fine for use. The cherry candlestand held a big, leather-bound Bible, with Wesley's Hymns resting upon its upper lid.

Major Hartwell himself sat in the fireside's warmest corner, an elbow on either knee, his eyes intently fixed on the rosy apple in his fingers, from which a curling peel was swiftly lengthening under his skilful knife. As it fell, with a faint flick, into the splint apple-basket between his feet, he sat upright, stuck the peeled apple on the end of the knife-blade, looked contemplatively at it, and went on:

"Yes, sir! He knew his own mind—and made other people do the same. Why, when his first wife—my grandmother—died, he gave her a funeral that was the talk of the county—mahogany coffin, silver handles, a bishop to preach the sermon, and dinner for all the crowd. Then he waited a year, never looking at or speaking to a woman, out of the common. But when he did set out it meant something; the finest clothes in Petersburgh—he lived in Virginyeh, Dinwiddie County—gold-rimmed spectacles, a new saddle, bridle, and blanket. Then, bright and early one morning, he put out cross-country, to see a widow he'd heard of, but never seen. He knew, though, she had a good farm, and niggers, and money ahead. Up he rides—hellos; a lady opens the door. Says he:

"'Mrs. Johnson, I presume?'

"'The same, sir,' says she. 'What's your business?'

"'Madam,' says he, 'my name is John Langley, of Langley Grove, and I've come here to court you. Will you marry me?'

"'Light, and come in, Mr. Langley,' says the widow. In three weeks they were married. Folks knew their own minds then—didn't hum and haw from New Year to Christmas."

"Well! I don't think it was so much to their credit. If I married in such haste I should surely expect to repent at leisure," Mrs. Hartwell said from the other chimney-corner, a touch of asperity in her tone, and in her withered cheek a flush so faint and wavering as to seem but the reflection of the quick red leaping in the girl-face close at her elbow.

The room's other occupant smiled, not openly, but in the covert of his tawny mustache, the deeps of his sleepy-lidded blue eyes. A tallish young fellow, well-made, and well-looking, he sat at ease in front of the fire, his spurred heels stretched to rest upon the hearth's edge. Steam rose from the soles of his fine, well-cut boots, and more than one mud-splash showed on their glossy uppers. Evidently he was new come from the outer world, where harsh winds roared through the darkness, harsh clouds pelted the earth with pouring rain—such weather indeed that the bare coming through it, ought to have been

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accepted as a declaration of serious intentions.

That is, regarding a normal young man. Dabney Fane was exceptional. From boyhood he had never done the thing that was expected of him. So really it was not so wonderful that now for two years past he had spent at least a third of the time "dangling after" Betty Hartwell, when it was notorious that Miss Amelia Patten, *the* heiress of the country-side, would "marry him at the drop of a hat, and drop it herself."

Miss Amelia was tall, dark, fine-looking, if a trifle coarse, beside Betty's lithe, angular grace, her peach-blossom cheeks, and eyes just the brown clearness of a still pool in the swamp. The two were of an age—just turned nineteen. The heiress had, though, a certain rare-ripe maturity, a graciousness of curve and manner that put the other often at disadvantage.

Notwithstanding, Dabney Fane so ignored her that she was fain to salve the slight, the hurt, by refusing a dozen other men each year of her life. Well-landed he was, but with next to no money, and a very great capacity for spending what he could lay hands on. By and by he would realize which way lay ease and advancement—if meantime "that girl" did not rivet his chains with a promise. They had been boy and girl together—he and Miss Patten—and she knew that, though he was wavering of purpose, once his word was passed he was steadfast in keeping it.

Now he half-turned in his chair for a long look at Betty. She sat so straight, so slim, her long throat rising from a cup of white crimped ruffle about the neck of her dark green gown. A tiny foot peeped from under the front of it, the fingers that sent the needles flying around a gray sock's top were taper and rose-tipped enough for a princess of the blood. "Thorough-bred, and fine as silk," was what Dabney Fane had said to himself upon first looking at her. To-night he was more than ever inclined to echo the saying.

After a minute he turned to her father with, "How I wish, Major, that your grandfather's directness ran in the family. I proposed to Miss Betty five—no, I think it was ten minutes after we met—yet am still in a state of mortal uncertainty as to whether she will leave me or have me."

"It must be dreadful to live in fear of—the last," Betty said, with a laugh that was not quite so merry as she tried to make it. Her mother half-frowned, saying,

"The fire is getting too low, Betty; call Tom to bring in a stick of wood."

"I let Tom go to his brother's festival—I'll bring the wood myself," Betty said, stepping into the hall outside, where lay a heap of round hickory logs, four to five inches through. Before she could lift one, Dabney Fane was beside her, had put her gently away, grasped a log in either hand, and was looking down into her eyes, saying,

"Betty, Betty——"

"Open the door, Betty—leave it open—then go and see about supper," came in Mrs. Hartwell's thinnest, most edged voice. Betty flung wide the sitting-room door, darted across the hall, and was about to vanish through a corresponding one that led to the dining-room, when faint but distinct through the rush of rain and wind, "Hello! hello! hello the house!" came from the inner gate.

"There—your great grandfather's ghost has come to shame you—or maybe its some mortal body on an errand like his. If it is, Betty, will you ask him to 'light and come in?" Fane asked rapidly, almost under his breath. Betty raised her eyes to his for a breath's space, but dropped them as she answered in his own key,

"I think I will."

"Why, somebody's helloing—travellers lost in the storm—or turned back by the creek—it must be swimming, from the way it booms," Major Hartwell said, hurrying toward the door as a second hail reached even his ears.

As Betty threw open the outer door her father pushed past her, went down one of the porch steps, and sent a hospitable cry through the gusty darkness. Before it was answered he struck a ringing blow on the suspended ploughshare that served him as a gong to summon his hostler.

"They're dead beat—man and horse—must be, out in such weather," he said

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over his shoulder, betwixt vociferous invitations to the unknown. Mrs. Hartwell stood back of her daughter in the doorway, a candle upheld in either hand. The falling light made a bright square, within which Betty stood framed, a moving silhouette of vivid youth. Presently the gleam of a lantern swung around the house-corner—a faint red blur, that barely served to make visible the dash and hissing of the sheeted rain.

"Come on, sir—you're precious slow," Major Hartwell shouted to the lantern-bearer, himself splashing down across the wet gravel walk. Dabney Fane stepped in front of him, saying, "I'll go with Jack, Major; remember your rheumatism—nobody is quite worth your risking a winter of that."

"Much obleeged, young man—very much obleeged—but hospitality don't go well by proxy," the Major said, stumping off into the darkness. Fane made as if to follow him, but stopped at the porch's edge. Major Hartwell had turned, less than ten steps away; and came back out of the night, the storm, with a tall man, young, strong, black-haired, heavily bearded, who fixed upon Betty a long glance, so intense as to take no cognizance of any other presence. As he set foot on the uppermost step a savage flaw of wind blew out both candles, leaving all the space dark.

"Come in, sir—this way, never mind the wet," Major Hartwell said, pulling his dripping guest within doors.

Fane whispered in Betty's ear:

"Have your mind made up, young lady. This, I am sure, is a man after the grand paternal pattern. Tell me, Betty—in strict confidence—is it going to be yes or no."

"You are tiresome," Betty said; "worse even than papa. I simply hate a man who——"

"Doesn't know enough to go in when it rains. You should be merciful to the poor fellow, Betty. Remember he was coming to see you."

"Coming to see me! About as much as—you are—and nothing on earth brings *you* here, but your wish to spite—well—some people."

"Who are they, Betty dear?"

"You know without my telling."

"Upon my conscience I do not."

"You had better swear by something that has actual existence."

"Sarcasm, Betty dear, is unbecoming a young person, but let that pass, and tell me truly who it is that I am trying to spite."

"My mother—for one."

"I fear she does disapprove of me—that all her prayers are for my translation to another sphere. Now tell me—quick—who else?"

"I shall do no such thing—you know more of Miss Patten than I do—besides, mother is calling me—I must go——"

"Not till you tell me what you think of the fair Amelia!"

"Oh! I think you will marry her—one of these days."

"So does she. I'm sorry you agree with her. I myself had quite other views."

The sitting-room door swung sharply open. Mrs. Hartwell came through it and led her daughter within. Walking slowly behind them, Dabney Fane saw the stranger rise from the fireside, bend his head in stately fashion, and lift Betty's hand till it brushed his lips; heard him say, with a liquid half-drawl that sounded oddly incongruous from such a mouth: "So this is my cousin Betty. I am more glad to see her than even the fire or the light, after such storm and darkness."

Betty looked at her father with eyes of wonder. He was coming toward them with his great-grandfather's liquor-case in his hands. The opening of it Betty knew to be always in the nature of an event. It was a square mahogany affair, on four upright legs, with spaces inside for a nest of twelve big bottles. Each of them held a different liquor. The open top had six gold-sprigged wine-glasses, nestled each in its nook of faded velvet.

"To-night we're all Langleys—so your health must be drunk from Langley glasses in true Langley style. What shall it be—port, Madeira, peach-and honey, Jamaica rum, apple-brandy, or whiskey older than Betty there?" Major Hartwell said, setting the case upon the rug. The glasses are a bit dusty—fetch a towel please, Betty. Mr. Fane, I make you acquainted with Mr. Langley

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Inge, of Alabama—his grandmother was a Langley, sister to mine, and he has come all this way to see his kin. I know you'll drink to him with a right good-will. What'll you take, sir? The best in stock is not good enough for the occasion."

Simultaneously Fane and the stranger held out their hands. Betty put into each, one of the glasses, from which she wiped the dust of the five years since last they had been used. As the ripe golden liquors brimmed their clear round, the Major said, joyously:

"Here's to the Langley blood—may it always run thicker than water, and never in the veins of less than a gentleman."

"My thanks," said Mr. Inge, with another deep bow. "Fill up again, please. I have come to Tennessee for—a wife. Drink all, that I may not go back without her."

Again the glasses clinked—the precious thimblefuls went down the throats of the good company; all that is, save Mr. Fane's, who choked and said, betwixt coughs, aside to Betty:

"A clear judgment on my hypocrisy. I deserve strangling for even pretending to wish him success."

The night was thereafter to Dabney Fane but a succession of very bad quarters of an hour. For two years he had hung about Betty, making love so openly as to proclaim himself in jest. She had seemed to him such a child, forever at her mother's elbow, more than obedient to the lightest word or look, it gave him a sense of bitter, burning amazement to find her thus full-flowered in womanhood—sought in marriage of another man. Mr. Inge's meaning was clear—his purpose admitted not the slightest doubt. Like Isaac of old, he sought a wife from his own people. Nor would he seek in vain. He was well-bred, well-looking—disgustingly so, thought Fane. He made no boasts, but as the night wore on a word dropped here or there showed him to be a man of estate and substance—a personage in his own community. Major Hartwell hung, open-mouthed, upon his words. What was much worse—for Fane—Mrs. Hartwell listened with an approving smile—and more than once gave a little contented sigh, as she saw the eyes of this new kinsman fixed in admiring regard upon her daughter's face.

Clearly Inge—confound him—would have plain sailing. Betty herself heard him as one charmed. The very worst of it was Fane himself could not wonder at it. The fellow had seen much, and knew how to tell the story of it. New York, London, Paris, or the iron town of Birmingham, it was all one to him. To his country kinsfolk, who thought fifty miles a journey, he must seem a veritable Admirable Crichton with a dash of Monte Cristo—just as he, Dabney Fane, must appear in their eyes the most flippant trifler alive. Almost he admitted that he deserved to be so regarded. A *man*, he told himself angrily, would not thus have let slip the chance of winning the one woman in all the world. Yet up to Mr. Inge's coming he had not even known his own mind regarding Betty; nay, had let himself contemplate the not remote possibility of some day establishing his fortune with the Patten thousands. Now, many and golden as they were, they were as naught in the scale against Betty—Betty, who if he won her, must come to him almost empty-handed.

Win her he would—in spite of everything. Over and over he swore it to himself through the long night hours, with wind and thunder making the old house rock and roar, with the rain beating tattoo on the sloped guest-chamber wall above his bed. Opposite, Mr. Inge, of Alabama, slept the sleep of the weary, even snored a little now and then. "My Cousin Betty is worth coming a thousand miles to see," he had said when they two were alone, and Fane had answered indifferently, "Oh, she's fair-looking; but wait till you see the rest."

Now, as he tossed restlessly upon his high feather-bed, he saw himself, his actions, in a new light far from pleasant. He had wilfully sought this girl as he might have done a singing-bird, a butterfly, a wood-side flower; solely because of her present charm, with no thought, no care whether or no she might take hurt of the contact. No wonder the mother had looked at him askance—that Betty herself had shown him always a guard he could not beat down. If she

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despised him even, he could not complain. But before another night fell she should say him, seriously, yea or nay.

In the calming of that resolution he fell asleep. He awoke to find the clock on the stroke of eight, with rain still pouring, low clouds hurrying over, on gusty wings of storm. The other bed was empty—black Tom, whose coming in had disturbed his slumbers, made haste to inform him "Dat ar new gentemun, suh, he wus up airly—same lek ole he-pea-fow-el. Dee done et breakfus down sta-ars long time ergo; him an' Marse Major's settin' dar, in dee two cheers by de fier, talkin' an' er talkin'—an' dat ar gentemun he look smilin' as er basket er chips on er cold frosty mornin'."

"Where's Miss Betty?" asked Fane. Tom grinned audibly.

"She dar too—an' I yere um say in de kitchin, while I 'us takin' in de hot batter-cakes, dat Miss Cath'ern pintedly did 'low ter Aun Viny, when she wus a gibin out breakfus, dee gwine be weddin'-cake ter bake yere, in dest erbout three shakes of a dead sheep's tail."

"Sooner, I hope," Fane said, laughing, as he drew on his boots, freshly shining from Tom's brush. Dropping a coin in the boy's hat upon the floor, he went down the stairway whistling softly, "My Love She's but a Lassie Yet."

As the sitting-room door shut behind him, he heard Mr. Inge saying: "Some men—most men indeed—would make a mystery about it, but it is not my way to beat about the bush. I am thirty years old, rather more than reasonably well-off, so six months ago I made up my mind to marry. Oddly enough, just as I came to that conclusion I met a man from your neighborhood, Colonel Barker——"

"Yes—yes—fine fellow, high-toned gentleman," Major Hartwell broke in. The other went on complacently.

"He told me about her, and at once I decided that she was the wife for me. Now will you tell me frankly what chance I have, in your judgment. to go in and win?"

"H-m—I hardly know; maybe Betty or her mother—" Major Hartwell said, looking tentatively at his womenkind. Betty's cheeks were rose-red, her eyes dancing, as with some wild elation. She alone had caught sight of Fane, standing at attention, all his easy suavity gone, his face full of new purpose and meaning. Her mother knit faster than ever, and said, with a little deprecatory cough, "That's a hard question to answer, Cousin Langley; one that I would like to answer yes, but nobody, not even herself, sometimes, knows what a girl's mind will be. But I can tell you she's a treasure, and wish you success with all my heart."

Major Hartwell nodded emphatic approval, adding, as his wife finished speaking:

"My advice, sir, is that you speak with your mind made up not to take no for an answer."

"And you?" Mr. Inge asked, as his eyes fell on Betty's face. She gave him a heavenly smile, and said, slowly:

"I—really, Cousin Langley—it is so funny, you asking us all about such things. The only body who can say anything to the point is—Miss Amelia Patten herself."

"Quite right," Fane said, crossing the floor at three strides, to station himself back of Betty's chair. "But my advice, Mr. Inge, is, that before you propose you tell the young lady I am to marry your Cousin Betty."

Bending, he kissed Betty lightly on the cheek, and said, circling her shoulders with his arms, "I thought I had lost you, Betty. Now I will never let you go."

Betty's breath came hard and fast. Tears gathered in her eyes, she tried to rise—to speak coldly—to push away those clinging arms. But love, for so long masked and chidden, now claimed a holiday. Trembling through and through, she hid her sweet eyes in her lover's breast, while her father said, a break in his cheery voice, "It's like your impudence, Dabney, confound you! to court and carry off my girl thus, under my very nose."

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HISTORIC MOMENTS: THE NOMINATION OF LINCOLN.

By Isaac H. Bromley.

THE Chicago Convention of 1860 was much more than an organized body of delegates; its work much more than that of nominating candidates. Its transactions overshadowed in importance, outreached in consequences, and transcended in results those of any assembly of men that was ever gathered on this continent. I shall not stop to answer the reader's rising thought of Philadelphia and 1776. Difference in perspective creates illusions that may be left to time to dispel. May 18, 1860, was the turning-point of time, and this Convention the very pivot upon which swung—what? Some question of form of government, method of administration, burden of taxation, right of representation, or of the occupancy of several hundred or thousand offices? No, these are but trivialities. On that pivot swung vastly more than the ambition of a party, the hopes of a people or the welfare of a continent. All mankind—the whole human race, everywhere—had a stake upon it. Civilization and barbarism were coming to a grapple, and upon the turning of events here—as everyone now sees, though no one guessed it then—it depended whether the "irrepressible conflict" should be fought to a finish and civilization should march on over the dead form of barbarism that had offered it battle, or be only a tournament display carried on with courtesies and diplomacies, to end with compromises and awards and new lease of life to the savagery which flaunted itself before the world, affronting the intelligence and shocking the moral sense of mankind. The Chicago Convention, without knowing it, was selecting the leader for a long war. And without knowing it, in that inscrutable fashion in which God makes mockery of all our logical processes, it was selecting out of all the world His chosen instrument. It almost takes one's breath away to think what would have happened had Mr. Seward, to whom the logic of events most strongly pointed, or any other of the twelve candidates voted for in the Convention, been nominated. Imagine the dislocation in history that would have resulted had Essex, Fairfax, or Manchester, each of whom, according to all human reasoning, had superior claims, stood in Cromwell's shoes, or had Charles Lee or John Hancock been preferred to Washington.

The background or stage-setting of the Convention was an array of political conditions never known before or since. They were unique, phenomenal. Out of political chaos kindred elements were coming together, finding each other, settling into orderly arrangement, taking form, crystallizing. The slavery question had been "finally" settled in 1850. The Whig Party tried hard to believe it, and choked itself to death in the effort in 1852. In 1854 Mr. Douglas had reopened the question in order to make the "finality" more final, and had split the Democratic Party wide asunder. In the disintegration which followed, two or three new parties had arisen which did not contain separately the quality of cohesion, or the promise of permanence. These elements began coalescing in 1856. The process was reaching its conclusion here.

The Second Republican National Convention met at Chicago on May 16, 1860. Not since the foundation of the Government had the political outlook been so threatening to the stability of the Union and the continuance of peace. Congress had been five months in session, two of which had been entirely occupied with the Speakership contest, and the rest spent in wordy wrangling

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that frequently came perilously near to blows on the floor of the House in open session. For the Southern Democrats, who had come up to Washington in a white heat of passion over John Brown and Harper's Ferry, were fuller than ever of bluster and bravado, and the North had begun to send men to Congress who talked back and could not be bullied. Threats of disunion punctuated all the debates, and not infrequently there were personal collisions that set the country all agog with rumors of impending duels; though "the Code" was getting a little out of fashion since Burlingame's selection of Canada as the place and rifles as weapons, in answering Preston Brooks's challenge, reduced the latter to the absurdity of refusing to go to Canada because he would be exposed to personal violence on his way through the North. But Pryor, of Virginia, had challenged Potter, of Wisconsin, only recently, and the latter had convulsed the whole North with a broad guffaw by accepting, and selecting bowie-knives as the weapons—at which point that matter ended. This was fresh in memory. One of the sights at the Tremont House was a bowie-knife, seven feet long, suitably inscribed, which the Missouri delegation had brought with them to present to Potter. It may be noted in passing that while the country was girding itself for the bloody business of a death grapple with slavery, as a preliminary it made short work of its twin relic of barbarism by simply laughing it out of court. Burlingame and Potter pulled off its lion skin and revealed its ears with a *reductio ad*. Since then in this country a challenge is a bray only.

The first elections of the Presidential year had taken place in New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. The Democrats had made a desperate fight in Connecticut, the narrow margin by which their opponents had carried it for seven years encouraging them to believe that with Thomas H. Seymour, their most popular man, as candidate for Governor, they could break the line of the almost solid North. Had they succeeded, the South would have taken new heart and hope; there would have been no breaking up of the party at Charleston, and the war might have been postponed. No State election was ever watched with such interest in all parts of the country, none ever more strenuously contested. It was the key-note of the Presidential year. Then originated the "Wide-Awake" associations which in the National campaign blazed out over all the North with a semi-military organization that attracted thousands of young men, who thus, without knowing it, were preparing themselves for the much more serious work ahead, when they should change torches for muskets. Connecticut was lost to the Democrats, and the South thereon determined that it had no longer any use for the Democratic Party. The National Convention of the party at Charleston had spent the last week of April in noisy contention and fruitless balloting, and at the end of it fallen asunder, one wing adjourning to meet at Richmond on the 11th, the other to meet at Baltimore on the 18th of June. Meantime the fragments of the Old Whig Party, uniting with the Southern wing of the American or Know-Nothing Party, had held a Convention at Baltimore on the 9th of May, under the name of the Constitutional Union Party, at which they nominated John Bell, of Tennessee, for President, and Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, for Vice-President, after adopting a platform of one resolution, in which, in the same determined spirit with which Mrs. Partington went against the Atlantic Ocean with a broom, they pledged themselves to maintain the Constitution and the Union, and frown down sectional parties. It was a Convention that knew it was respectable, and could not understand how, being so respectable, it could be ridiculous.

With the Democratic Party hopelessly disrupted, and the whole trend of affairs in the Free States toward a union of all the elements of opposition to that party, it was not strange that the delegates came together at Chicago in high spirits and with a confident feeling that the nominee of the Convention would be the next President of the United States. No one looked farther than that. The fixed purpose of the party was to bring Kansas into the Union as

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a Free State, and set definite bounds to the institution of slavery. That was all. It did not enter into the dream of the most radical opponents of the institution to interfere with it where it already existed. If anyone had said that within the next Presidential term slavery would be abolished, and the slaves made free citizens, he would have been listened to very much as one would who predicted that the Mississippi would presently run north. Simply to restrict the institution to existing limits seemed easy enough; and though threats of secession were louder and more general than ever in the South, it was the belief of most people at the North that it was only bluster and that nothing would come of it. What these delegates saw, then, was a Presidency within easy reach and the usual acquiescence of the defeated party in the result. They were not free from selfish ambitions nor unfamiliar with the arts by which these ambitions are promoted. They were altogether human; and whoever believes, on account of what followed their work, that they were saints or even unselfish philanthropists, that they pursued no devious ways, resorted to no intrigues, and drove no sharp bargains, makes a mistake.

The Convention met in an enormous building with a capacity capable of holding ten or twelve thousand people; a barn-like structure, made of rough timber, decorated so completely with flags, banners, bunting, etc., that when filled it seemed a gorgeous pavilion aflame with color and all aflutter with pennants and streamers. It was the first of its kind, and itself something of a wonder. The stage proper was of sufficient capacity to hold all the delegates, who were seated on either side of a slightly elevated dais occupied by the presiding officer, the secretaries being just in front, and beyond them, occupying the space to the edge of the platform, the representatives of the press. The parquette below was occupied by alternates and holders of special tickets distributed by the delegates. The galleries were reserved for ladies accompanied by gentlemen, and the miscellaneous public to the number of four or five thousand stood in the aisles and all the available unoccupied space. The peculiarity of this arrangement, it will be seen, was in its breaking the Convention proper in two, and seating it on each side, instead of in front of the presiding officer. The advantage of it was that the Convention was staged so that the delegates could be seen from all parts of the auditorium and none of the proceedings lost by the audience. Something of convenience was sacrificed to dramatic effect. The Convention was just then "the greatest show on earth."

It was indeed a grand spectacle. When Governor E. D. Morgan, of New York, as Chairman of the Republican National Committee, called the Convention to order, he faced the largest audience that had ever assembled within doors in the country. Governor Morgan was not an impressive speaker. He read from manuscript the few sentences with which he formally opened the proceedings in a rather perfunctory way; but he was regarded with interest as the Governor of New York, and as representative of the successful merchants and wealthy men of business who had laid aside their timid conservatism and put themselves heart, soul, and purse—the last not being least important—into the new movement against slavery extension and slave-holding domination. During these preliminaries there were the ordinary hand-clapping and applause with which large assemblages amuse themselves and hold impatience in check. The naming of David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, for temporary Chairman induced a general outburst of enthusiasm—for David Wilmot, by the accident of having offered an amendment to a bill appropriating money for the purchase of territory from Mexico in 1846, which provided that slavery should be forever prohibited in the purchased territory, had been famous in all the years of slavery agitation since that time as the author of the "Wilmot Proviso," which was long the rallying-point of the opponents of slavery extension. No man in the Convention was better known by name than he. The commonplace speech with which he took the chair was well received by the good-natured

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audience, who by this time had perceived that by a piece of good luck the acoustic properties of the Wigwam were excellent, so that the speakers could be heard without difficulty in every part of it.

Then followed the humdrum of organization, the calling off the names already agreed upon for the several committees by the various State delegations, during which the vast hive was in a buzz and flutter and the galleries occupied themselves with finding and pointing out the men of note on the platform. Considering the greatness of these transactions, and their epoch-marking character, it is almost a disappointment, in recalling the scene, to find that there were so few men of great fame in sight. The great soldiers who, a few years later, made their names immortal, were unknown; they were in the egg on which this Convention sat and unconsciously cackled. A man in uniform on that stage would have been viewed curiously, for our people had then no idea that military trappings were for anything but show. A year later it is not improbable that from a quarter to a half of the male citizens in the Wigwam were in military uniforms, with a thorough realization that they meant a great deal more than show.

Sitting by my side at the same table was a newspaper editor, who called me "Ike," as I called him "Joe." He was running over with enthusiasm. When the nomination was made he interrupted himself in his hurrahing to say to me, who looked on in wide-eyed silence, "Why don't you hurrah?" I don't know why I did not; but I remember that I felt queer and only said, "I can't hurrah; I should cry if anyone touched me." I came nearer crying when, in less than twelve months, I saw him in uniform at the head of the first Connecticut company that answered the call for troops. He was afterward a Brigadier-General, Governor of his State, and Member of Congress, and has lately been elected to his third term as United States Senator. There were probably other similar cases. It was Joe Hawley who sat at my elbow.

I have said that our people at that time had little notion that military paraphernalia was for anything but show, or that marching movements or exercises in the manual of arms signified anything more than symmetry and prettiness in certain mechanical operations by groups or masses of men. The circumstance is recalled that on one of the evenings of Convention week there was an exhibition drill in the Wigwam of an organization called the Chicago Zouaves. It was more an athletic club with military organization, drill, and discipline, than an ordinary militia regiment. Its picturesque uniform, which has since become familiar, was then so novel and unusual as to constitute in itself an attractive feature, while the remarkable acrobatic performances, of which the drill largely consisted, and the rapidity and precision with which they were executed by the whole regiment, as if by one man, lent to the exhibition all the charm of the circus of the period. It might have been remarked that, pretty as it all looked, it was not all prettiness, but that every step of it, though a dancing-master's, meant business. Very few did remark it until later. The colonel was a young lawyer named Ellsworth. The Chicago people thought very well of him, because of his talent for organization, and the ability he had shown in perfecting this pretty machine. They had no idea, though, that he had done it for any but show purposes, or that he was an earnest person engaged in serious work. In one year and six days from the day of the Convention's adjournment he lay dead in his uniform at Alexandria, Va., one of the first who fell in the war, having earned, with an undying fame, the everlasting gratitude of his country for the single-hearted service he gave her, and the inspiration of a heroic example.

It was a thick curtain that hung before the Chicago Convention of 1860. Behind it were preparing the most bewildering transformations that ever dazzled the eyes of mortal man.

But though the heroes of the war were not there in uniform, there were, in the various groups upon the platform several figures of national prominence—targets for the galleries' index-fingers. It seems to me, as I recall it,

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that Horace Greeley was the most conspicuous, as he was certainly the most picturesque, figure on the platform. He did not need pointing out. Everybody in the audience seemed to know him at sight. The most frequent exclamation was, "There's old Greeley," with no disrespect, but only a rough fondness in the adjective. He was full of business. The New York delegation was for Seward to a man. And for him absolutely, unreservedly—first, last, and all the time, without any second choice. To them Mr. Seward seemed the central figure of the whole movement, its prophet, priest, and oracle. Not even Henry Clay before him, or Grant or Blaine after, had such a following of blind idolaters. They had worked themselves up into the belief that the new political party would collapse if it did not take the highest ground of principle, and choose as its leader the foremost anti-slavery statesman in the country; the man who had described the relations between freedom and slavery as an "irrepressible conflict" between two opposing and enduring forces, and whom they fondly called "Old Irrepressible." Without him it would be the play without Hamlet. They were vociferous, aggressive, boisterous, and they had brought with them from New York outsiders and workers and brass bands who filled the streets with processions and the nights with music to such an extent that the Seward enthusiasm seemed tumultuous and all-absorbing. Conspicuous among these was the famous prize-fighter Tom Hyer, a sort of white blackbird, who, though prize-fighter and gambler, was an active member of what had begun to be called "the party of moral ideas." He was one of the most quiet and gentlemanly persons in the crowd. The outsiders did the torchlight, brass-band, and Roman-candle business, with oratorical punctuation from hotel balconies, while the delegates proper were engaged in the more quiet and more important work of effecting combinations and making bargains to insure their favorite's success. This part of the programme was largely directed by that consummate politician, Thurlow Weed.

Mr. Greeley was an ill-balanced man. He was great, partly because and partly in spite of his eccentricities. He was, on most occasions, extremely inopportune. In the present conjuncture of circumstances, by the logic of all his political teaching, and his whole life, he should have been for Seward. Seward stood for conscientious conviction, sturdy adherence to principle, and uncompromising hostility to the aggressions of the slave power. *The Tribune* stood for that too, and *The Tribune* was Greeley. The younger reader, and possibly some older ones, may find it difficult to understand, in view of subsequent events, that Seward represented the radical, uncompromising, anti-slavery element in 1860, and that the more conservative, timid, and time-serving of the party chose Mr. Lincoln for the simple reason that it was easier to unite the opposition to Seward on him than on any one else. That is the simple truth. Personal differences with Seward and Weed, growing, strangely enough, out of political ambition, from which he was supposed to be absolutely free, had estranged Greeley from his natural leader. So here he was, fighting him with all the intensity of his nature and all the resources at his command. He was not idle a moment, and, wherever he happened to be, was surrounded by a gaping crowd. Some mischievous fellow pinned a Seward badge on his coat-tail; it amused the crowd for a moment without giving him the slightest disturbance. The Oregon delegation, not being full, his name was put on the list as a delegate from that State. On the same list I may say, in passing, was the name of Eli Thayer, of Massachusetts, another eccentric politician, who, accepting the doctrine of popular sovereignty, had taken practical steps toward beating the slave-holders at their own game, by organizing Emigrant Aid Societies to colonize Kansas with Free-State settlers. He is not much remembered now, but the enterprises he originated saved Kansas from slavery, by filling the Territory with a majority of anti-slavery settlers.

Greeley and Thayer, as delegates from Oregon, raised a smile as the list

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was read; but no serious objection was raised to their sitting in that capacity. There was no disposition to enforce strictness as to credentials from the Northern States, though a question was raised as to the admission of delegates, not well accredited, from Southern States where there was notoriously no Republican organization. It was really a question of Seward and Anti-Seward, as indeed all others were upon which there was any division. The Seward men carried their point, and they were admitted.

Next to Greeley the Blair family—Francis P., Sr., and his two sons, Montgomery and Francis P., Jr.—seemed to attract most attention. The two former were delegates from Maryland, and "Young Frank," as he was called, led the Missouri delegation. The senior Blair had been an intimate friend and confidential adviser of Andrew Jackson, and there had not been a turn or a twist in national politics for thirty years that he had not been more or less concerned in. Like Thurlow Weed, whom he somewhat resembled in his relations to politics, he had never held public office, but his name was a household word, and here he was held in high honor because of the invaluable service he had rendered in organizing and building up the new party. "Young Frank" had been making so plucky a fight against slavery in the border State of Missouri, for five or six years past, that he had already a national reputation. Montgomery's distinction at that time was only that he was one of the famous family. The Blairs were all opposed to Seward.

William M. Evarts, then in the prime of life and the full vigor of his physical powers, his smooth-shaven, classical features and strong profile distinguishing him somewhat from the vulgar crowd, was at the head of the New York delegation: the dignity of his carriage and repose of his manner in marked contrast with the fussy and uneasy Greeley, who went shambling around in an aimless, disjointed way. Evarts had not been in public life except in the practice of his profession, but of that he was one of the leading members, and his reputation as a learned lawyer and brilliant advocate was already national. In the event of Seward's nomination it was whispered that Evarts would succeed him as Senator. He was the chairman of the delegation—its recognized spokesman and mouthpiece. The management of the Seward canvass was left to others; he was its figure-head.

Near him sat the deep-eyed, scholarly George W. Curtis, quiet, observant, taking in the whole scene and surroundings with the eye of the philosopher and the serenity of the scholar, but the manner, none the less, of a seer who, in the midst of the turmoil, was profoundly conscious that out of all the hurly-burly the elements were gathering for a stately and orderly forward movement in the history of the Republic and the enfranchisement of universal man. He had been for many years a familiar figure on the lecture platform: a forum which had been increasing in influence and power since 1850, and at that time in all the cities and large towns of the North was more popular than theatre or concert, and more influential than the pulpit upon public opinion. The step from the lecture platform to the political stump in the period opening with the Kansas agitation was, for a man of his profound convictions and sincere character, easy and natural. During the Fremont campaign he had been a leading attraction in the great popular gatherings, and had added to the reputation of a polished and accomplished platform lecturer the fame of a powerful and eloquent political orator. Whatever may have been the motives of other actors on this stage, it was known that he at least was above personal ambition or the reproach of selfish purposes. He seemed indeed but a silent and inactive spectator. He spoke but once, as I remember, and then with greatest brevity; but in the two minutes he occupied, as will presently appear, he exercised more influence upon results than any of the score or more who addressed the Convention, or all of them combined.

An extremely active person who seemed full of business was skipping round from one delegation to another, particularly among those known as

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Anti-Seward, with whom he held frequent whispered consultations. When he sat down for a moment it was at the head of the Indiana delegation. It was Henry S. Lane, Republican candidate for Governor of Indiana. He was very much in earnest, for he said, and kept saying, that with Seward as the candidate Indiana was lost, while Lincoln's nomination would save the State.

In the Massachusetts delegation John A. Andrew sat at the head, almost unknown, but just coming to the front, and now mentioned as the probable candidate for Governor.

Among the Pennsylvanians, next to Wilmot, the man most talked about was Andrew H. Reeder, who had been the first territorial Governor of Kansas, and become famous by his sturdy opposition to the efforts of his party to force slavery into the Territory. He cut no figure, however; was simply pointed out. In the delegation sat Thad Stevens, not much known then outside his State, taking little active part, but indulging in occasional quaint suggestions or sarcastic comment.

In the Ohio delegation were two notable men. Tom Corwin had been in public life forty years, and after being United States Senator had been a member of Mr. Fillmore's cabinet. He had been a familiar figure on the political stump all his life, and always counted one of the best drawing cards of the Old Whig party. He had a swarthy complexion and wore a rather serious expression. But his fame was chiefly as story-teller and humorist. Joshua R. Giddings sat near him. He, too, had been about forty years in public life, but they had been stormy years of hard up-hill fighting against the heaviest odds; years filled with conscientious devotion and self-sacrifice that had brought him only obloquy, abuse, and persecution. The old man was deeply interested in everything that happened, and every word that was spoken, for this Convention seemed to him the fruit of his own labors, the culmination of his long life work. He had waited for it like Simeon for the consolation of Israel, and now that it was at hand he watched it, not with exultation, but with devout seriousness and a certain sense of personal responsibility for the outcome. The chairman of the Ohio delegation was D. K. Cartter, who was constantly addressing the chair. He was more frequent than fluent; he stuttered. He was afterward appointed to a judgeship in the District of Columbia by President Lincoln, and died in office during President Harrison's term.

Scattered around among the delegations, were some who came into prominence afterward, but were then comparatively unknown beyond their own States. Gideon Welles was chairman of the Connecticut delegation; David Davis and O. H. Browning worked together for Lincoln in the Illinois delegation. Caleb B. Smith sat in the Indiana seats; James F. Wilson and John A. Kasson in those of Iowa, and at the head of the Wisconsin delegation was Carl Schurz, who was the recognized leader of the German voters of the West and Northwest.

The roll of delegates having been read and the preliminary committees having been appointed, the Committee on Permanent Organization reported without delay. George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, was the permanent president. Wilmot appointed Carl Schurz and Preston King, of New York, to escort him to the chair. Ashmun was a handsome man, of dignified presence and winning manners, and an admirable presiding officer. A party of moral ideas could hardly have had a fitter figure-head. In personal appearance he was not unlike Horatio Seymour. He looked the Puritan; as he held the gavel he might have been Speaker of the Long Parliament. In fact he was not Puritanic nor austere. He had been prominent in Massachusetts politics as a Whig; had served in the Legislature and in Congress, and was known as the intimate and confidential friend of Daniel Webster. He had been practically out of politics since 1852. He represented here the Conservative Whigs, who had been holding aloof from the Republicans until now, but had been drawn into the movement by the pressure of events. After his speech on taking the chair, the Con-

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vention adjourned till the following day.

The event of the second day was the adoption of the platform. There was some skirmishing over the committee reports, particularly over the rule concerning the number of votes required for a nomination; whether a majority of the delegates present, or a majority of the whole number entitled to vote if all the States were represented. The former course was adopted. These preliminary questions were, as a rule, settled not so much on their merits as on the probable effect upon the Seward and Anti-Seward canvass. In almost every one the Seward men, who were playing their game very cleverly, won. All through the day they were in high spirits, and absolutely confident that the Convention was in their hands. They were playing for pawns; the other fellows let the pawns go, but made every move count for a checkmate. It was tactics against strategy.

I have never seen a National, nor hardly a State Convention, of any party, in which the report of the Committee on Resolutions was not awaited with more or less anxiety and a nervous haste to get it out of the way. There was rather more, than less, of the usual feeling here. Since the Democratic breaking up, the conviction had deepened that this party had the Presidency within reach. The nearness of it made everybody uncommonly fearful of losing it. The consequence was that this body was disposed to be conservative to the point of timidity. All shades of opinion on the slavery question, from the out-and-out Abolitionists like Giddings, to men like Eli Thayer who accepted the popular sovereignty theory, had to be harmonized. There was danger in touching at all the tariff question, and yet it could not be ignored entirely; and most difficult of all was to bring together the representatives of the American or Know-Nothing party and the great mass of foreign-born voters, chiefly Germans, who constituted the strength and the dependence of the party in the Western States. To steer through such dangers and besetments called for skilful pilotage.

The Committee had done its work well. It had made it its chief purpose to define, with absolute clearness, the attitude of the party on the issue of the hour, so that by no ingenuity of sophistry could it be held responsible for John Brown or any invasion of State rights, or desire to interfere with slavery in its existing limits. This was made clear. The party stood opposed, not to slavery, but to slavery extension. All other issues were treated as subordinate or unimportant. The reading was interrupted with cheering at some passages. As it ceased there was a pause of a very few seconds. The instinct of a Convention at such moments finds expression in the call for the previous question to shut off debate and all the risks of wrangling. Cartter, of Ohio, was on his feet in an instant, and moved it with a stutter. But it's a dangerous thing to undertake if it has the appearance of choking anybody off who is of consequence. Mr. Giddings was not entirely satisfied with the report—had an amendment to offer. He appealed to his colleague with great solemnity to withdraw the call, to which Cartter answered, somewhat curtly: "I did it to cut you off and all other amendments and all discussion." The Convention was not with him; by an overwhelming majority the previous question was voted down. It was but a short triumph for Giddings, however. His amendment, which was simply a reassertion of the "self-evident truths" of the Declaration of Independence, tucked in after the first resolution, was voted down in spite of the old man's almost tearful appeal. It was in the first platform of the party, he said; the party had grown up on that idea, and to leave it out would be cowardly abandonment of first principles. But the Convention shied at it. It might be construed as taking ground against slavery *per se*, when the purpose was only to oppose its extension. It would lose votes. Down it went.

And then—think of it—this old man, who had devoted almost his whole life to the fight against slavery, with never, up to the birth of this party, the slightest hope of doing anything except talk in a vague, scolding way against it, rose

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up and started for the door, because his whim had been disregarded. His amendment—afterward adopted—made no difference, and his going out would have made none; but that, with what followed, constituted the dramatic episode of the day, and is so remembered. I shall take leave to say that the Giddings part of it was childish, and that the Convention itself was truly great when, a little later, it humored his weakness, and with a tender consideration for his years of faithful service and conscientious devotion to principle, not often seen in such bodies, retraced its steps. The old man was stopped by the New York delegation on his way out, and assured that another effort would be made to save the Declaration of Independence for him, but he went out inconsolable. Like other Abolition leaders who had been all their lives bombarding slavery at long range with artillery that was only noisy and never effective, he mistook this movement for a reinforcement, when it was really independent, elemental, seismic; a new force; original, spontaneous, reinforcing nothing, but gathering in its wake whatever was akin in sympathy or aim. The report being open for debate by the defeat of the previous question, two or three attempts to amend were made, and more or less eloquence was expended in discussing them. But with a general notion that the work of the Committee could not be improved, all were voted down, until George W. Curtis rose and offered anew the Giddings amendment. The report had been safely steered through all difficulties and left intact, and there was less disposition than ever to amend it, for the discussion had lasted all day and people were tired. There was a murmur of disapprobation, and the point of order was raised that the amendment had once been voted down, which the chair at first sustained. Upon the explanation, which was really only an evasion, that the amendment was now offered to the second, instead of the first, clause of the resolutions, it was pronounced in order. Then Curtis made a speech of about three minutes. Not a word was wasted. There was such earnestness in his manner, such pathos of entreaty in his tone, that the audience stretched out and listened to him as it had listened to no one before. When he said, "I have to ask this Convention whether they are prepared to go upon the record and before the country as voting down the words of the Declaration of Independence?" cries of "No, no," came from all over the house. "I rise," he said in closing, "simply to ask gentlemen to think well before, upon the free prairies of the West, in the summer of 1860, they dare to wince and quail before the assertions of the men in Philadelphia, in 1776—before they dare to shrink from repeating the words that these great men enunciated." The Convention went off its feet. Without another word the amendment was adopted, with hardly a dissenting voice, amid applause that shook the Wigwam.

This brief speech of Curtis's was, next to the nominations themselves, the feature of the proceedings around which most interest centred; it was high-water mark. As to the effect of it, I suppose it was simply to shake up and put courage into men who were beginning to walk pussy-footed and shy at shadows. "Well, Curtis," said Evarts, afterward, with a twinkle in his eyes, when speaking of Seward's defeat, "at least we saved the Declaration of Independence."

The resolutions went through by acclamation about six o'clock in the afternoon, and amid whirlwinds of noise that exceeded all previous demonstrations, the Convention adjourned till next day. There was not much sleep for anybody that night. The streets were alive all night with processions and brass bands, while the delegation head-quarters at the hotels had oratory on tap and were in constant eruption. The real business was going on, however, without noise or demonstration. It was the commerce between Illinois, Indiana, and Pennsylvania that night that made Mr. Lincoln President, and put Caleb B. Smith and Simon Cameron in his Cabinet. In these negotiations Mr. Greeley was not consulted. Edward Bates was his candidate, but "Anybody to beat Seward," his motto. The deal made by David Davis and N.

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B. Judd with Pennsylvania and Ohio was not suspected by the Seward men, who were in high feather over the admission of delegates from Virginia and Texas, and at the opening of the third day's session more confident than ever. Impressed by their confidence Greeley had given up the fight, and wired *The Tribune* that Seward's nomination was certain. And that indeed was the belief of everybody except a few persons who had been up all night at the Tremont House, without any brass bands.

"We entreat Thee," said the clergyman in his opening prayer, "that at some future but no distant day the evil which now invests the body politic shall not only have been arrested in its progress, but wholly eradicated from the system. And may the pen of the historian trace an intimate connection between that glorious consummation and the transactions of this Convention." Prayer and prophecy!

There were few preliminaries. The Convention was impatient of suspense. The vast Wigwam was crowded to the last inch of its capacity, and the streets on all sides were packed with people, who stood through the balloting awaiting the result with intense expectancy. There had been, up to that time, in point of mere numbers, no such assembly of men on the continent. Looked at from the stage, the shimmer of its gay decorations and the flutter of its constant movement dazzled the vision, while the confused and inarticulate buzz of voices and hum of conversation bewildered the sense. It was not easy to untangle one's self from it sufficiently to get the scene in perspective.

The candidates were put in nomination, and at mention of each name applause more or less loud and prolonged broke forth. The great demonstrations were at the names of Seward and Lincoln. When either of these was mentioned the audience seemed to go wild. One might have supposed that the choice between them was to be governed by volume of sound. In these lung contests the Lincoln men had the advantage of his being the local favorite, and having, consequently, a more numerous claque. But the Seward men were good howlers, and the match was not far from equal.

The formal placing of candidates in nomination being over, the roll-call began with Maine, proceeding in geographical instead of alphabetical order. The vote of the New England States was anxiously watched. The Seward men counted on some solid delegations and a majority of the total vote. Maine started off with 10 for Seward and 6 for Lincoln; New Hampshire gave Seward but 1 and Lincoln 7; Vermont gave her 10 votes to Collamer. With each vote the countenances of the Seward men fell and the hopes of the Lincoln men rose. The votes of the three States had been simply turned in by the several chairmen in an undemonstrative matter-of-fact way. Massachusetts was called. John A. Andrew was chairman of the delegation. In his view Massachusetts was something more than a numeral in a mathematical process, or a platoon in a procession. He understood dramatic effect too well to stand up and simply hand in a few figures. He did not address the Secretary. He stood on his chair, said, "Mr. President," and waited till Ashmun said, "The gentleman from Massachusetts." The Old Bay State having got wheeling distance and distinct audience, he said, "Mr. President, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts casts 21 votes for William H. Seward and 4 votes for Abraham Lincoln." The cheers that followed were more for the dignified presence and impressive manner of the man than for either of the candidates, and all joined in it. The vote was slightly disappointing to the Seward men, who hoped for the solid delegation. Then came Connecticut and Rhode Island, and the reporters' pencils swiftly made the New England footing, which showed that out of 81 votes Seward had but 32, while Lincoln had 19, and all others 30.

The Secretary called New York. Only one delegation had cast a solid vote, and Vermont's vote for Collamer was known to be merely complimentary. Everybody knew what New York's vote would be; but Evarts had no less appreciation of dramatic effect than John A. Andrew. He too

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stood on his chair, and looking beyond the Secretary said: "Mr. President." "The gentleman from New York," said Ashmun. There was stillness, but not absolute silence. "Mr. President," said Evarts, slowly, "I wait until the Convention is in order." A few strokes of the gavel and there was a hush undisturbed by a whisper. Every eye was fixed on Evarts, every head bent toward him. Again Ashmun: "The gentleman from New York has the floor." Then Evarts, with slow, deliberate utterance that gave each word the weight of a great argument: "Mr. President, the State of New York casts 70 votes for William Henry Seward." Straight went the audience off its feet and for several minutes there was wild applause.

Then New Jersey gave a solid vote for William L. Dayton; Pennsylvania hers, nearly solid, for Cameron, and presently Virginia astonished the Seward men by giving 14 votes for Lincoln and only 8 for Seward. Ohio gave Chase three-quarters of her vote, and then Indiana gave the Seward men another surprise by a solid vote for Lincoln. Missouri was solid for Bates. The first glimmer of comfort the Seward men had had for some time came when Michigan gave him her 12 votes. Their cheering was drowned when the next State was called, and Illinois added 22 to the Lincoln column. As the list tailed off, Wisconsin, California, Minnesota, and Kansas voted solidly for Seward, and the hopes of his friends revived. The count showed 465 votes, with Seward and Lincoln leading; the former having 173½, the latter 102, and the rest divided between ten candidates. It was settled that either Seward or Lincoln would be nominated. The question for the Seward men was whether they could detach the 60 votes they needed from the opposing candidates before the latter could combine.

Everybody watched with intensest interest the changes on the second ballot. Vermont led off with the transfer of her solid vote to Lincoln, to the great disappointment of the New Yorkers, and when the six New England States had been called, Lincoln was found to be leading with 36 to Seward's 33. Presently Pennsylvania carried out the arrangement made the night before, and put 48 votes to the Lincoln column. A gain of a vote or two here and there helped swell the total, so that in the summing up Lincoln was only 3½ votes behind Seward, who lacked 49 of a majority. The pencils that ran swiftly up and down the columns could not find that 49 so easily as they could 52 for Lincoln out of Ohio's 29 for Chase, Missouri's 18 for Bates, and New Jersey's 10 for Dayton. To the experienced observer it was now only a question of one more ballot, or two.

While the third ballot was in progress there was a great deal of hurrying back and forth, swift consultations, pulling and hauling, and hubbub generally. But the demonstrations were not so noisy, loud, and prolonged as in the earlier stages of the proceedings. The excitement was too intense, the nervous strain too severe, to relieve itself in noise. The break in New England continued, Lincoln having now 42 to Seward's 31. There was no change of blocks of votes on this call, but a gradual crumbling away of support from the scattering candidates and a drawing toward Lincoln. Seward was ahead once, when New York with 70 blotted out the Lincoln lead of 11 in New England, but the next moment Pennsylvania plumped 52 for Lincoln, and presently the Western States pushed him far to the front, a sure winner.

The experienced press correspondents and reporters on the stage had from the beginning of this ballot confined themselves to the tally of a single column, the totals of which they kept in hand as the call went on. The last call—the District of Columbia—had hardly been answered, when from half-a-dozen seats came the report, "Lincoln 231½; he lacks a vote and a half." Ohio had still a reserve of 15 votes that had been given to Chase, and Missouri 18 that had gone for Bates. In an instant there was a scramble to get in on the winner. The stuttering Cartter was ahead. As soon as he could be heard, he changed four votes from Chase to Lincoln. Everybody was on his feet

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and everybody apparently shrieking a change of votes, none of which, except Ohio's, was ever recorded. Everybody? No, not everybody. In the New York seats everybody sat dumb. Michigan made no stir, and only a part of the Massachusetts delegation contributed to the din—oases of silence in a Sahara of sound.

I thought I had heard noise and seen wild excitement before, but this was the grand climacteric. On the platform near me Henry S. Lane was executing a war-dance with some other dignified delegate as partner; the Indiana men generally were smashing hats and hugging each other; the Illinois men did everything except stand on their heads; hands were flying wildly in the air, everybody's mouth was open, and bedlam seemed loose. The din of it was terrific. Seen from the stage it seemed to be twenty thousand mouths in full blast, as if that startling figure of La Guerre on the Arc de Triomphe had been kindled into life and, repeated twenty thousand-fold, poured out upon this arena. I have seen conventions carried off their feet before and since, but never anything like that. I was so overcome with the spectacle that the contagion of it took no hold. I could not shout, I simply caught my breath and stared at it. It seemed as if it never would stop. Over the desk of the reading clerk was a skylight, and men stationed there had reported to the packed masses in the streets from the edge of the roof the results of the balloting. On the roof there was also a loaded cannon ready to convey the news when the nomination was reached. The four Ohio changes had hardly been recorded when it belched its fire. The cry, "Lincoln is nominated," went over the roof into the streets and the streets went wild. So, when the inside tempest lulled an instant, the roar from the outside came in like an echo and the storm was renewed; the waves of noise rolled back and forth till from sheer weariness the shouters sank into their seats.

There was something almost painful in the stillness which fell, when the chairman at this point recalled order with a stroke of the gavel, and looking to the New York delegation, where all eyes followed him, said: "The gentleman from New York." In a few well chosen words, listened to with profoundest attention, Mr. Evarts, on behalf of the New York delegation, accepted the result and moved that the nomination be made unanimous. It was seconded by John A. Andrew, Carl Schurz, and Austin Blair, of Michigan, in speeches that contained more sadness than exultation, and was passed, to be followed by another tumultuous outbreak.

So Abraham Lincoln was nominated, and Christendom, without knowing it, had entered behind the curtain of a new epoch and into the dawning of a new day. The unconscious instruments of a Higher Power, little as they knew of the grandeur of the opportunity they had opened, knew less of the greatness of the man to whose hand they had linked it. They had nominated the plain, every-day, story-telling, mirth-provoking Lincoln of the hustings: the husk only of the Lincoln of history. It took four fearful years to give the event its true relations and right proportions, and it was not until the veil was drawn by an assassin's hand that the real Lincoln was revealed.

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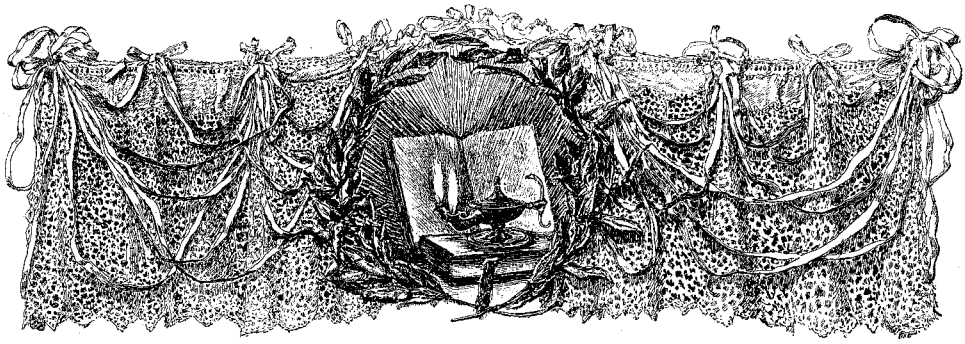

THE POINT OF VIEW

THIS is a year in which we have touched the picturesque at more than one point, and touched it more closely than at any other time in our career; and a future ethical philosopher will date many things from the fact. It is a year in which we shall also be expected to have learned much. And this being so, the good American will be eminently sensible to give an attentive ear to the more thoughtful utterances of the stranger just now within his gates. Not that the stranger always understands. Sometimes he does not. But even his errors may serve to illumine certain native situations, otherwise dark to ourselves. It has been interesting, for example, while our whole country has revelled in the delight of those white Neo-Greek buildings by the waters of Lake Michigan, to ponder the point of view from which the French critics of our Exposition have regarded these architectural achievements; and interesting to consider the possibilities, in other directions, which these same critics hold that we have neglected for the architectural dream in question. That it is a dream of great beauty there is as much accord among our foreign critics as among ourselves. Yet are we made to feel that, in their view, we have missed our opportunity. What was our opportunity for these much talked-of Exposition buildings, in the estimation of the intelligent Paris correspondent at Chicago?—and one is constrained to listen to him, for, after all, he represents, more or less perfectly, the outlook of the nation which leads at this moment the artistic perceptions of the world. His verdict is that Chicago "had no right to go backward." The opportunity we have missed was that of making a striking experiment in those new architectural formulas which will dominate, it is supposed, the twentieth century.

The Parisian, who had already had his Eiffel tower, came to Chicago expecting "cyclopean erections of iron, pyrogranite, and tiles," monstrous spans and scaffoldings of sub-structure, alternated minarets of steel-like solidity, forged, as it were, in a nether world, and thrown up to the surface of the Chicago plain to house the straining industry, to typify the gigantic efforts of the toiling millions of the New World. This notion in his mind was partially satisfied, on the way, by the mammoth beehive apartment-houses, the towering fire-proof constructions, floor upon floor, which are one truly American invention, born of an era of utility, of a time of industrial and social agglomeration. But the Renaissance palaces of the White City, put up to represent what we could do at our best and when on trial, threw him back upon himself. This was not the intensely *fin de siècle* dénouement that had been anticipated. It was a beautiful spectacle, but—it was reactionary. To have been reactionary, just now and just here, was to have been inadequate. Let us give the very bottom of his thought—it was to have been a trifle childish.

None of the great European nations, planning buildings for a Universal Exposi-

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tion, would have had the aspiration, at this day and hour, to conform them to a classic ideal. Water that has once passed through the mill does not pass again. To have been shaped by an exalted experience is often to be prepared for something, not necessarily better, but different. This fact is not sufficiently taken into account by the passionate American art-lover who sees Venetians or Florentines placidly co-operating in the destruction of the beauties of their native cities. It does not explain all of their indifference, but it explains some of it. The countries which have most thoroughly realized their dream of art and beauty have taken up the lessons the fruition yielded into their blood and marrow, but are now most eager, at least theoretically, for the modern, the new. Moreover, to have lived in intimate national contact with temples, churches, and palaces that came into being when beauty and art were the very breath of life, is to acquire a certain sense of fitness—of true values—that precludes a fancy for imitation. The Latin, who *feels* that the centuries have added, with their suns and stains and their breaking waves of human life, to the genuine palace or temple, may be excused if he find the Italo-French Renaissance domes, and the Greek peristyle, of our Exposition a trifle "dépaysés" by the gates and waters of Chicago. He admires, but it is with moral reserves; and we feel his pleasure when he escapes again to those things in which we show ourselves, according to his idea, once more American.

Yet this stranger's point of view, intelligent as it is, is not intelligent to the end. A deeper knowledge of us would show the inevitableness of our Neo-Greek buildings at this moment; would make clear how profound an expression they are of our innermost state. Having incalculable material resources, and every condition of phenomenal progress, the time has come for us, in the course of things, to have our dream of a classic beauty, in turn. It was in the brains and veins of our architects, sculptors, and painters, and it urged them on, spontaneously and almost unconsciously, to materialize the vision desired of their countrymen. They were not troubled with the scruples which would have stayed the hand of their brothers-in-the-craft of the Old World; they set to work with a fine naïveté, happily obtuse to certain insuperable obstacles, and with that magnificent aplomb in the realization of an ideal which is the splendid sign of youth. And from Western towns and New England villages, where the inhabitants are more tragically ignorant of beautiful things than in any other spot of the civilized world, pilgrims will hie them thither who will never be quite the same starved beings again for what they have seen. Not all Americans go to Europe; and, if they did, to the mass, the nearer, self-evolved, national, object-lesson would still be a thousandfold more instructive. Let our foreign critics but have a little patience. In fifty years from now we shall probably not put up pseudo-classic buildings for an Exposition. When we are a little older we shall do more truly modern things.

We have it on the authority of Thackeray that you have to wait until forty years before you know the worth of a lass. The knowledge would not then appear to have much value; and it is fortunate that science now presents an exact means of determining the worth of a lad at any age. The last census officials, or some other infallible authority, have had his constituent ingredients weighed, appraised, and filed away as a permanent standard of value in the archives of the National Museum at Washington—much as the Smithsonian Institution or other grave authority preserves the standard yardstick or the standard quart. It is somewhat of a relief thus to find the value of an every-day 154-pound young man placed by the Government as high as $18-,300. We had not deemed they took so exalted a view of human nature at Washington. But they give us chapter and verse for the same; or, rather, weight and measure; for they have the body of such a man neatly decomposed and put up in jars or bottles on the shelf.

So much as ninety-six pounds of him is pure water, says Mr. René Bache. (This solution is too simple; why not have taken a Kentuckian?) There is no alcohol; and only three and one-half ounces of brimstone in this model young man. But the sugar is there—three pounds; with three pounds more of white of egg and ten pounds glue,

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a pinch of salt, and fifty-one ounces of calcium.

It is in this last that his value principally consists, for, when used for lights, or whatever other more satisfactory purpose than to make mere Christians, this substance is worth $300 the ounce. Mr. Bache well remarks that few of our fellow-citizens realize they are worth so much intrinsically; and it is well they should not, lest, *à la Chinoise*, they attempt by suicide too rapidly to realize their assets. They further contain one foot cube of carbon, purest diamond; and it is still more lucky that even their dissolution would not leave their corpses to become a gem of that size. Alas, the happy and the selfish would find but a handful left of them in this vale of tears—and be surrounded in their solitude by building-stones of brilliants!

Still, even at $18,300, man appears valuable enough. Even as a voter, he has not yet approximated that sum in the government markets. As a slave, his body and soul were hardly worth a twentieth as much. It is true, some girls are said, in romances, to be worth values far exceeding this; but there are functions of one variable, and him a fool; at least, so the best literature tells us. And according to the best poetical economics (and we read none others) such value is not exchangeable. And Mr. Mill it was who told us value without exchangeability to be a phrase without meaning.

It is sad to have these great truths of science dropped upon us when we have so lately been told, by Professor Tyndall and Mr. Frederic Harrison, Rénan, and Strauss, other disappointing verities. Just when we have disproved the iridescent future, we have to face these awful facts about the present. No wonder Mr. Ruskin has gone mad, and Tolstoi making shoes. With all our development of the soul through Greece and Florence, and the heart through twenty Christian centuries, the body remains still more valuable when the one is absent and the other stilled. Dear me! or rather, cheap me. The soul still handicaps us; and none but the exceptionally souled add value to their carrion. The average wealth of the United States is far less than eighteen thousand dollars *per capita*. How many dead fathers would "cut up" to that extent?

What is the conclusion—that we eat, drink, and die? Nay, nay, mistakes are made even in scientific appraisals. One doubts if even the quantitative analysis would have sold "ex-soul" the corpse of Lincoln, Dante, Father Damien. And if we cannot be these we can possibly make our worth as much as $19,000 to one or two others. For science makes mistakes; even a Jew once took too low a price for a life in thirty pieces of silver.

THE contemporary reader is thought to be in pretty deep waters, and doubts are now and then expressed as to his ability to keep his head above them. A century ago there was a little library of classics that he read at more or less, and if he could lay hands on a weekly newspaper he read that, too. Two generations ago he was taking a daily paper, and perhaps an eclectic magazine made up from the British monthlies. The civil war upset his habits and set him to reading all the newspapers he could afford to buy, and weekly picture-papers and a monthly magazine besides. The cheapening of the cost of white paper and the lowering of the price of "news" has confirmed him in the habits he learned then. Such an amount of reading is offered him now for two cents that he feels that he cannot afford to take in less than two or three newspapers, and the magazines are so cheap and so admirable that he must read one or two of them every month. And all the time books keep tumbling out from the presses faster than ever, and, of course, a man who thinks that he has a mind is bound to feed it part of the time on books. No wonder that the contemporary reader is embarrassed, and complains that he cannot keep up, and wants to know what to do about it.

There is nothing more serious really the matter than that the conditions under which he is struggling are novel, and that he has not yet adapted himself to their requirements. In primitive times when men wandered about in the woods and roosted in trees at night, they ate what they could find wherever and whenever they found it. As food grew more plentiful they only ate when they were hungry, and gradually they got the habit of being hungry at stated in-

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tervals. Then as the variety of victuals increased they developed the civilized practice of using certain kinds of food for particular meals, and came gradually to the sophisticated method of having things served by courses, and varying their diet according to the hour of the day and the state of the market. No civilized New Yorker complains because there are more kinds of fish in Fulton Market than his palate can test or his stomach accommodate. If he has smelts for his breakfast and salmon after his soup at dinner, he is thankful and tries not to eat overmuch of either of them. He must teach himself to take his literature in the same enlightened manner, reading according to his appetite and his necessities, as he would eat; not gorging himself because the market is generous; not eating a pie for breakfast nor beginning his dinner with coffee, but taking things as they ought to come.

And especially, if he is an intelligent man and wants to make the most of his day, he must read his newspapers with intelligence, doing it quickly while his mind is fresh, wresting the news out of them like the meat from a nutshell, and discarding the rest. It is easy for him, if he allows himself to do so, to read the newspapers and nothing else, just as it is a simple matter to support life on hog and hominy. But if he is going to read to the best purpose he must have a system about his reading analogous to that which regulates his diet. If he reads the newspapers as he ought to read them, and does not spend his eyes on "miscellany" and spun-out gossip, he will have time to get through them and keep the run of the magazines besides. If he reads the best of what is in the magazines he will read most of the best new fiction before it gets between covers, and will supplement usefully the current information that he gets from the newspapers. If he reads in the magazines only what appeals to him, he will still have time every day to read something in a book; and if he makes a point of reading something, however little, every day in a book that is worth reading, his library will be bound to pay him high interest on its value.

Above all things the modern must adapt his reading, in bulk and quality, to his personal circumstances and individual wants. The very multitude of new books destroys the obligation to read many of them. There is nothing any longer except the Bible and Shakespeare that the contemporary American need blush not to know. If he has intelligence and reasonable culture the presumption will be that if he has not read this it was because he was busy reading that, or was more profitably occupied than in reading either. Books are not much of a bugaboo in these days,—there are too many of them. We look more and more to results and boggle less and less about processes. If so be the mind is alert and discriminating, and can choose what is good, and grasp it wherever it finds it, there is no vain questioning as to the particular books on which it gained its edge.

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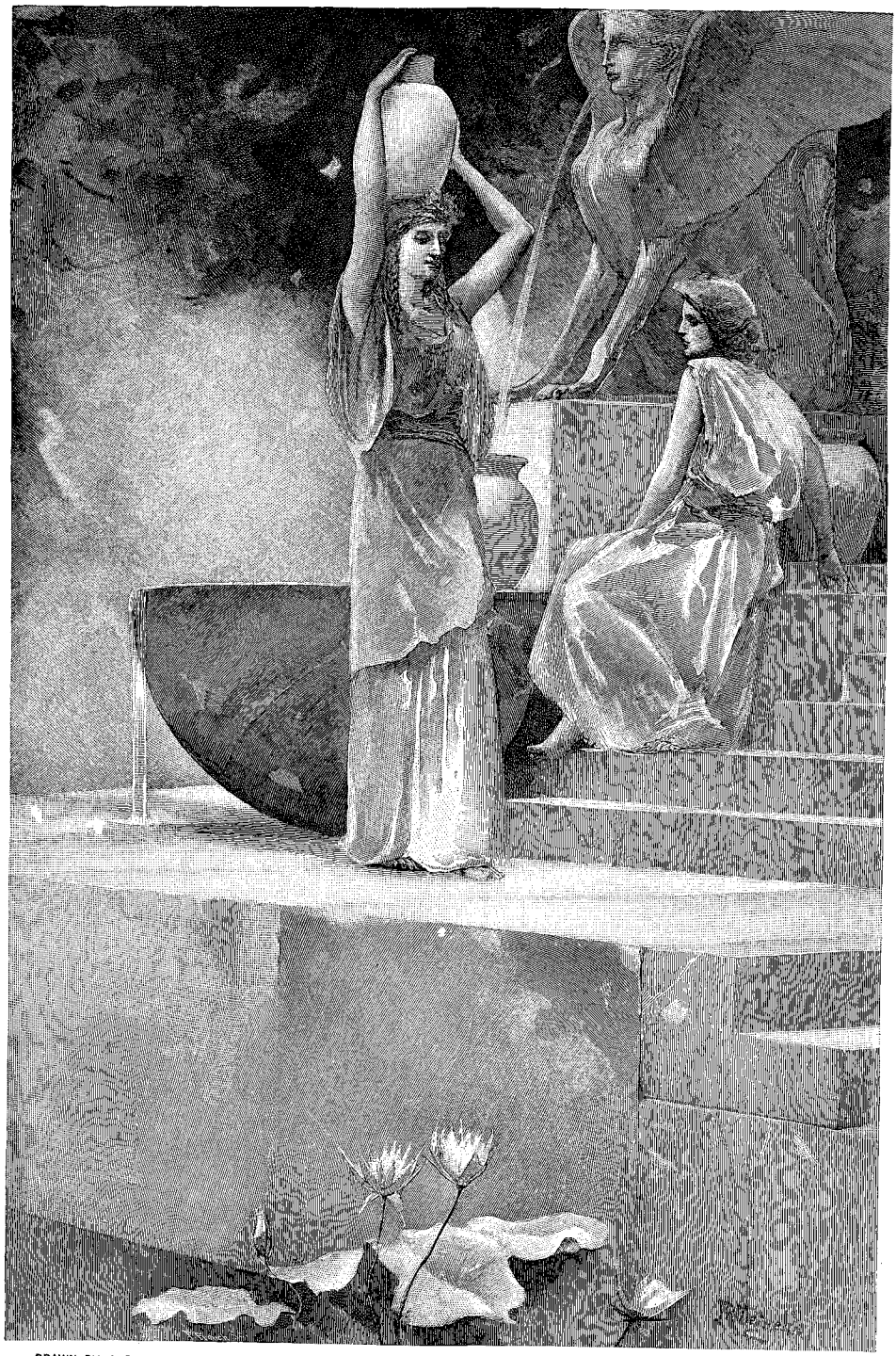

DRAWN BY J. R. WEGUELIN. ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

IN THE CITY OF SALAME.

—See *The Source.*

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